★ April 27, 1957

THE NEW YORKER

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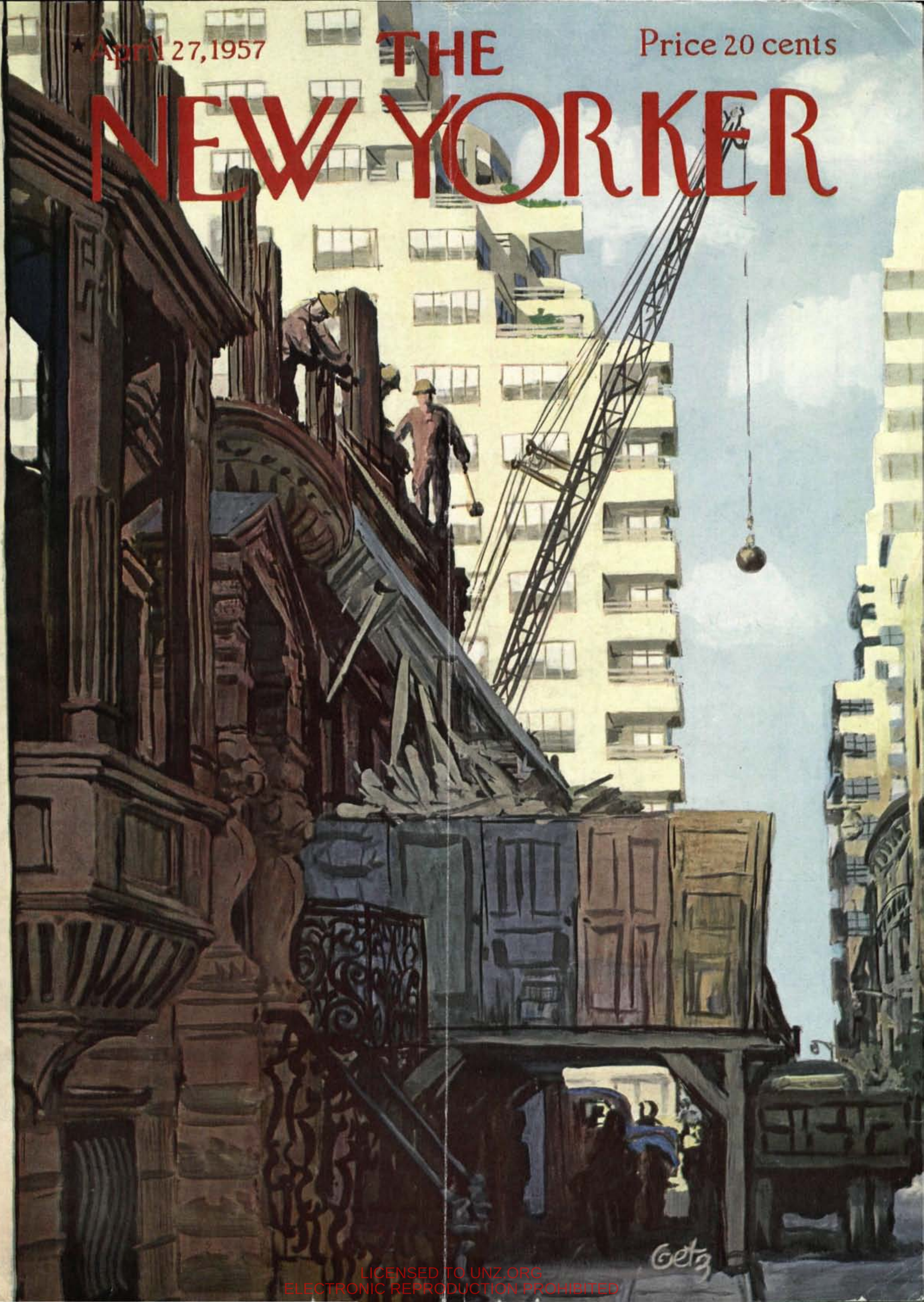

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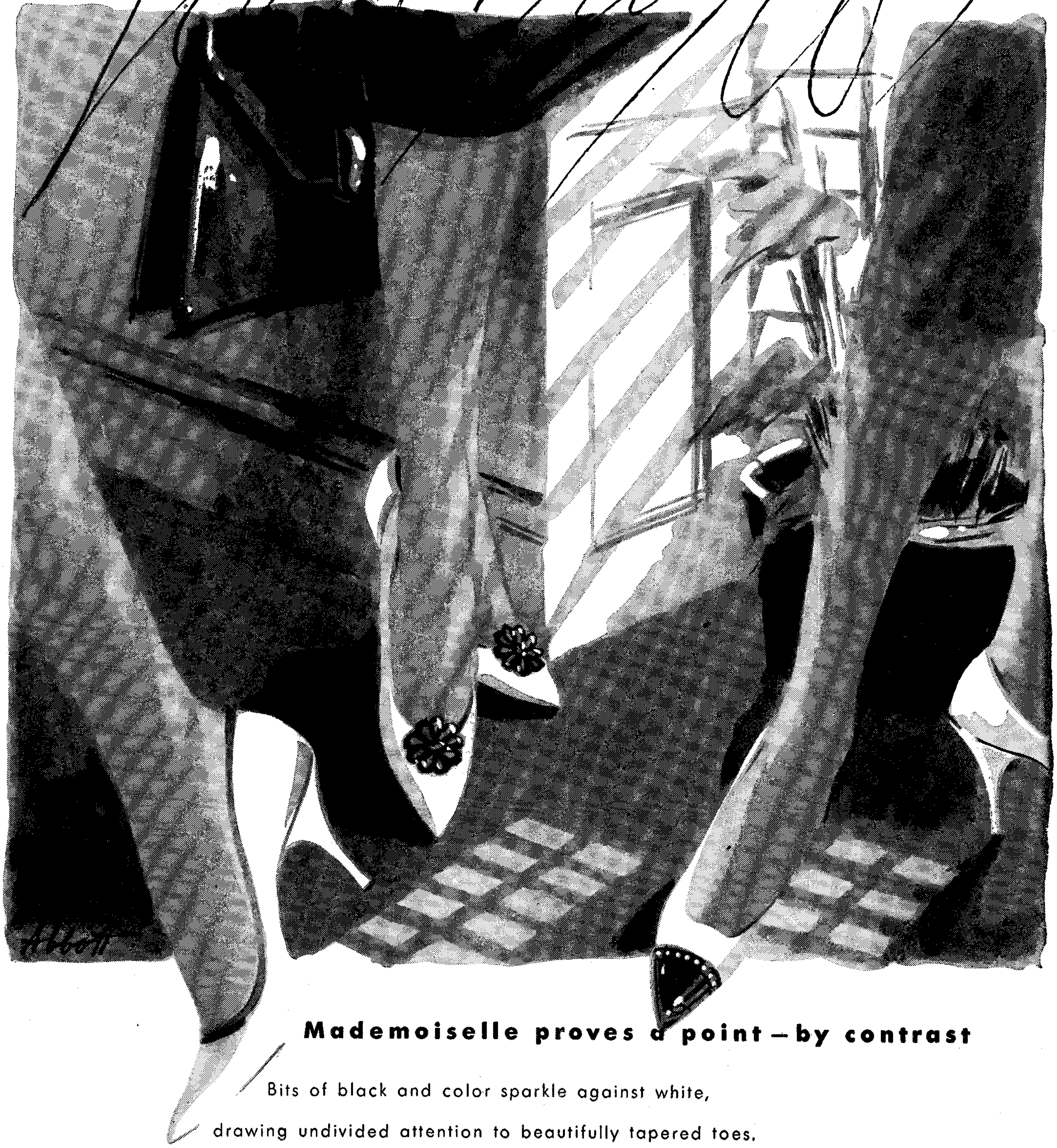

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				25	26	27
28	29	30	1	2	3	4

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Auntie Mame—Anyone who delights in comedies about bizarre relatives will probably like this adaptation, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, of Patrick Dennis's novel. *For those who may conceivably find themselves* dismayed by so much cuteness, there is always Rosalind Russell, who is enchanting in the title role. The cast includes Polly Rowles, Marian Winters, Robert Higgins, and Peggy Cass. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Happiest Millionaire—Kyle Crichton's adaptation of a book about the Biddles of Philadelphia, which he wrote with one of them, is occasionally funny but generally pretty laborious. Walter Pidgeon plays the freewheeling hero, and among his assistants are Ruth Matteson, Ruth White, Diana van der Vlis, and George Grizzard. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Hole in the Head—Paul Douglas is fine as a good-natured slob in Arnold Schulman's rather dull and inconclusive play about a fellow whose family considers him unfit to bring up his son, and there are other admirable performances by David Burns, Kay Medford, Joyce Van Patten, Lee Grant, and Tommy White. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Holiday for Lovers—Ronald Alexander's sentimental travelogue is for the most part just a tedious oddity. Don Ameche, Carmen Mathews, Audrey Christie, and George Mathews are among those who are stuck with it. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Hotel Paradiso—This wild French farce, adapted by Peter Glenville from an 1886 original, hasn't quite the style of "The Matchmaker," *but it is still very funny. Bert Lahr, at the top* of his form, heads a cast that includes Angela Lansbury, John Emery, Vera Pearce, and Douglas Byng. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night—Brilliantly directed by José Quintero, and beautifully enacted by Fredric March, Florence Eldridge, Bradford Dillman, and Jason Robards, Jr., this posthumous work by Eugene O'Neill, which explores the tragedies of his youth, is as impressive a play as we're likely to see this season. Winner of the Drama Critics Circle award for the best American play of the year. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

Major Barbara—Shaw's provocative item about poverty considered as a crime has been given a stunning production, with Charles Laughton, Cornelia Otis Skinner, Burgess Meredith, Anne Jackson, and Eli Wallach in the most prominent roles. Mr. Laughton directed, and Donald Oenslager designed the unusually convincing sets. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, April 29, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Friday, May 3, at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 18.)

Orpheus Descending—One of Tennessee Williams' tormented dreamers comes calling on a Southern lady who likes men a bit more than she probably should. The play may be something of a disappointment, but the production, starring Maureen Stapleton and Cliff Robertson, is superior. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Potting Shed—Graham Greene, who has a way with suspense stories, has applied his technique to an up-to-date miracle play, and the result is fascinating—sporadically, anyway. The performances, especially those of Robert Flemyng, Frank Conroy, and Dame Sybil Thorndike, are eminently praiseworthy. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Separate Tables—The first play in this double bill by Terence Rattigan is a more or less routine effort, but the other, a study of two beaten people saved by their neighbors' compassion, is mature and sensitive. Eric Portman and Margaret Leighton are magnificent in the leading roles in both offerings. Among the supporting players are Beryl Measor, Phyllis Neilson-Terry, and Donald Harron. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Tunnel of Love—Joseph Fields' and Peter De Vries' adaptation of Mr. De Vries' novel about adultery and kindred amusements in Westport. It hasn't a great deal of taste, but it is often quite funny on its low-comedy level. Tom Ewell is excellent as a badgered cartoonist, and Nancy Olson, Darren McGavin, Elisabeth Fraser, and Elizabeth Wilson assist him very nicely. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Visit to a Small Planet—Gore Vidal's fantastic comedy about a Spaceman who drops in on a Virginia household is wonderfully comic and ingenious, and Cyril Ritchard and Eddie Mayehoff are superlative in the leading roles. Philip Coolidge, Sarah Marshall, Conrad Janis, and Sibyl Bowan also appear in the cast, which Mr. Ritchard directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at *2:40.)*

The Waltz of the Toreadors—This Anouilh play about the career and end of an elderly Don Juan has an urbanity all its own. Ralph Richardson, Mildred Natwick, Meriel Forbes, John Abbott, and John Stewart perform very well, and Harold Clurman has directed them with his customary intelligence. Voted the best foreign play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK:** An account of the life of a fourteen-year-old girl in hiding in Holland because of the Nazis. Dina Doronne is now playing the young girl, and Joseph Schildkraut and Gusti Huber are her father and mother. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)... **INHERIT THE WIND:** A variant on the Scopes trial, with Paul Muni as Clarence Darrow, and Ed Begley as William Jennings Bryan. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT:** Edward G. Robinson in Paddy Chayefsky's play concerning a middle-aged man and a young girl. Gena Rowlands, June Walker, and Patricia Benoit are also in the cast. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS:** All about a Georgia boy who almost wrecks the Air Force. At present with Charles Hohman, Rex Everhart, Arte Johnson, Royal Beal, and Howard Freeman. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Bells Are Ringing—Judy Holliday does practically everything but play a musical saw in this comedy about a telephone-answering-service girl who is dedicated to her job. The book, by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, is a bit cluttered, but their lyrics are good and so is the score by Jule Styne. Besides Miss Holliday, the cast includes Sydney Chaplin, Jean Stapleton, Eddie Lawrence, and Dort Clark. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Brigadoon—Helen Gallagher, Robert Rounseville, and Scott McKay in a revival of the Alan Jay Lerner-Frederick Loewe musical, which opened recently at the City Center and has been moved to 54th Street for a four-week extension. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 5.)

Happy Hunting—The return of Ethel Merman is just about all the good news there is concerning this big and rather foolish show, which has something to do with Philadelphia and Monaco. Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse ground out the book, and Matt Dubey and Harold Karr did the songs. The supporting cast includes Fernando Lamas, Virginia Gibson, and Gordon Polk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Li'l Abner—Some funny songs and some fine dances do a lot to make this adaptation of the Al Capp comic strip at least intermittently good fun. The book is the work of Norman Panama and Melvin Frank, and Johnny Mercer and Gene de Paul wrote the lyrics and

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THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 36, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, chairman of the board; S. B. Botsford, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; P. F. Fleischmann, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; A. J. Russell, Jr., advertising director. Vol. XXXIII, No. 10, April 27, 1957. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y. under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1957, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Canada, Latin America. and Spain, $8.00. Other Foreign, $10.00.

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NEW YORK

the music, respectively. Edith Adams and Peter Palmer head a cast that includes Howard St. John, Stubby Kaye, and Charlotte Rae. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Shinbone Alley—Eartha Kitt makes a handsome and rakish Mehitabel, and Eddie Bracken is pleasant enough, but otherwise this adaptation of Don Marquis's old newspaper columns is just another Broadway musical. Joe Darion wrote the lyrics and collaborated with Mel Brooks on the book; George Kleinsinger composed the music; Rod Alexander handled the dances; and Eldon Elder and Motley designed the sets and costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Ziegfeld Follies—In spite of Beatrice Lillie's heroic work and Billy De Wolfe's almost equally indomitable assistance, this offering is hardly superior to the average television program. The other performers include Harold Lang, Helen Wood, Jane Morgan, Micki Marlo, and Carol Lawrence, and Raoul Pène duBois designed the not always intentionally comic scenery and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, April 28.)

Long Runs—**damn yankees:** George Abbott's and Douglass Wallop's adaptation of the latter's novel "The Year the Yankees Lost the Pennant." Gretchen Wyler is now the lady from Hell, Nathaniel Frey her sinister boss, and Stephen Douglass her reluctant mortal admirer. Howard Caine will succeed Mr. Frey on Sunday, April 28. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the most happy fella:** Frank Loesser's revision of "They Knew What They Wanted," Sidney Howard's piece about an old man's marriage to a young girl. Robert Weede (Richard Torigi substitutes for him at the matinée performances), Jo Sullivan, Art Lund, and Susan Johnson are in the cast. Voted the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** Shaw's "Pygmalion," turned into a musical by Alan Jay Lerner, who wrote the book and lyrics, and Frederick Loewe, who wrote the music. Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews head a cast that includes Stanley Holloway, Viola Roache, and Robert Coote. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The First Gentleman—Walter Slezak in Norman Ginsbury's London hit. Staged by Tyrone Guthrie and presented by Alexander H. Cohen and Ralph Alswang, in association with Arthur C. Twitchell, Jr. Opens Thursday, April 25. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

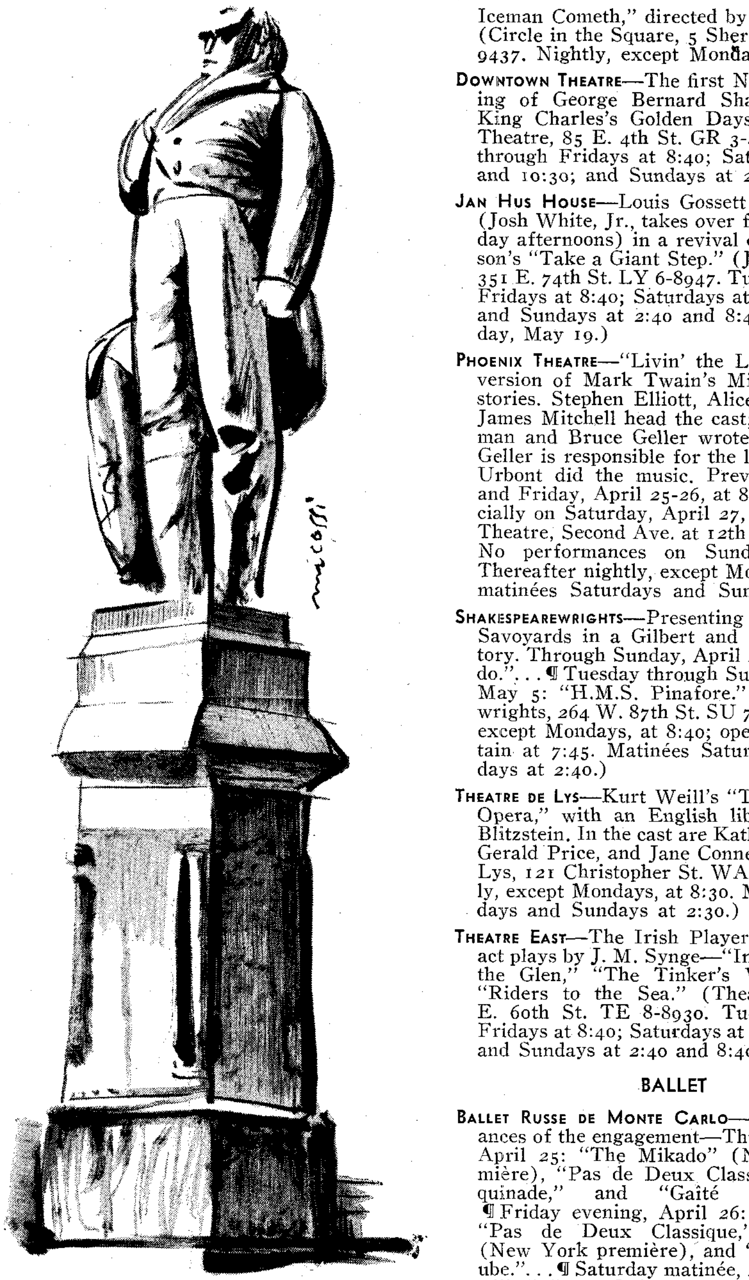
A Moon for the Misbegotten—Eugene O'Neill's play, with Wendy Hiller, Franchot Tone, and Cyril Cusack. Produced by Carmen Capalbo and Stanley Chase, and directed by Mr. Capalbo. Opens Thursday, May 2. (Bijou, 45th St., W. JU 6-5442. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"South Pacific," with Mindy Carson, Robert Wright, and Juanita Hall, is the fourth in this season's series of five musicals. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 12.)

Amato Opera Theatre—"The Magic Flute," in English. (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Tuesday, April 30, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)



STATUES OF CENTRAL PARK

Daniel Webster

• •

Barbizon-Plaza Theatre—Diana Herbert and Herbert Voland in "Wayside," a play by John Duff Stradley. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Carnegie Hall Playhouse—Two Jean Giraudoux plays, adapted by Maurice Valency: "The Apollo of Bellac" and "The Virtuous Island," with Martyn Green and Staats Cotsworth. (Carnegie Hall Playhouse, Seventh Ave. at 56th St. CI 6-6630. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Sean O'Casey's comedy "Purple Dust," with Harry Bannister, Alvin Epstein, and Paul Shyre. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Leo Penn and Farrell Pelly in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's "The Iceman Cometh," directed by José Quintero. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Downtown Theatre—The first New York showing of George Bernard Shaw's "In Good King Charles's Golden Days." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Jan Hus House—Louis Gossett heads the cast (Josh White, Jr., takes over for him on Sunday afternoons) in a revival of Louis Peterson's "Take a Giant Step." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LY 6-8947. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 5:30 and 9:15; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40. Closes Sunday, May 19.)

Phoenix Theatre—"Livin' the Life," a musical version of Mark Twain's Mississippi River stories. Stephen Elliott, Alice Ghostley, and James Mitchell head the cast; Dale Wasserman and Bruce Geller wrote the book; Mr. Geller is responsible for the lyrics; and Jack Urbont did the music. Previews Thursday and Friday, April 25-26, at 8:30. Opens officially on Saturday, April 27, at 8. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. No performances on Sunday, April 28. Thereafter nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Shakespearewrights—Presenting the American Savoyards in a Gilbert and Sullivan repertory. Through Sunday, April 28: "The Mikado." . . ¶ Tuesday through Sunday, April 30-May 5: "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Shakespearewrights, 264 W. 87th St. SU 7-2277. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava, Gerald Price, and Jane Connell. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

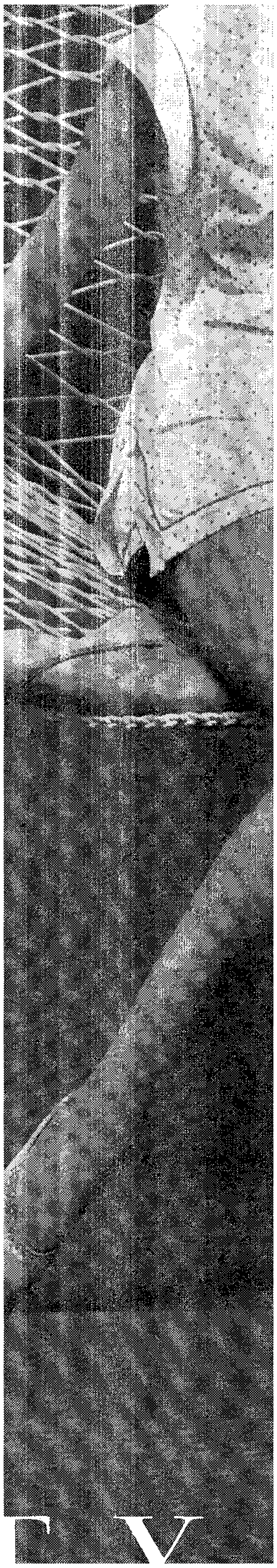
Theatre East—The Irish Players in three one-act plays by J. M. Synge—"In the Shadow of the Glen," "The Tinker's Wedding," and "Riders to the Sea." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-8930. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

BALLET

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, April 25: "The Mikado" (New York première), "Pas de Deux Classique," "Harlequinade," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . ¶ Friday evening, April 26: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Deux Classique," "Sombreros" (New York première), and "Le Beau Danube." . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 27: "Coppélia," "Don Quixote: Pas de Deux," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . ¶ Saturday evening April 27: "Sombreros," "La Dame à la Licorne," "Pas de Deux Classique," and "The Mikado." . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 28: "Les Sylphides," "Pas de Deux Classique," "Harlequinade," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 28: "Les Sylphides," "The Nutcracker," "Sombreros," and "Raymonda." . . ¶ Tuesday evening April 30: "Harlequinade," "Cirque de Deux," "The Mute Wife," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 1: "Les Sylphides," "Don Quixote: Pas de Deux," "La Dame à la Licorne," and "Gaîté Parisienne." . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 2: "Giselle," "Don Quixote: Pas de Deux," and "Schéhérazade." . . ¶ Friday evening, May 3: "Swan Lake," "Cirque de Deux," and "Coppélia." . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 4: "Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker," and "Le Beau Danube." . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 4: "Swan Lake," "Pas de Trois," "Harlequinade," and "Gaîté Parisienne." (Metropolitan Opera House. LO 5-3040. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—The animals come two by two, or four by four, to the greatest Ark on earth. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7. Matinées daily at 2. Extra performance Saturday, April 27, at 10 A.M. Through Sunday, May 12. . . . ¶ The doors open weekdays at 1 and 7, and Sundays at 1 and 6—and at 9 A.M. on Saturday, April 27—for those who like to roam



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around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore." For the benefit of the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday through Saturday, April 25-27, at 8:45, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 27, at 2:30. For tickets, call TR 6-8833.)

A Surprise Party—A program sponsored by Theatre Incorporated for the benefit of the Phoenix Theatre. Cornelia Otis Skinner, Hermione Gingold, Shirley Jones, Cyril Ritchard, Tom Ewell, and Alfred Drake will be among those taking part in it. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. Sunday, April 28, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call LO 3-6560.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, which represents Park Avenue before Park Avenue became an office building, gets along with placid dinner music until ten, after which Chauncey Gray's dance orchestra and a rumba brigade cut loose. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A fashionable photographer's studio, open evenings for the convenience of those who have to sleep during the day. Charles Holden's orchestra and Freddy Alonso's rumba band never pause for breath.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Lucille and Eddie Roberts can, once they've put on their completely invisible thinking caps, transmit information, news, and jokes with no trouble at all. They do their telepathy at dinner and supper in the Cotillion Room, where Jane Morgan, a soprano of standing in the community, wades with inexplicable enthusiasm into songs of little or no importance. The dance music is the work of an excellent band headed by Joseph Sudy and a rumba group headed by Alan Logan. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth's quartet, or a reasonable facsimile, hums music for cocktail, dinner, and supper dancing every evening in the Café Pierre, a fairly de-luxe operation.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Margarita Sierra is small, vivid, Spanish, and proficient, which is always a help to those who sing in public. The band of Ted Straeter, from which dance music flows like wine, and Mark Monte's smaller group are the other inhabitants of the Persian Room. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous, much favored by devotees of the art of dining and dancing in state, has Maximillian Bergere's and Gunnar Hansen's orchestras after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's string orchestra holds forth at the cocktail hour in the noble old Palm Court, where tea is just as popular as the cocktail. No dancing. . . . ¶ The LeFleur group is also heard in the lofty council chamber called the Edwardian Room, in which dinner music (but no dancing) is the custom of the house.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Sammy Kaye's orchestra, a standard-gauge operation, is occupying the Grill. All is dark on Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, always home, sweet home to Julie Wilson, is welcoming its prodigal daughter's return, along with her offhand primrose-path songs. Dancing to the bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari is, of course, a permanent fixture. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every day, Irving Conn's cohorts play in the Café Lounge for dinner and supper, not to mention tea, dancing.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—The huge Café Rouge is housing the Dorsey band, which at the moment is operating without benefit of Jimmy Dorsey. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, the *ici on parle français* sign is up, though Juliette Greco, the evening star, looks very Bennington dramatic-arts school in her dedicated manner and dress. Her recital, which might well be called "Bonsoir Tristesse," is very good; her companions—the French composing-and-singing team of Varel and Bailly and the seven Chanteurs de Paris—are more vigorous than anything else. The dance bands of Emil Coleman and Mischa Borr fill in the rest of a busy night. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In a cozy clearing in the tangled thicket of Peacock Alley, there's listening music by the trios of Jozsi Ribari and Bernie Leighton from cocktails to eight-thirty, and then dance music until one. They're away Sundays, when Mr. Borr's dance band performs from eight to twelve.

Note—The Rainbow Room, from which every prospect pleases and only the smog is vile, is open for cocktails from four-thirty to nine. Languid non-dance music bubbles up now and then, along with a handful of canapés. The address: 30 Rockefeller Plaza. The phone: CI 6-5800. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Under a meticulously manicured greenwood tree, Addison Bailey strokes a piano during cocktails and dinner and after the theatre. Paul Morse is the Sunday driver. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): At one end of this long-established water hole, lions and lambs sit down side by side to quench their thirst; at the other end, Bud Gregg plays piano all evening. Starting Tuesday, April 30, Kurt Maier, the copyright holder here, will replace Mr. Gregg. Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The alumni and alumnae of Goldie Hawkins' earlier pubs forgather here of an evening to pick up the latest campus gossip. This, along with hustle-and-bustle piano, is supplied by Mr. H.; more sentimental études are supplied by his alter ego, Wayne Sanders. The music often begins at six, and where it stops, nobody knows. Closed Mondays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A my-compliments-to-the-chef affair, combined with a gala holiday for strings (the violin choir of Teo Fanidi), which is in full force from dinnertime until one or two in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): In this lofty hall of mirrors, Renato Rossini's guitar speaks eloquently of amorous nights on the Spanish Main. He is mild from nine to eleven, fervent from eleven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **GATSBY'S,** 873 First Ave., at 49th St. (PL 5-1067): Fancy-free architects have had their way with this small but elaborate inn, where Maxine Thomas extracts quiet music from her piano at dinner and supper, and sometimes embellishes the proceedings with quiet song. Sundays and Mondays, the nights she's home, Sanford Gold is the pianist. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This must have been one of those Douglas Fairbanks castle sets, but nowadays it serves as a pleasant stage on which Norbert Faconi and his come-fly-with-me violin make sweet music together, from dinner through supper, every night but Sunday. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Cy Walter, the father superior of the entire congeries of drawing-room pianists, puts on a brilliant exhibition of his ten-finger specialties in the bar from six to eight and again from ten to one or so. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CO 5-8956): The Modern Museum never offered quite as tongue-in-cheek a display as do the walls of this gallery. The tone poems (vocal and pianistic) of Hubbell Pierce, world traveller, and the music of Lee Evans' trio are audible during the late-dinner and supper shift. The trio is on leave Sundays, Mr. Pierce on Mondays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): The Spanish rodeo set forth here is all quite jovial, and rather a relief from the mambo. Dancing for the visitors as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Boudoir décor, French cuisine, and an air of ease, to say nothing of wandering minstrels whose music is all valentines. Closed Sundays. . . . **LE PÉRIGORD CAFÉ,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 5-0650): It's really the fancy bar of the Sherry-Netherland, with regional American cuisine, regional Manhattan clientele, and (except Sundays) piano by Steve Weltner, whose music has Hungarian and Venezuelan overtones, from dinner through supper. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Zimbalons at play, along with all the appropriate Central European trimmings. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **VIENNESE LANTERN,** 242 E. 79th St. (RE 4-0044): Music by the yard and by the hour, the best of which comes from the voice of Monica Boyár and from the vigorous six-man band when it takes a flying leap at an entire Lehár operetta. Closed Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with good old show tunes, is at the piano after eight in the faintly rumpled bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): A not too public and not too formal lounge, where there's always a spate of casual piano.

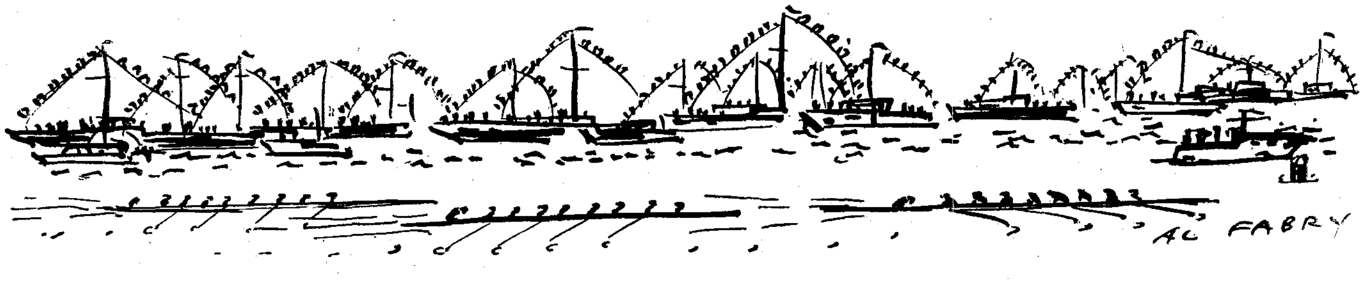
BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Sammy Davis, Jr., knee-deep in unintentional nonsense, is bravely carrying on with his songs, dances, and impersonations, the most famous of which is his true-to-life portrayal of Sammy Davis, Jr. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Orson Bean, president emeritus of the Harvard wits, has just returned to this house of cards, and so have Enid Mosier, the Caribbean cockatoo, and her Trinidad steel band. The other card is Dorothy Loudon, who views with alarm all the ballads that fall to her hard lot. Bob Gibson, a folk-tune anthologist, is the final entry. These proceedings are underscored by the ardent pulsings of Jimmy Lyons' progressive trio and the piano of Bart Howard. . . . ¶ Except Sundays, Alex Fogarty cranks out quiet cocktail and dinner piano for the small fry in the lounge, where, from 2 to 4 A.M., except Saturdays and Mondays, the



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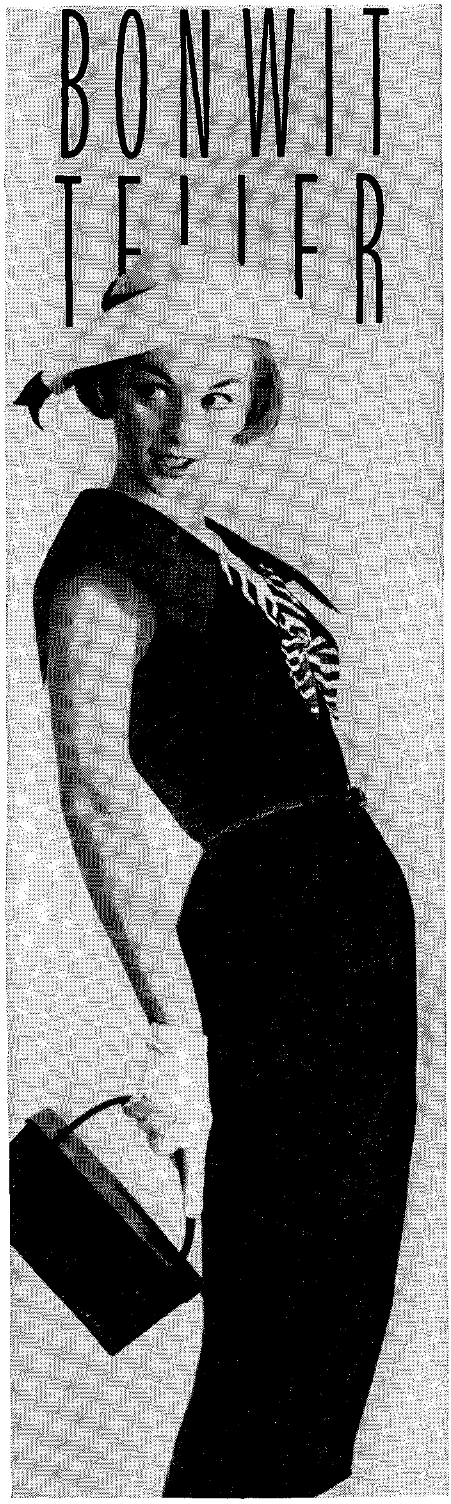

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mosier and Lyons families play catch-as-catch-can lacrosse. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Julius Monk's school for comedy is holding its annual commencement exercises, which involve June Ericson, Ceil Cabot, Jack Fletcher, and Gerry Matthews (all of whom are most likely to succeed) in a revue constructed mostly of spoof. The words are the work of such semanticists as Ronny Graham and Bud McCreery; the music is the two-piano team of Gordon Connell and Stan Keen. The rites begin at ten-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The Garden of Eden in an impish new version that requires the services of two serpents—Stella Brooks, singing songs of sixpence in which nothing is sacred, and Blossom Dearie, singing songs of dalliance in the sweetest possible childish treble. The angel in the Garden is Daphne Hellman, who has her harp to prove it. The institution is connected spiritually (Julius Monk) and physically (staircase) with the Downstairs Room. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Mae Barnes, who can roar like a lion and dance like a fool, is breaking up the local housekeeping. Her companions are Lurlean Hunter, doing slightly more plaintive ballads, and Charlie Manna, a young man who talks funny—very funny, at times. Clarence Williams' dance trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, is in action between shows. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Bibi Osterwald, the most gleeful of our hard-hearted Hannahs, is once more singing the hell out of her brass-plated lyrics, and Phil Leeds, whose words never fail him, is again discussing fantastic ships and sealing wax, cabbages and kings. Among other embellishments are Felicia Sanders, whose vivid love songs sometimes have a predatory sound; the dizzy music of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames; and Jimmie Daniels' boulevardier chanteys. Closed Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM,** 28 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1718): Matt Dennis, a literate and quick-witted barroom pianist and tenor, waxes sweet and lowdown after ten every night but Sunday. Sam Hamilton's nostalgic piano is also silent Sundays. . . . **RED CARPET,** 130 E. 56th St. (PL 5-4718): Bobby Short, California's most prominent all-night watchman, allows no sleeping on his beat, for he, his piano, his trio, and his ditties are largely revivalist at heart. He's away Sundays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): After the theatre, Jo Hurt, who represents a spirit of prankishness that has evaporated from too many supper-club sopranos, is singing like a bird in one of the smallest cages on record. Don Evans, another latecomer, plays piano in his high-style fashion, and Don Carey, recently of the Bermuda *bôites*, works the keyboard from cocktail time until far into the night. Miss H. and Mr. C. are at liberty Sundays; Mr. E. is free Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): In the bar where the twin pianos of Bob Downey and Harold Fonville have been rumbling these many years, there are also, from time to time, spurts of song and laughter by young hopefuls. Sunday old-time movies are added; Monday is amateur night.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, Bob Wilber, George Wettling, Leonard Gaskin, and Mr. Condon comprise the local varsity, which has now had an eleven-year winning streak without even a tie. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist. Jam sessions Tuesdays. The prevailing winds, as customary, are from the South. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The mixture—a perpetual convention plus background music—is not recommended for cat nappers. The trios headed by Carmen Cavallaro and Ronnie Bright move out on Saturday, April 27; Don Shirley's trio and Charlie Beal's threesome move in on Monday, April 29. Sundays, when the regulars are off, the floor is held by other musicians. There's cocktail and dinner piano every night, too. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney de Paris, vice-president of the old music house of Wilbur de Paris, is running the show while the Maestro is away. He and his confreres—Cecil Scott, Benny Morton, Harold Hill, and Herbie Nichols—never deviate from the traditional American norm. Don Frye is the intermission pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Monday nights. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): Behind the feverish bar is a quiet cenacle where the trios of Billy Taylor, master of the abstract piano, and Eddie Costa, another fast worker in the progressive vineyards, keep their trios wide awake. The Costas are off Sundays, the Taylors Mondays. Johnny Mehegan, the Juilliard stalwart, is the piano modernist from six to nine in the evening, except Sunday and Monday, when he is there all night, and Saturday, when he is off. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): Not the sort of place you'd like to live in, even if they gave it to you, but beyond the barriers is the Duke Ellington band, whose music is a synthesis of symphonic complexity and barbaric beauty. Joe Castro's trio, which makes out a good case for the advanced school, is around, too. On Thursday, May 2, a new gig, run by Herb Pomeroy's group (first-timers here) and the quintet called Les Modes. There are jam sessions Mondays, when the regulars are home in the clouds. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The hollow in the oval bar is filled, after ten, by Bobby Scott's trio, one of the newest and most promising groups around town. It has a commendable range of interests, from the blues to the contemporary styles. Absolute silence Mondays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The anvil chorus is provided by the Billy Maxted band, the Voice of the South. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **THE PLAYROOM,** 130 W. 58th St. (CI 5-7878): A small conservatory of futurism headed by the life-giving trio of Cy Coleman, a piano man of infinite variety. There are usually other musicians underfoot, but they come and go like swallows. The first note is struck at nine every evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (JU 6-2278): This week (and every week thereafter), "East Lynne," or a rabid Dixieland parody of it that could easily knock your ears off. Among the players in a practically continuous performance are Ken Kersey, Tony Parenti, Soi Yaged, Red Allen, Buster Bailey, Cozy Cole, Claude Hopkins, and Marty Napoleon. The row begins at 3:30 P.M. Mondays, through Fridays, and ends at 3 A.M. On Saturdays and Sundays, when it begins at 1:30 P.M., the Messrs. Parenti and Napoleon play host to Coleman Hawkins, Charlie Shavers, Pee Wee Erwin, Roy Eldridge, Zutty Singleton, and Russell Moore. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Eastern Intercollegiate Athletic Association life in its most extracurricular manifestation. On Friday and Saturday, April 26-27, the roster calls for the following old-school cheerleaders: the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Pee Wee Erwin, Johnny Windhurst, Tony Parenti, Gene Sedric, Willie the Lion Smith, Dick Wellstood, Arvell Shaw, and Art Trappier. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM,** 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): A bit of the Henry Hudson Hotel is devoted, evenings from nine to one, to a six-man exposition of music from south of the border (Mason-Dixon). The moderator is Bobby Hackett, and among his advanced students are Dick Carv and Ernie Caceres. The new intermission pianist is Teddy Roy, who's in keeping with the prevailing mood. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA,** 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): An airport for the exclusive use of progressive but non-scheduled airlines. They say that Lee Konitz and his quintet are there now, and that the trios of Ronnie Bright and Mat Mathews are due on Monday, April 29. All takeoffs and arrivals are, however, subject to change without notice. Closed Tuesdays.

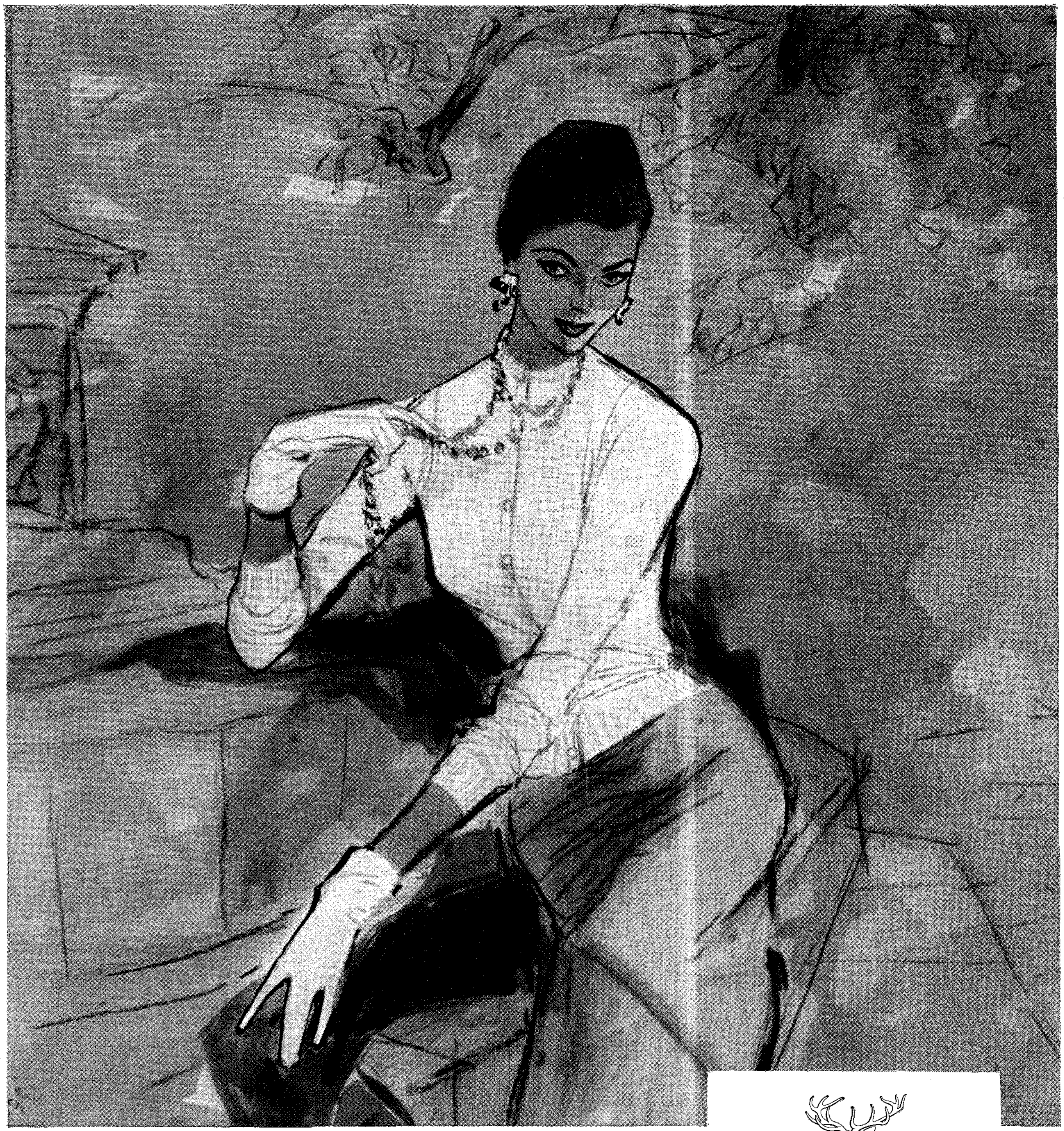
ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

CARLYLE BROWN—Oils and gouaches, principally still-lifes; through May 11. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

LYNN CHADWICK—Work by this modern British



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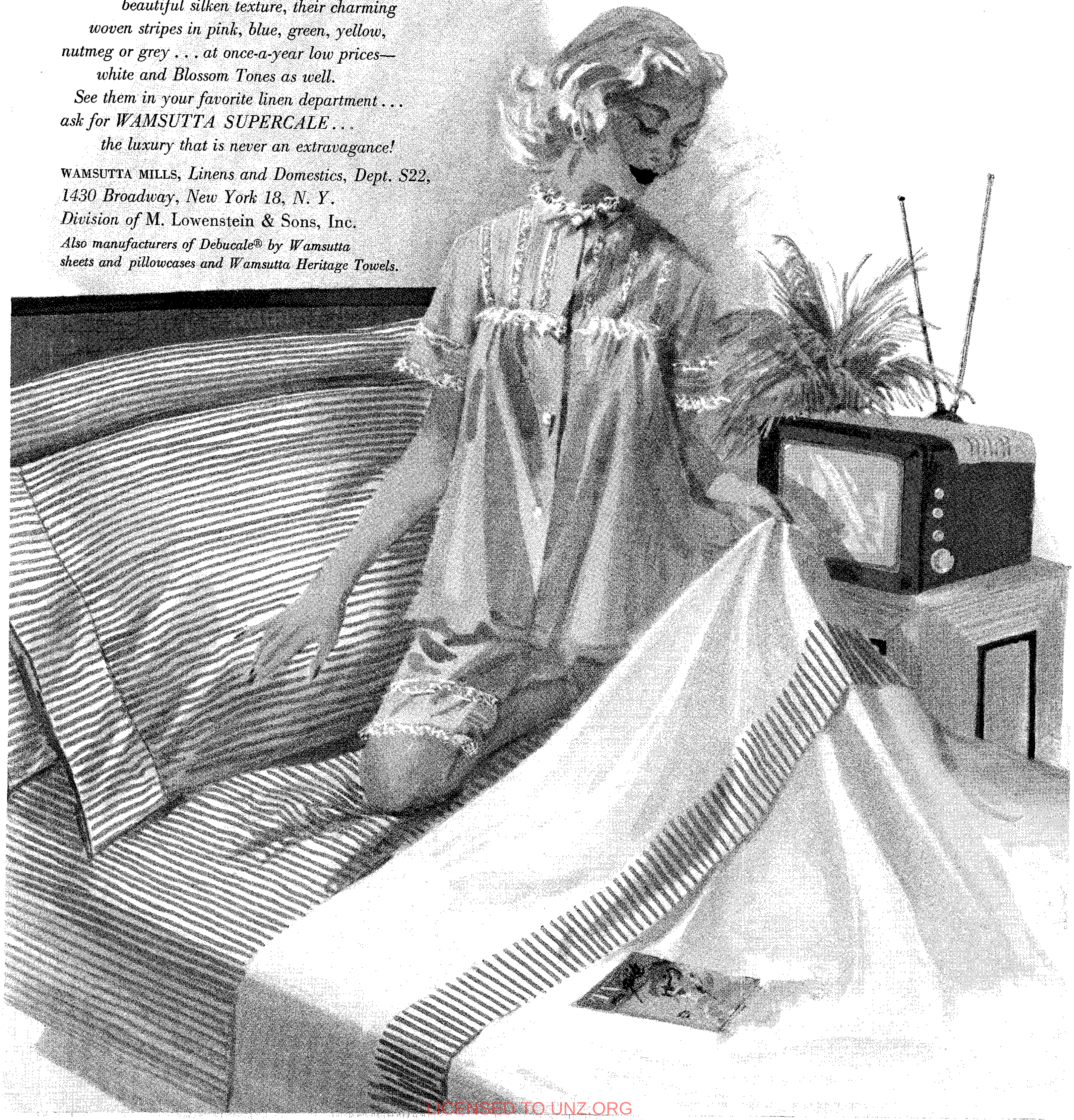

sculptor. First one-man show in New York; through May 6. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St.)

Max Ernst—New paintings and sculptures, revealing interesting changes in his general approach; through May 17. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

Fred Farr—Sculptures, mixing Oriental with abstract influences; through Saturday, May 4. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Léonor Fini—Oils and drawings; through May 15. (Gallery 75, 30 E. 75th St.)

John Grillo—Paintings, swirlingly Abstract Expressionist in manner; through Saturday, May 4. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

Sarah Grilo and Antonio Fernandez Muro—Non-objective oils by an Argentine couple; through Saturday, May 4. (De Aenlle, 59 W. 53rd St. Daily, noon to 6.)

William Gropper—Recent paintings and lithographs; through May 11. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Chaim Gross—Stone, wood, and bronze sculptures, freshly baroque in feeling; through Saturday, May 4. (Duveen-Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Hans Hartung—Cleanly arranged abstractions, more or less calligraphic in style, by one of the present-day Paris painters; through Saturday, April 27. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

John Heliker—Abstract Impressionist landscapes (of New York and Nova Scotia) and portraits; through May 11. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Fannie Hillsmith—Semiabstract paintings, including interiors and still-lifes; through Saturday, April 27. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Sylvia Shaw Judson—Sculptures, mostly of animals and children; through Tuesday, April 30. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 8 to 10.)

André Lanskoy—A small retrospective (1926-56) of paintings by an artist of the contemporary Paris school; through Saturday, May 4. (Fine Arts Associates, 41 E. 57th St.)

Giacomo Manzù—Bronzes, bas-reliefs, and drawings. First one-man show in New York; through May 18. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Charles E. Martin—Water colors, caseins, and gouaches painted on Monhegan Island; through Saturday, May 4. (White, 42 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

Elie Nadelman—A small memorial show of sculptures and drawings in various mediums, plus etchings; through May 18. (Hewitt, 29 E. 65th St.)

Arthur Osver—Abstractions derived from nature; through May 17. (Grand Central Moderns, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jules Pascin and the School of Paris—Oils, water colors, and drawings by Pascin (1885-1930), supplemented by oils by Vlaminck, Dufy, Picasso, and others; through May 18. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Carlotta Petrina—Paintings that mingle baroque and Surrealist suggestions. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May 4. (Crespi, 232 E. 58th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

Luis Quintanilla—Paintings by this Spanish-born artist; through May 11. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Enrique Riveron—Brisk, colorful paintings by a contemporary Cuban artist; through Saturday, April 27. (Galería Sudamericana, 866 Lexington Ave., at 65th St. Weekdays, 11 to 6.)

William Ronald—Abstract paintings by a young and talented Canadian. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, May 4. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gordon Russell—Oils and drawings. First one-man show in New York; through May 18. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Giuseppe Santomaso—Oils and gouaches. First one-man show in New York; through May 18. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jack Tworkov—Graceful, colorful abstractions,

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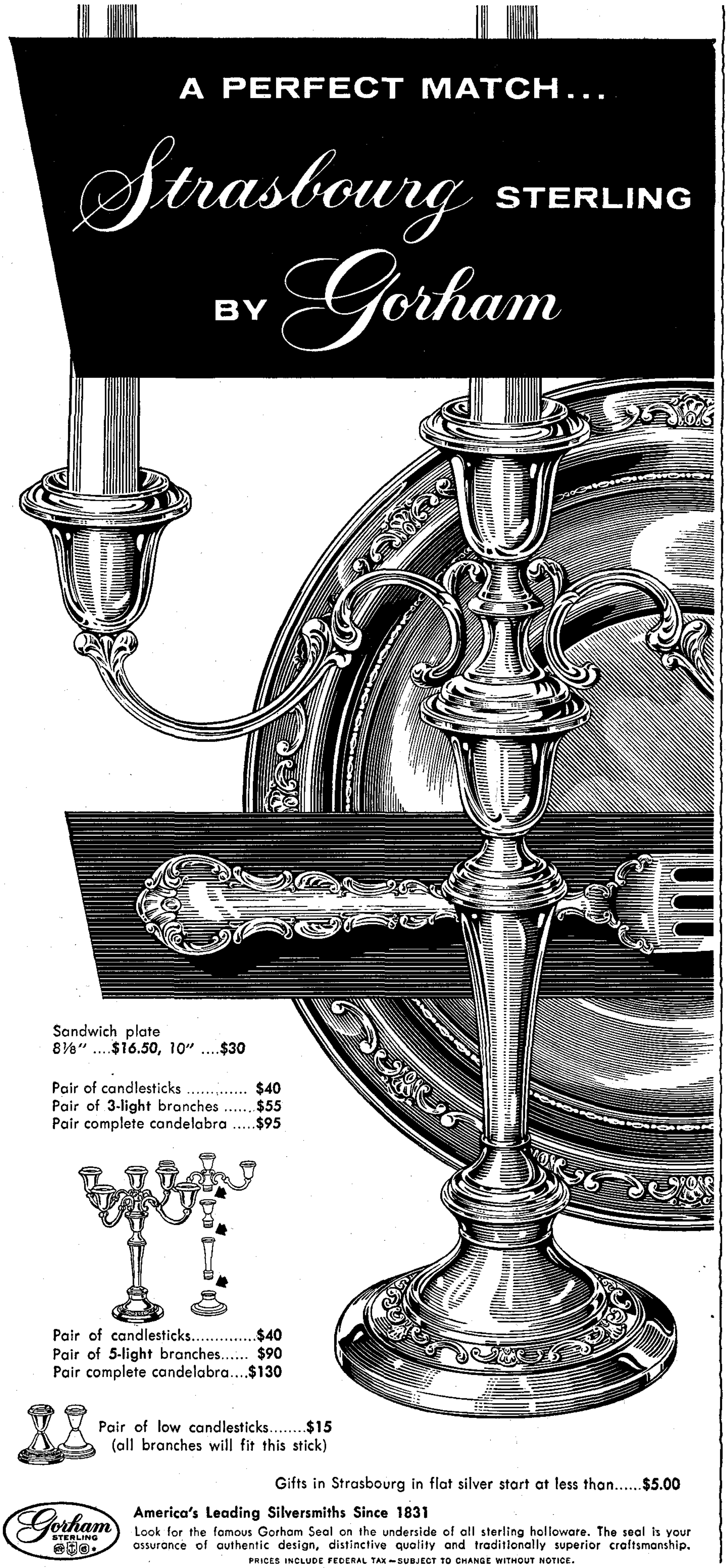

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

some reflecting the current trend towards representation; through Saturday, May 4. (Stable, 924 Seventh Ave., at 58th St.)

John Whorf—New water colors; through Saturday, May 4. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

F. J. N. Windisch-Graetz—Paintings of horses and other animals, centering on the Spanish Riding School of Vienna; through Saturday, April 27. (Sagittarius, 46 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Jean Xceron—Abstract paintings, clean and economical in pattern; through May 11. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At THE CONTEMPORARIES, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: The twenty-first annual exhibition of the American Abstract Artists; through May 11. . . . DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: Recent examples by Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, William Zorach, and others; through Saturday, May 4. . . . MELTZER, 38 W. 57th St.: *Oils* by, among others, Milton Avery, Sigmund Menkes, and George Constant; through May 18. . . . MIDTOWN, 17 E. 57th St.: Drawings by Isabel Bishop, Henry Koerner, and others; through Saturday, May 4. . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: The April offering contains fifty-six oils chosen by Franz Kline, Henry Varnum Poor, and John Koch; through Friday, April 26. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.) . . . WELLONS, 17 E. 64th St.: A set of sculptures by nineteen recent recipients of Fulbright awards; through Saturday, May 4. (Weekdays, noon to 7:30.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—Oils, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Maurice Prendergast, William Glackens, and Corot; through May 30. (Davis, 231 E. 60th St.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the GALERIE HERVÉ, 611 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: Flower paintings by Vlaminck, Renoir, Buffet, and others; through Thursday, April 25. . . . ¶ A new showing of paintings, these by Vlaminck, Utrillo, Lorjou, and others; starting Friday, April 26. . . . JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: Modern paintings and sculptures by twenty-two artists, from Brancusi to Giacometti; through May 11. . . . KNOEDLER, 14 E. 57th St.: A loan exhibition of paintings, sculptures, and drawings, primarily of the school of Paris, collected by Louise and Joseph Pulitzer, Jr.; for the benefit of the Fogg Art Museum of Harvard University. Through Saturday, May 4.

African Art—A show entitled "Abstract Forms in African Art;" through May 15. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the EMMERICH, 18 E. 77th St.: Abstract Art Before Columbus; starting Wednesday, May 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) . . . GALERIE CHALETTE, 1100 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: André Derain; starting Wednesday, May 1. (Weekdays, 10:30 to 6.) . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57th St.: J. M. Hanson; starting Monday, April 29. . . . WEYHE, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Johnny Friedlaender; starting Wednesday, May 1.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Some seventy masterpieces of European art (by, among others, Titian, Goya, Cézanne, van Gogh, and Modigliani), lent by the São Paulo Museum of Art, in Brazil; through May 5. . . . ¶ Sixty-five Greek vases (principally Attic and dating from the early sixth to the late fourth century B.C.) from the Hearst collection, purchased last fall by the Museum. . . . ¶ A selection from the Museum's collection of sculptures and drawings by Auguste Rodin, a set of seventy-three sculptures by Degas, and works by Maillol, Brancusi, and others; starting Friday, April 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The nineteenth biennial international watercolor exhibition, featuring Italian and American artists; through May 26. . . . ¶ Twenty pieces of modern decorative Venetian glass designed by Jean Cocteau, Picasso, and others; through

Tuesday, April 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—The second selection of 1956 Guggenheim International Award candidate paintings, plus eighteen regional winners and the international winner, Ben Nicholson's "August 56 (Val d'Orcia);" through May 19. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibition entitled "New York School; Second Generation," made up of paintings, drawings, and collages by Elaine de Kooning, Robert Goodnough, Allan Kaprow, and other young artists; through Sunday, April 28. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—A retrospective exhibition of abstract oils, water colors, and drawings by Hans Hofmann; through June 16. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

"ALBERT HERRING"—The New York College of Music presenting a performance of Benjamin Britten's comic opera, with an orchestra. Siegfried Landau is the musical director and Albert Felmar the stage director. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, May 1, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Following a brief tour, the orchestra will resume its regular series of concerts at Carnegie Hall. Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, April 25, at 8:45, and Friday, April 26, at 2:30 (both with Louis Kentner, piano). . . . ¶ Franco Autori conducting on Saturday, April 27, at 8:45 (with Camilla Wicks, violin). . . . ¶ Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Sunday, April 28, at 2:30 (with Louis Kentner, piano); and Thursday, May 2, at 8:45, and Friday, May 3, at 2:30 (both with Gregor Piatigorsky, cello). . . . ¶ Franco Autori conducting on Saturday, May 4, at 8:45 (with Ray Dudley, piano).

CITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Franz Bibo conducting an all-Beethoven program, with Paul Bellam, violin. (American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Sunday, April 28, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

JUILLIARD ORCHESTRA—Jean Morel conducting, with Michel Block, piano. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, May 3, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on written request.)

CENTENARY SINGERS—George Gansz directing, with Lewis and Jean Eley, violin. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 25, at 8:30.)

AMERICAN CONCERT CHOIR AND ORCHESTRA—Margaret Hillis directing Bach's "St. John Passion," with Adele Addison, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; Blake Stern and Richard Robinson, tenors; Kenneth Smith and Donald Gramm, basses; and Albert Fuller, harpsichord. (Town Hall. Friday, April 26, at 8:30.)

HUNTER COLLEGE CHOIR AND RENSSELAER GLEE CLUB—A joint concert, with Anders Emile and Joel Dolven directing, and with Bruce Prince-Joseph, organ; an orchestra; and two bands. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, April 27, at 8:30.)

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Paul Boepple directing a performance of Handel's "Israel in Egypt," with Shirlee Emmons, soprano; Carol Smith, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; Robert Conant, harpsichord; Bruce Prince-Joseph, organ; and the Symphony of the Air. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 1, at 8:30.)

CANTATA SINGERS—Alfred Mann directing a performance of Bach's Easter chorale "Christ lag in Todesbanden," as well as settings for the same text by other composers. With Helen Boatwright and Bethany Beardslee, sopranos; Russell Oberlin, countertenor; Charles Bressler and Otto Hammer, tenors; and Kenneth Smith, bass. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Thursday, May

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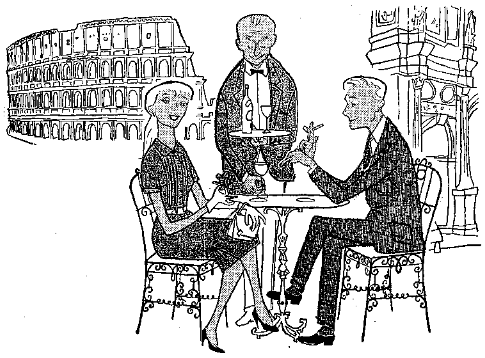

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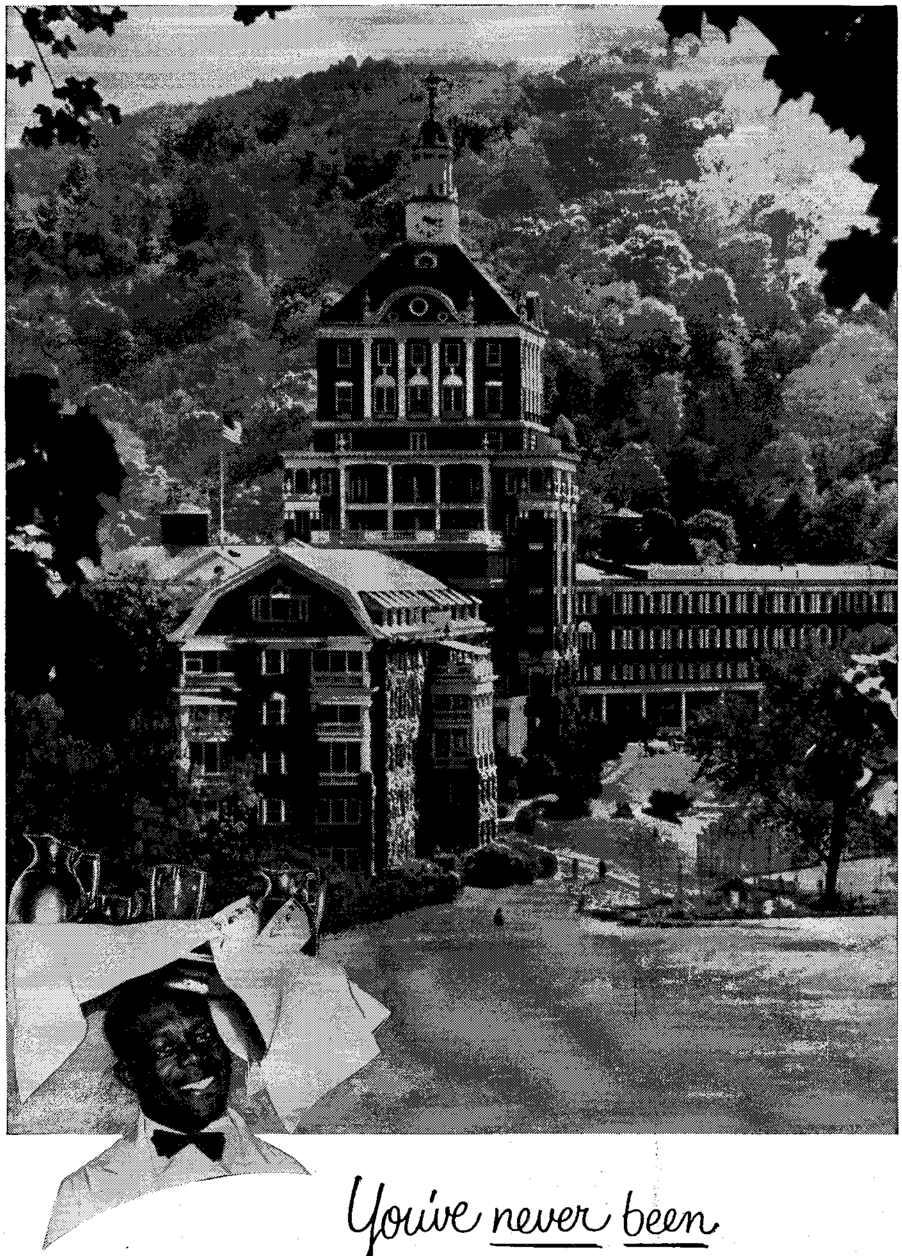

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call MO 6-6350.)

MISCELLANY

Calypso Programs—The Trinidad Steel Band. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 8:40 and at midnight.)

Music for Moderns—The first in a series of four programs, this one played by an orchestra conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos, with Anahid Ajemian, violin, and Duke Ellington and his orchestra. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 28, at 8:30.)

Benefit Concert—Leonard de Paur directing an orchestra and chorus in excerpts from "Porgy and Bess," "Four Saints in Three Acts," and "Carmen Jones," with Inez Matthews, soprano; Lawrence Winters, baritone; and Luther Saxon, tenor. A benefit for the Church of the Master. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 28, at 8:30. For tickets, call MO 6-9752.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. Giants, Thursday, April 25, at 8.... ¶ Dodgers vs. Chicago, Tuesday, April 30, at 8, and Wednesday, May 1, at 1:30.... ¶ Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Thursday, May 2, at 8, and Saturday, May 4, at 2.... **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Boston, Friday through Sunday, April 26-28, at 2.... **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Milwaukee, Tuesday, April 30, at 8, and Wednesday, May 1, at 1:30.... ¶ Giants vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, May 2, at 1:30; Friday, May 3, at 8; and Saturday, May 4, at 2.... **ROOSEVELT STADIUM,** Jersey City: Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Friday, May 3, at 8.

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Princeton. (Princeton. Saturday, April 27.)... ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, May 4.)... ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Saturday, May 4.)... ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 4.)

Horse Shows—Boulder Brook Club Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. Saturday and Sunday, April 27-28.).... ¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 4.)

Hunt Racing—Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 27.)... ¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 4.)

Racing—At **JAMAICA:** Weekdays at 1:15; through Tuesday, May 28. The Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 27; the Youthful, Wednesday, May 1; and the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Saturday, May 4. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.)... **LAUREL,** Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 4.... **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30, from Saturday, May 4, through Saturday, June 1. (A train will leave Penn Station at 11:30 and connect with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)... **CHURCHILL DOWNS,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 4.

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. Friday and Saturday, April 26-27.)... ¶ Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 4, at 1.)

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, July 31. (Buses to the track from the Mount Vernon station; special train from Grand Central at 7:11.)

FOR CHILDREN

Operetta—The Blue Hill Troupe presenting a performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Ruddigore." For the benefit of the Manhattan Eye, Ear and Throat Hospital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 27, at 2:30. For tickets, call TR 6-8833.)

Plays—By the **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE:** "The Enchanted Treasure," Thursday, April 25.... ¶ "The Pied Piper," Friday, April 26. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Performances at 10:30 and 3.)... **JUNIOR THEATRE:** "Raggedy

Ann and Andy," a musical. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday and Friday, April 25-26, at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.)

Variety Show—"Treasure Island," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a clown, a magician, and other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, April 27, at 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current presentation, "Easter in the Heavens," is concerned with the relation of Easter and Passover to astronomy and with the influence of the moon upon human events. Starting Tuesday, April 30, there will be a new show, "The Sun in Action." (Thursday and Friday, April 25-26, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 8:30; Saturday, April 27, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sunday, April 28, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Monday, April 29, at 2 and 3:30; Tuesday through Friday, April 30-May 3, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturday, May 4, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30.) . . . ¶ Every night, except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Children's Zoo—Where the little ones may roam at will among the tame animals. New additions, this year, include twin black lambs and five kittens. (Bronx Zoo. Open, weather permitting, weekdays 10:30 to 4:30 and Sundays 10:30 to 5. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Movies—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (which is scheduled to adjourn Friday, May 3), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to around 4:30 daily.

Prose Readings—Eudora Welty in a program called "Place in Fiction." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, April 28, at 8:40.)

United States World Trade Fair—Beverages (soup), foods (nuts), appliances (kitchen sinks), and just about everything in between, put on display by some fifty-odd nations. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Thursday, April 25, from 6 to 10; Friday, April 26, from 1 to 10; and Saturday, April 27, from 10 to 10.)

Currier & Ives Exhibit—Some three hundred and fifty lithographs representing the varied output of the firm. Among the prints are such familiar subjects as country and farm life, clipper ships, trotting and race horses, and Mississippi River scenes. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, April 26-27, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century furniture, including several Louis XV pieces; Napoleonic-Louis XVIII and other French silver; table porcelains, linens, and laces; French paintings; tapestries; Savonnerie and Aubusson carpets; and objects of art. Sold by order of Gustave Pierre Bader. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, April 30-May 1, at 1:45: First editions, Americana, and other literary material from the library of the late Thomas Henry Foster.

Daylight Saving Time—Starts on Sunday, April 28, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through April 27: "Night Must Fall" (1937), with Rosalind Russell, Robert Montgomery, and Dame May Whitty. . . . ¶ April 28-May 1: "Cavalcade" (1933), with Diana Wynyard and Clive Brook. (Showings at 3. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Around the World in 80 Days—Michael Todd's variation on a long Cook's tour. Derived from the fantasy by Jules Verne, the piece is both funny and colorful, if perhaps a bit too protracted. David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas head a worthy cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Thursday through Sunday, April 25-28, and Wednesday, May 1, at 2:30. Extra performances Thursday through Saturday, April 25-27, at 10:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

Baby Doll—Tennessee Williams' droll study of some benighted denizens of the Very Deep South. Directed by Elia Kazan, the picture has a fine cast headed by Carroll Baker, Karl Malden, and Eli Wallach. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through April 27.)

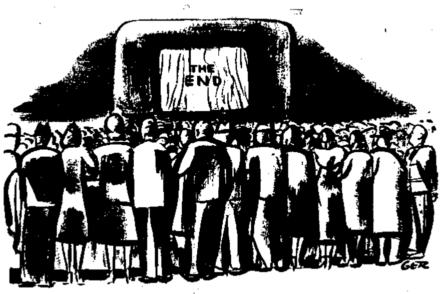
Funny Face—An amiable enough excursion into the world of fashion, which presents Fred Astaire as a photographer and Audrey Hepburn as a girl who serves as his model, even though she wants to be an intellectual above the modish battle. Kay Thompson, as the editor of a high-toned dress magazine, is helpful, and there are many stimulating views of Paris. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Gold of Naples—A number of enormously entertaining residents of southern Italy are caught in all kinds of interesting dilemmas in this Italian film, directed by Vittorio De Sica. There are four separate episodes, and the cast includes such talented people as Sophia Loren, Totò, Silvana Mangano, Paolo Stoppa, Pasquale Cennamo, and Mr. De Sica himself. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Great Man—A few unsavory aspects of the television industry as set forth in a film written by Al Morgan and José Ferrer. Mr. Ferrer also directed the picture and, for good measure, serves as its leading character—a commentator probing into the background of a deceased television luminary. The cast, which is fine, includes Keenan Wynn, Dean Jagger, and Ed Wynn. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through April 28.... ¶ Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting May 1.)

Lust for Life—As handsome a color film as we're likely to see for some time to come. It deals with Vincent van Gogh (well played by Kirk Douglas) and his colleagues, among them Seurat, Pissarro, and Paul Gauguin. The last is splendidly depicted by Anthony Quinn. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

The Rack—A courtroom drama that probes into the motivations of an American Army captain who has collaborated with the enemy during the Korean war. The film is honest and, for the most part, effective, and Paul Newman, in the role of the captain, is very good indeed. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting May 1.)



The Rainmaker—Katharine Hepburn and Burt Lancaster in a pleasant film about a girl who thinks she is homely and a confidence man who persuades her she isn't. Adapted by N. Richard Nash from his play of the same name, the film includes Wendell Corey, Lloyd Bridges, Earl Holliman, and Cameron Prud'homme in its cast. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through May 1.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 1, tentative.)

The Red Balloon—An appealing fantasy about a small boy who wanders all over Paris trailed by a balloon that has become his pet. The picture was written, produced, and directed by Albert Lamorisse, and the small boy is played by Pascal Lamorisse, the creator's son. Unfortunately, the film, which is about half an hour in length, is coupled with a dim travelogue called "The Lost Continent." (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

The Silent World—An absorbing French documentary that describes, in full color, assorted marvels encountered by Captain Jacques-Yves Cousteau in his underwater explorations. With an English narration. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 1, tentative.)

La Strada—This strange Italian film deals with the fortunes of a subhuman professional strong man, a half-witted girl who serves as his slave (he buys her from her mother for ten thousand lire), and a carnival clown more prescient than most. Directed by Federico Fellini, the picture is full of sharp passages, even if it does go on rather lengthily. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

The Ten Commandments—Cecil Blount deMille, an old hand at religious interpretations, cutting a colorful swath through the Old Testament country. Very freely adapted from the Bible, the film includes quite an assortment of dancing girls, notables like Moses, Joshua, and a couple of Pharaohs, and many flamboyant wide-screen effects. Charlton Heston is Moses, and Yul Brynner, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Anne Baxter, and Yvonne De Carlo are also prominent in the cast of millions, or what seems to be a cast of millions. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Thursday through Saturday, April 25-27, at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; Sunday, April 28, at 2:30 and 8; and Monday through Wednesday, April 29-May 1, at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

12 Angry Men—A lively explanation of how an oddly assorted group of jurors stumble to a verdict in a murder trial involving an eighteen-year-old boy who is accused of doing in his father. Henry Fonda, Lee J. Cobb, and Jack Warden are included in a very strong cast. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060.)

Wee Geordie—A ninety-seven-pound weakling becomes one of the strongest men in Scotland and the best hammer thrower on earth. A cheerful British film in which Bill Travers, Alastair Sim, Norah Gorsen, and Paul Young perform happily against some beautiful Scottish scenery. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting May 1.)

REVIVALS

Animal Farm (1954)—An English cartoon film derived from George Orwell's acid allegory about totalitarian ways. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 25.)

The Ballet of Romeo and Juliet (1956)—A Russian item which offers a score by Prokofieff and the dancing of Galina Ulanova. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 25.)

Black Fury (1935)—Paul Muni in a violent sketch of Coaltown. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; April 29-30.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Katharine Hepburn (a rich girl), Cary Grant (a scientist), and two leopards (leopards). (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; April 28-30.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through May 1, tentative.)

Cinderella (1950)—Disney's view of the fairy tale. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through April 26.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 30.)

The Proud and the Beautiful (1956)—Jean-Paul Sartre's story of a Mexican town in the grip of an epidemic. A French film, with Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 29-30.)

Strawberry Blonde (1941)—That old play "One Sunday Afternoon." James Cagney and Olivia de Havilland. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; April 29-30.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—More Hitchcock mystification, taking in a shooting in a theatre, a man hunt in Scotland, and so on. A British film, with Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting April 30.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 15.

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Strange One," Ben Gazzara.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
12 ANGRY MEN.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Through May 1: "Tarzan and the Lost Safari," Gordon Scott.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The Buster Keaton Story," Donald O'Connor, Ann Blyth.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
FUNNY FACE.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Abandon Ship!," Tyrone Power, Mai Zetterling.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Boy on a Dolphin," Alan Ladd, Clifton Webb, Sophia Loren.

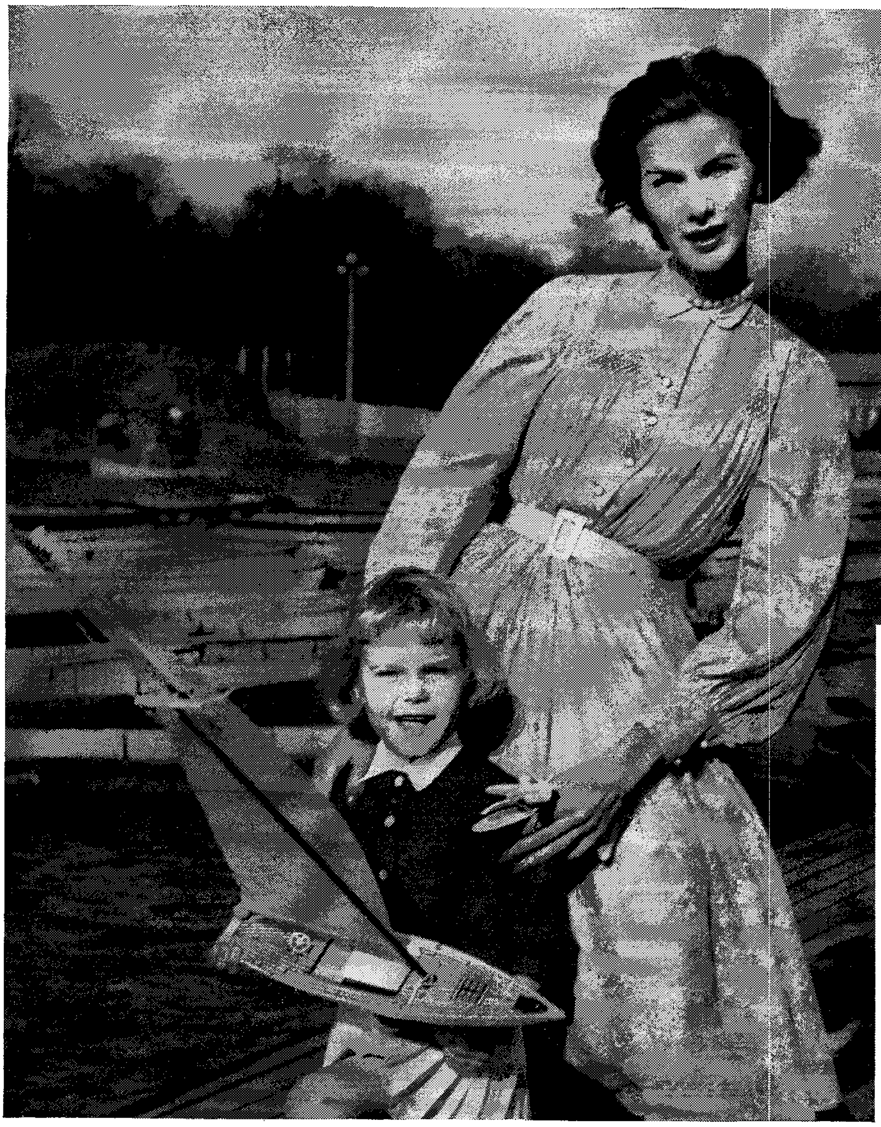
State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through April 28: "Fury at Showdown," John Derek.
From April 29: "The Ride Back," Anthony Quinn.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Bachelor Party," Don Murray, E. G. Marshall.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Seven Wonders of the World," the third Cinerama production. (Thursday and Friday, April 25-26, at 10:30, 2:40, 5:30, and 8:40; Saturday, April 27, at 10:30, 2, 5, and 8:40; Sunday, April 28, at 2, 5, and 8:40; and Monday through Wednesday, April 29-May 1, at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Devil's General" (in German), Curt Jurgens, Marianne Cook.

D. F.'s wife wears B. H. Wragge



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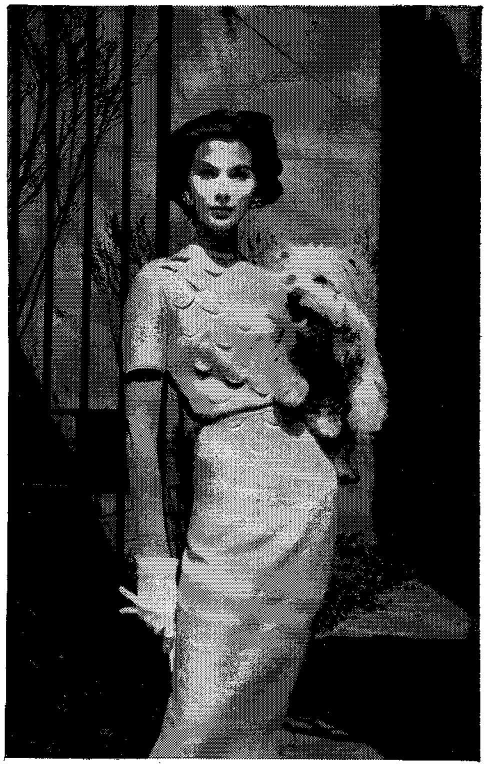
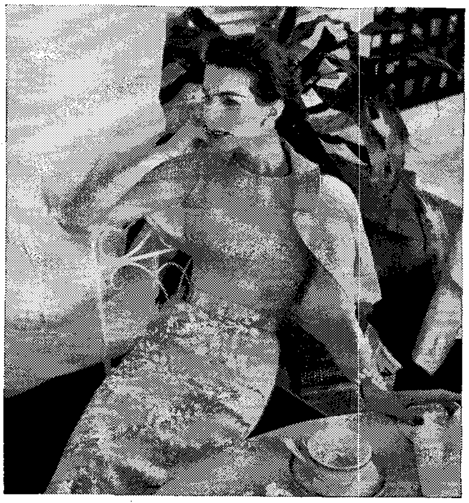


Something important done about the sheath—and it's fascinating. Moygashel linen with contrasting crescent cut-outs. Wonderful Wragge colors, of course. Sizes 8 to 18. $55.

Three pieces brought together with fashion wisdom for easy elegance. A linen jacket and sleeveless blouse to top a skirt of chalk-garden linen print. Sizes 8 to 16. In beige, light blue or yellow. Jacket, $29.95; Blouse, $13.95; Skirt, $25.



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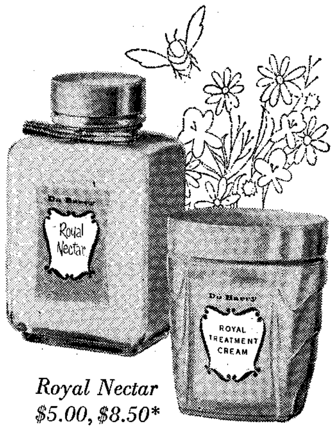
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. . . to those about him when he sits at the wheel of a Cadillac. Because of its long association with the world's distinguished motorists, it indicates his own high standing in his world of affairs. Because of its obvious quality and elegance, it testifies to his taste and judgment. Because of its great luxury, it bespeaks his concern for the comfort of his family. And because of its renowned economies of ownership and operation, it testifies to his practical wisdom. Have you considered how wonderful it would be to let a new Cadillac car speak its message on *your* behalf? Then we urge you to visit your dealer soon and learn the amazing Cadillac story for yourself. Sixty minutes at the wheel and we think you'll want to make the "car of cars" your own personal spokesman.

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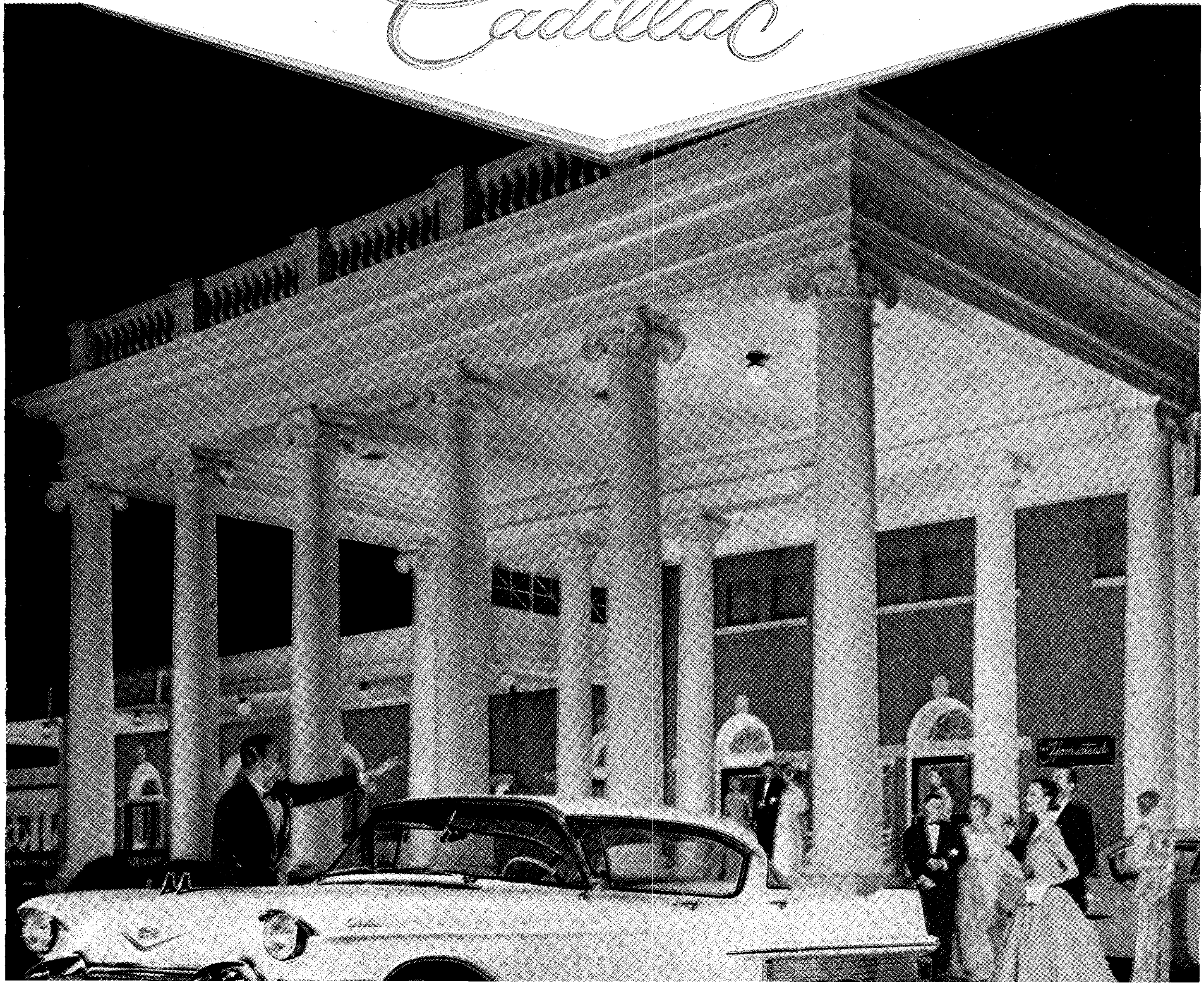
Cadillac



Puerto Rico will surprise you

This is Lotti Tischer's ballet school in San Juan, the old Spanish capital of Puerto Rico. In the sun, the warmth is friendly. In the shade, the breeze is champagne cool.

Lotti Tischer's is one of half-a-dozen such schools now thriving in this exciting new Commonwealth. Fifty or more pupils come here to learn their pirouettes and fouettés, their bourrées and their entrechats. Classes are conducted in Spanish and English. Fifteen of Lotti's students are daughters of executives from the U.S.A.

Many visitors are surprised to find such lively signs of cultural renaissance in Puerto Rico today. But when you look around at the new homes, the new schools, the new highways—you begin to see why this land is so buoyant with hope.

The impetus comes from Operation Bootstrap, the industrial development program which is doing so much more than raising Puerto Rico's standard of living. It is giving *dignity* to man's labor. It is giving the old Spanish culture a richer leisure to express itself.

If your firm is considering the powerful incentives that Operation Bootstrap now offers to new industry, take time out for a personal reconnaissance. Your family will love the open-air life. And maybe your daughter will win a scholarship to Sadler's Wells; one of Lotti Tischer's Puerto Rican students did.

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579 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

◀ *Open-air ballet class in a residential section of San Juan. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.*

B. Altman & Co.

Young Colony's log records the first white dress of the season . . . a spanking fresh cotton sailor. Also in navy, sizes 7 to 15, 29.95 third floor

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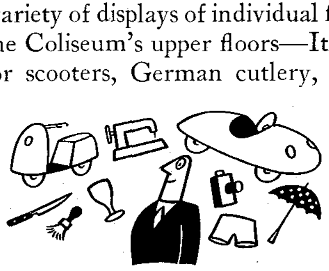
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS cheap, easy, and satisfying a way as anybody could ask of spending an hour wandering through the bazaars of the world is to go up to the Coliseum and see the United States World Trade Fair, which opened there on April 14th and will run through this Saturday. We visited the Fair one evening last week and, comparing the atmosphere with that of our old haunt, the United Nations Headquarters, we were struck by how similar the world of international commerce seemed to be to that of diplomacy—the costumes as glittering, the women as alluring, the overheard conversations as piquant. Upon entering the Coliseum, we passed an information desk bedecked with the flags of the fifty-nine exhibiting nations, and were immediately attracted by a large Dutch clock with dancing figures, and chimes that were playing "O Sole Mio." It was called the Chronochime, and even a slightly crass motto attached to it—"With the greatest ease, 25% sales increase"—could not destroy its charm. After we had spent twenty minutes or so wandering among a bewildering variety of displays of individual firms on the Coliseum's upper floors—Italian motor scooters, German cutlery, Japanese sewing machines, sports cars from all over ("They trade me that for my old Studebaker, that's what I'd call world trade," somebody said, looking at a gleaming red Ferrari)—we settled down on the ground floor, where the national pavilions were set up.



Israel was our first stop, and there, along with shaving brushes and silverware, we saw, but did not get a chance to sample, the first Israeli-made champagne ever exported to the United States. "I saw a shawl I like over there in Turkey," one of our fellow-travellers remarked to a companion. We moved on to Liberia, where we inspected samples of iron ore, coffee, and cocoa, and where a gentleman told us, "Liberia is the most unrestricted market in the world," and thence to France, a U-shaped counter, covered mostly with magazines and travel posters, enclosing a private area with closed doors leading to—what? Only the French knew. Then came Hong Kong, whose counter was lined with merchandise (aluminumware, cameras, sporting goods, toothbrushes, cosmetics, underwear, carpets, umbrellas). Here a man unexpectedly remarked to us, "I got caught in a buzz saw over in Belgium," whereupon we crossed an aisle or two and were in Turkey. There, in a spacious, mosquelike setting, we looked at mineral samples, liqueurs, ceramics, and mosaics, and heard one man introduce another with the words "I want you to meet the Cashmere King."

Bemused, we drifted over to Poland, which was evoked for the most part by books, dolls, and photographs. "I remember it well," said a visitor, looking at a scene of Warsaw. "I think you would still like it," a young Polish attendant replied earnestly. We passed quickly through the Republic of Korea, where all was brassware and pretty girls in native costume, and came to the United Kingdom, where an indefatigably British sign urged, "Buy British Woollens." Circling the United Kingdom's domain, of perhaps fifty square feet, we went quickly past awesome areas devoted to aviation and atomic energy, and came to Wales, where a pretty girl in native costume was discussing a fine point with a scholarly visitor.

"Is it true, then, that religion in North Wales is rather more strict?" the visitor asked.

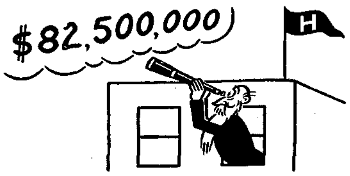
The Welsh girl thought a moment. "Well, it's only the English influence in the South," she replied.

So on to Ireland (chocolate, sweets, marmalade, oatmeal, cake, jam, biscuits, candles, tea), where a son of Erin handed us a booklet that first proclaimed the therapeutic benefits of Guinness Stout for insomnia, dyspepsia, anemia, neurasthenia, and pregnancy, and then made the arresting statement "In cases of acne, furunculosis, and other staphylococcal infections of the skin, Guinness has proved a useful remedy."

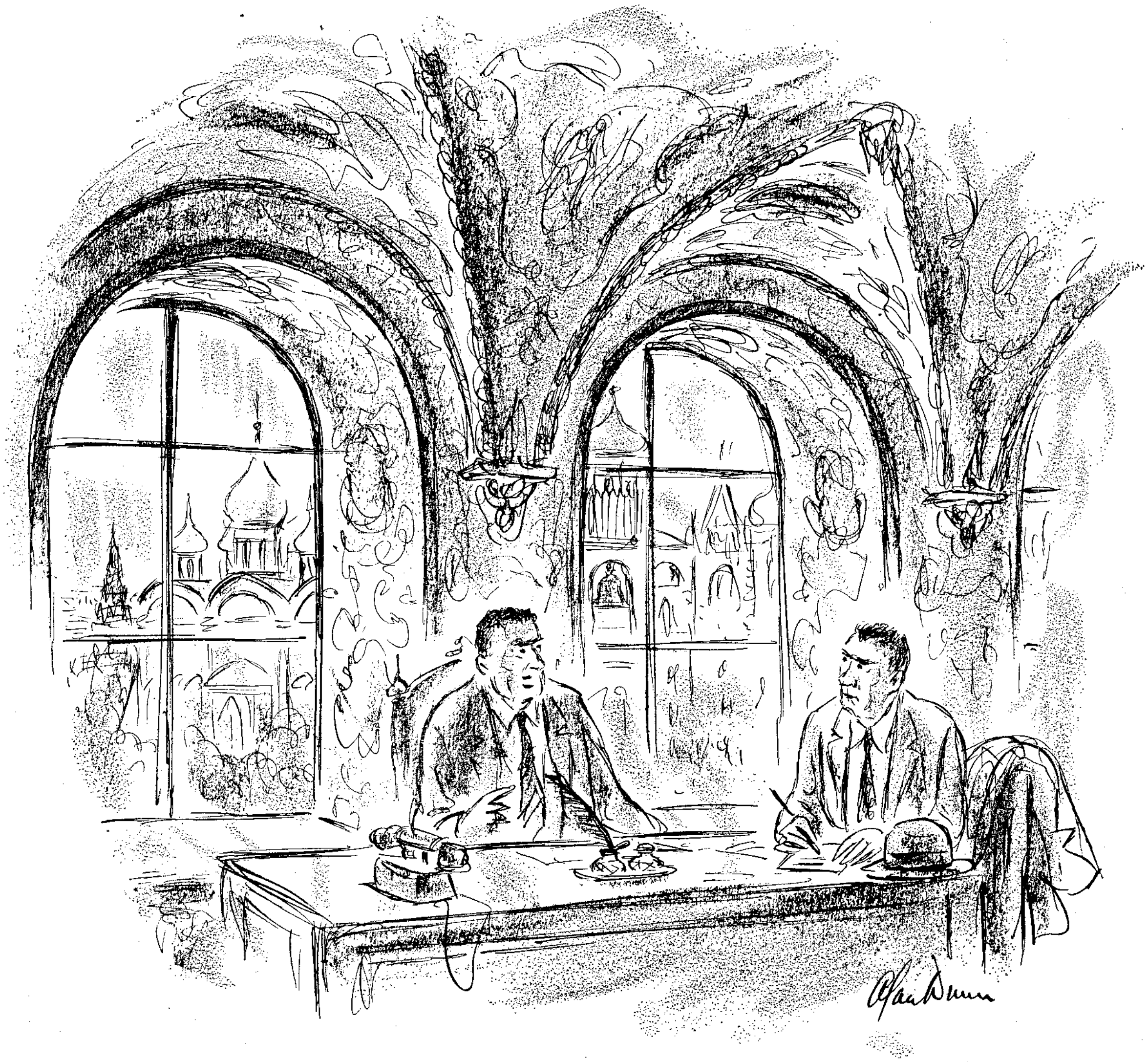
"Blarney!" we cried, and left Ireland, rode up one flight on an escalator, and spent five minutes in New York (commerce, manufacturing, transportation, professional services—"the city that serves the world"). Then we went back past the Chronochime, which was playing "La Cucaracha," to the street, and there we were in Columbus Circle, wide-awake.

Harvard's Cabot

HARVARD COLLEGE recently launched a three-year fund-raising drive for eighty-two and a half million dollars, by far the largest sum any college has ever set its sights on in one swoop, and we learned something about this whopping venture at the Harvard Club the other day from Paul Codman Cabot, treasurer of the drive, who is also president of the State Street Investment Corporation, of Boston, and a director of several big outfits, including J. P. Morgan. Beyond all that, Mr. Cabot—a ruddy, stentorian Cabot of fifty-eight, who when we met him was wearing a Porcellian pig on his watch chain, a conservative gray flannel suit, and a rakish plaid tie—is treasurer of Harvard University, and, as such, is responsible for the investment of its five-hundred-million-dollar endowment.



Mr. Cabot, who can discuss large



"Sure I can give you examples. One, our new proton synchrotron is bigger than theirs; two, our ballistic-missile program is ahead of theirs; and, three, we have better mail service."

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amounts of money with equanimity, told us that Harvard College had had its last major fund drive in 1919, when fifteen million was collected, and that the University's principal directorate, the seven-man Harvard Corporation, concluded more than three years ago that it was about time for another. The final decision was made last summer, at Pulpit Harbor, Maine. "Tommy Lamont, of J. P. Morgan, and Alec White, of White, Weld, and I all have houses there," Mr. Cabot said, "and President Pusey was vacationing up the coast at Northeast Harbor, and David Rockefeller brought him down on his boat. Some of the others flew up. We voted to go ahead, and persuaded Alec to act as general chairman, and we were in business. We didn't know then how much dough we were going after, except that it would be a hell of a lot. The President and his staff later presented a report on what they needed, and we told them to cut it to the bare bones, and they did. Eighty-two and a half million doesn't sound like bare bones, but it is."

The next step, Mr. Cabot went on, was to put the bite on present and former members of the Corporation and of the Board of Overseers, Harvard's other ruling body—some hundred and twenty men altogether. "We figured it would help to underwrite our success if the guys running the show put their dough on the line," he explained. So far, this group has pledged most of the nine million dollars that has been received, including two of the three individual gifts of a million apiece. (Cabot himself, we've been informed by a Boston connection, has thrown two hundred and fifty thousand into the giant kitty.) "Now our special-gifts boys are completing their research on how much money our wealthier alumni have," Cabot said. "In a deal like this, you've got to go for the rich cats first." Soon the net will be spread out to embrace all the forty-five thousand living graduates of the college, and special committees have been set up to tackle such other likely sources of revenue as foundations and business corporations. "We plan to make our big push during the next academic year, and to allow another year after that for mopping up," Cabot continued. "Even though it's officially a three-year drive, we're authorizing five-year pledges and, at my discretion, ten-year pledges. I have been urging all our solicitors to try not for legal commitments but for moral statements. If you ask a guy to sign a binding pledge, he's more apt to pull in his horns."

Cabot, Harvard '21 and Harvard Business School '23, has been treasurer of the University since 1948. "When I took on the job, I stipulated that I wouldn't abandon my twenty thousand stockholders at State Street, and said that in any event I could do a better job for Harvard with the help of my research staff at the company," he told us. "So I handle the two funds more or less jointly. I spend ninety per cent of my time studying investments—like should I buy G.E. or sell? I have to go to a J. P. Morgan trust-committee meeting this afternoon. We'll be analyzing public utilities and coals. I may be able to contribute some information, but I'll probably pick up a hell of a lot more. I keep what we call a balanced portfolio for Harvard—so much in bonds, so much in preferred, so much in common. As things stand, I've got roughly a quarter of a billion, a little over half the Harvard endowment, in common stocks. State Street, though, is a straight common-stock investment trust. I guess we've got around a hundred and seventy million there. The two funds make quite a big investment."

Cabot stays at The Links when he's in New York, as he is for a couple of days every second week, and lives the rest of the time just outside Boston, in Needham, companionably surrounded by other Cabots. "*Life* wanted to do a feature on the family, but we would have no part of it," he told us. "So they did the Lowells." He has so many ancestral ties with Harvard that he can't keep track of them all. He does know that his father and his father's father and his father's father's father went there, as did his mother's father and his wife's father. His two daughters are married to Harvard men, and of his three sons, all Harvard men, two are sophomores there now. Of his three brothers, all Harvard College graduates, Henry is an Overseer, Charles is a former Overseer, and Powell, who died this winter, was University Marshal. His eight nephews on the Cabot side have all gone to Harvard, or are in Harvard, save one; he's still in prep school. "I have a nephew who went on from Harvard to Cornell," Cabot told us apologetically, "but only because he wanted to do graduate work in spiders. I understand Cornell is excellent for spiders."

We asked Mr. Cabot how he felt about the prospects of the fund drive. "I feel confident," he said. "I wish I felt as confident about my tennis game."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Cadillac Cleaners, at 479 Third Avenue, pick up and deliver with Ford station wagons.

Fog and No Flowers

THE Thursday before Easter, we made our way through murk and mist to Rockefeller Center to see how the out-of-town tourists, who abound at this season, were weathering their visit. In the promenade between the French and British Buildings, we came upon a group of them being guided about by a young lady, who was saying, "We call this area the Channel, because it separates the British from the French." The tourists, who ranged from a couple of whippersnappers of fifteen or so to an ancient of perhaps seventy, stared at her unsmilingly.

"Are there or aren't there supposed to be flowers here?" a thin gentleman inquired, with a touch of asperity.

"Usually, we have wonderful flowers lining the pools of the Channel," said the guide. "But we've just taken up the hyacinths we had here, so that we can put in the lilies tomorrow. Follow me."

We trailed the group around the skating rink. "Brrr!" said a tall lady tourist. "That place sure doesn't look springlike. I swear it was warmer in West Virginia before we left than it is here." In passing, the guide gave the tourists the lowdown on Prometheus, whose statue adorns the skating rink, and while she was in the midst of her discourse, the tall lady started to bend our ear about her adventures on the tour. "Most of the time," she said, "we've been indoors, and that certainly is a good thing, because this wind really whips right through you and this fog chills you to the bone. I notice you weren't with us before, so you missed all kinds of things. Why, this girl had us way down below right where we're standing, in a garage that has I don't know how many trucks rushing in and out, and she told us all about the history of this place—how it was some college professor's garden and then along comes Mr. Rockefeller and puts up all these wonderful buildings."

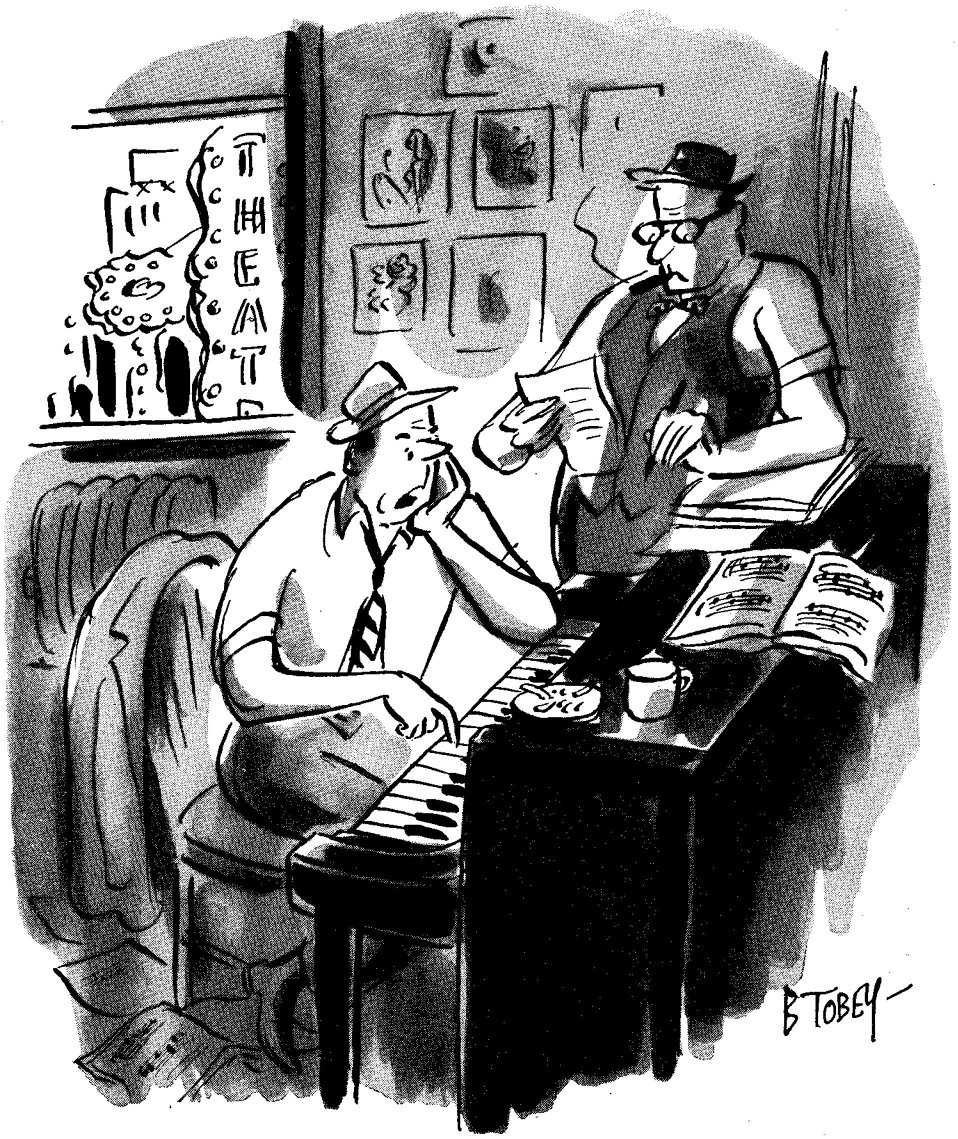
The guide by this time had led us through the Eastern Airlines Building, and soon after delivered us into the main lobby of the R.C.A. Building. She explained that the mural decorating the ceiling of the lobby was the work of José Sert, the famous Spanish artist, and that among the figures represented were the past, the present, and the future. "No matter where you stand in this lobby," she pointed out, "the figure representing the present is always facing you."

The two adolescents in our group immediately began to circle the lobby, gazing upward skeptically.

"Must have spent a barrel of money on this place," said a stout middle-aged gentleman, to whom a frail, sad-looking woman was attached.

"I certainly hope we'll see the flowers before we leave," said his companion.

"Flowers here aren't any better than the ones we've got back home," the stout man said. "But now you take all these buildings and these muriels



"Mama she buy some calico,
Make her de dress,
Away she go.
Ah-dee-wah, ah-dee-wah . . ."

and you've got to hand it to them. Not a place on earth can touch them."

"Still," his companion insisted, "they say it's awfully pretty when they put in all the Easter flowers."

"The one in the middle does keep looking at you," one of the circling adolescents announced breathlessly.

"Takes a foreigner to figure those tricks out," said the tall lady. "That's why I always say I wouldn't trust one as far as I could fling him."

Our guide led us to the lower level of the R.C.A. Building, and informed us that a hundred and sixty thousand people a day come and go in Rockefeller Center, and that if all the people who worked there called it home, they would form a community that would rank sixty-third in the United States.

"Never get me to live here," said the thin man who had complained about the flowers. "I'll take my little town in Jersey any day."

We returned to the lobby of the R.C.A. Building. "Now," said the guide, "we'll take the fastest semi-automatic elevators in the world up to the observation tower."

"Not going to see much, I'll bet, in this weather," said the thin man.

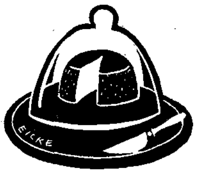
"On a clear day," said the tall lady, "I hear that you can see miles and miles and miles."

"See further from the Empire State, where I'm going tomorrow," said the oldest member of the party.

The frail woman with the stout man looked very mournful. "I'm so afraid of heights," she said, "I can't hardly stand to look out of a second-story window."

"You only live once," said the stout man jocosely.

We sped to the observation tower. The thin man was right about the visibility.



R.I.P.

A Californian has written to advise us that in the course of preparing his state income tax he found this reassuring statement in a pamphlet entitled "Instructions for Filing Your 1956 California Individual Income Tax Return": "If the taxpayer died during his taxable year, he will not be deprived of the Head of Household exemption solely by reason of his death."

Reluctant Peer

Lord Hailsham, Minister of Education in Macmillan's Cabinet, and before that, under Eden, First Lord of the Admiralty, came here last month as head of a good-will delegation of forty Britons dispatched by the Prime Minister to the Jamestown Three-Hundred-and-Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration. A few days before he flew back, we caught him at the Park Lane, where he had just delivered a spirited off-the-record luncheon address to the jaded members of the Dutch Treat Club—who, exceptionally, gave him a standing ovation.

On the record, Hailsham is a rosy-cheeked, cherubic-faced, sandy-haired, boyish man of forty-nine, who, before succeeding his father as Viscount Hailsham in 1950, bore the name—Quintin Hogg—of his grandfather, a noted Victorian philanthropist. We pressed him for family and personal history, and he obliged, with Churchillian eloquence. "My great-great-grandfather made a fortune in India," he said. "My grandfather, who was born in 1845, was an eccentric, devoted man—really a kind of saint—who at twenty gave up his holidays in Scotland to nurse victims of the great cholera epidemic in London. He fell in with a band of criminal children abandoned by their parents and camping out in the slums of London, horrified *his* parents by sleeping with them under the Adelphi arches, and resolved to convert them to Christianity. He realized that he would first have to educate them, so he started a little, ragged school. By the eighteen-eighties, this school, then known as the Young Men's Christian Institute, encompassed technical education and a recreational program, mostly sports. He subsequently bought a derelict museum in Regent Street called the Polytechnic, where he installed the Institute, which has since been known as the Regent Polytechnic and is today the greatest technical college in London. It's now maintained by the London County Council, and has long had members of my family on its board. My father, who was one of the finest advocates I've ever heard, served on it, and so did I, until I had to resign when I became Minister. In my early boyhood, I was fascinated by my father's meteoric rise; he had extraordinary intellectual power, and went on from strength to strength. He became Attorney General under Bonar Law when I was at Eton, and Lord Chancellor when I was at Oxford. I begged him not to accept the Lord Chancellorship, because I realized it would mean a peerage for him, and therefore for me someday, but no Englishman can decline this historic post; it dates back a thousand years, to the reign of Edward the Confessor, and its tenant is head of the judiciary, a Minister of State, and takes precedence after the Archbishop of Canterbury. My father was right to accept it."

We asked Lord Hailsham why he had been so set against becoming a peer.

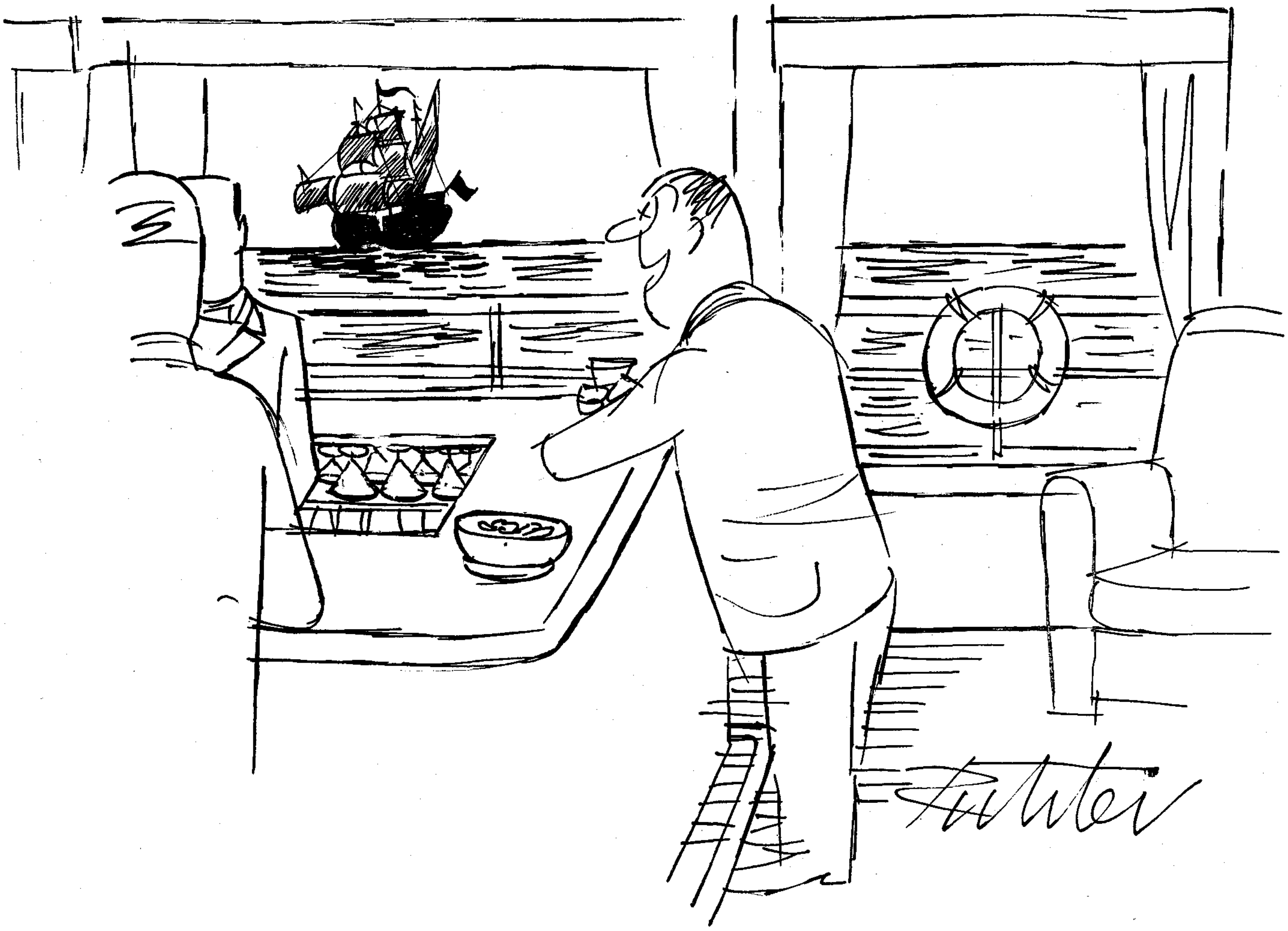
"I wanted to go into public life and knew that the peerage would disqualify me from any important elective office," he said. "If you are in the House of Commons, as I later was, and succeed to the peerage, you are automatically removed to the House of Lords, a less influential body. The workings of this hereditary principle hamper the careers of many public men. If Winston Churchill's uncle, the eighth Duke of Marlborough, had died in 1868, before marrying and having children, we'd never have won the war. Winston's father would have been the Duke, and Winston would have been the Duke at twenty, when his father died, and could never have been Prime Minister. This is the supreme example, but it's not the only one. Anything so dependent on the turn of the wheel is to me fundamentally insupportable."

We asked the second Viscount how he got started.

"I've been a practicing barrister all my life, or, at any rate, I've practiced whenever other things didn't interfere," he said. "The first thing to interfere was my election to the House of Commons, in 1938. A year later, when the war started, I became an officer with the Rifle Brigade, and, after a spell with the War Office in London during the bombing, was posted to the Regular battalion, as a platoon commander, with the Middle East Forces in the Western Desert. I was shot in the leg, contracted a serious illness, was declared medically unfit for further active service, and in 1942 returned to Parliament, in time for the little blitz. In 1945, I became Under-Secretary of State for Air. My father's death forced me out of the House of Commons and I resumed law practice, after a hiatus of twelve years. I fiddled around with two- and three-guinea briefs until 1953, when I took silk."

"Eh?" we said.

"Queen's Counsel," Lord Hailsham said. "It's the higher of the two echelons of barrister. You wear silk in court and have a junior with you. Bigger cases. I had a large accident practice, and a modicum of crime and divorce. Solicitors advise clients and prepare cases but rarely appear in court. Barristers are



"Brother, have I had enough!"

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advocates, and do. We are briefed by solicitors. We are nomads at the bar; we are like actors, born in paint and feathers."

Lord Hailsham, who at the time of our talk had exchanged his birthday suit for navy-blue cloth and high black shoes, became First Lord of the Admiralty in September, 1956, and again had to abandon the law.

"I was catapulted into Suez; I was not consulted," he said. "But if I had not approved, I would have resigned. I am politically responsible for anything that was done. I have never modified my views as to the rightness of Britain's Suez policy."

We had heard that the Minister was a poet on occasion, and mentioned this.

"I find a natural relief from the strains of office and life in general in writing verse," he said. "Last spring, I discovered I'd accumulated sixty or seventy poems. I sent thirty of them to the *Spectator*, which has been publishing them. They've caused quite a twitter. I've had a number of letters, some saying they were frightfully bad, which didn't astonish me, and some saying they were frightfully good, which I know isn't true. It amazed me to see the twitter it caused when this rather middle-aged lawyer was revealed as a poetaster."

We asked him for some samples. He fished around in a suitcase and brought up three published items—"AIAI TAI MAAAXAI (From the Greek)," "Soldier's Home Coming," and "The Tearful Secretary," which began:

Although a rose is not, I must admit,
Dear Juanita, an original
Mark of affection,
Please don't laugh at it
Nor inconsiderately pigeonhole
This brief reflection

and concluded:

Yes, take me, Juanita, for your friend.
And, since, for one so young, you're quite observant,
I'll write no more of this, and make an end,
Signing myself,
Your most obedient servant,
HAILSHAM

"I wrote another one only two weeks ago, when I was visiting Yorktown," said Juanita's friend, who is married and the father of four, aged six to twelve. "It's called 'Yorktown, 1957.' "

We besought him for a look, and he put on his glasses and wrote it out for us:

Yes, these men fought
But, by the mercy of Almighty God,
By pain is wisdom bought,
Nor need men follow where their fathers trod.

For hope springs new;
No better we, nor wiser men than they
Learn by their error things they never knew,
Trace, by their wandering, a more perfect way.

"My mother came from Nashville, and my only military ancestors that I know of fought *against* the British in the Revolution," said Lord Hailsham. "I don't think this one will be published. It's not a good poem, it's a silly poem, but most of what you write is rubbish. If you don't write rubbish, you don't write at all."

We pigeonholed "Yorktown" in our vest pocket and said goodbye.

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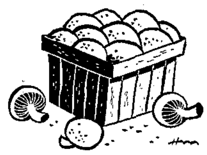
OVERHEARD at the Engineers' Club: "Well, it's the kind of machine that tells the complete truth, but unfortunately it has no other value."

THE KING OF FANCY'S DAUGHTER

ISABEL CONGDON stepped up the car's speed for the last hundred miles of the trip. She had put the children in the station wagon that morning and left. After the shock of witnessing Bill's inconceivable infidelity, her parents' house, which she had taken off for instinctively, assumed more and more the aspect of a haven; she could imagine her mother's arms around her. She did not even try to relax, driving. When she was once home, she thought, then she could really let go, and after a while perhaps she would be able to see what to do.

Five-year-old Bella, on the seat beside her, sang over and over with a pleased, droning absorption, "On the way to Grandma's house. On the way to Grandma's house. On the way to *Grandma's* house . . ."

By craning her neck Isabel could check up on Willy, two years younger, in the rearview mirror. He sat alone in the middle of the seat behind. His plump legs stuck out at angles; his head was bowed on his chest; he looked like a large, pink, blooming peony in a brown study. Was he wondering what was the matter with his mother? Isabel hoped and thought not. Both children seemed to have taken everything for granted, from their sudden departure onward. After all, she thought, they had no precedent for anything at all; in their world, leaving after breakfast to drive hundreds of miles was as reasonable as anything else. It was just something people did.



At first she had put them together in the back seat to entertain each other, the way she did when she piled them in the car to go marketing. But they had chased each other round the big back seat on all fours, and with the wriggling and shifting going on behind her Isabel felt as if she were going crazy. Sure that having her attention thus distracted would make her wreck the car, she had moved them both into the front. But they wriggled there, too, so for the main part of the trip she had kept them separated. After a hasty lunch at a Howard Johnson's, she had taken the front seat away from Willy and given it to Bella.

Dusk was now trembling on the verges of the hills, and Isabel found herself assessing it in terms of the dusk of last evening's nightmare. It was not as dim now as then—not nearly. In such a light as this she would never have started out of the back door, after her return from the tea, to go to the barn with the trash and run almost smack into Bill with his arms around bosomy, perfumed Mrs. Clarity, the baby sitter—nearly invisible against the dark-green body of the station wagon in the drive. If it had been this light, Isabel would have seen them from the door and not gone out. But if it had been light enough for her to see them, then they would not have been kissing. They would, instead, have been on the way to Mrs. Clarity's house, and Bill would doubtless have returned happy, hearty, and with a good appetite for supper. Isabel would not have known today what she did know, and at this hour would have been quietly getting supper in her own kitchen. But just because she didn't know about it didn't mean it wouldn't be going on. It *would* be going on, and the scene that had followed Bill's return from taking Mrs. Clarity home would, she thought, surely have had to take place on some other evening. Perhaps next week, instead of yesterday. Perhaps the week after. Some other day. But in the meantime, her suffering mind insisted, yearningly, she could have been making biscuits right now; her mind quivered and shrank from the repetition of last night's dialogue that it felt impending.

"I suppose you've been having affairs with everyone in the neighborhood while I was totally unaware of anything," Isabel said in the colloquy which now, relentlessly, began once more. Words and sentences had seemed to come, all complete, to her lips as if from a previous existence or from the *Ladies' Home Journal.*

"No, I haven't," Bill said.

They sat at the enamel-topped kitchen table. The children had been stuffed into bed and the door shut on them. "Not with anybody."

"But Mrs. Clarity's terrible!" Isabel cried. "She's coarse and vulgar and—uneducated!"

"I know," he said.

"You couldn't love that fat—wench!"

"Of course I don't love her," Bill said. "I love you. And—"

Isabel raised her hand as she had seen somebody do in her childhood, or on the stage. It seemed indecent to talk about love—real love, among real people, love that included a wife and little, beautiful children, love that made a circle of purity, shutting foul things out.

"I never dreamed that was what you wanted, a great, coarse creature," she said bitterly.

"I don't want it," he said.

"You certainly didn't *not* want it," she pointed out.

"I know," Bill said, as though falling back on a prepared position.

"I thought you belonged to us. I thought we all made a barrier together. You've let something awful in."

"I know," he said, reaching across the table for her hand. She snatched it away.

"We've been poisoned," she continued. "I don't see how we can ever clean the poison out. I don't see how we are going to stand together again."

She had slept fitfully in the night, waking again and again to let the dialogue repeat itself angrily in her mind. Nevertheless, when she got up and went down to start breakfast, she had had no thought of leaving; her mind was on how to behave toward Bill. Coldly? Woundedly? A passionate resolve kept asserting itself in her thoughts—that she would never, never be able to touch him again. How would Bill react to that? Would he then dive into perfect billows of sitters and cleaning women, she wondered feverishly as she gave her exquisite, chattering children their orange juice and oatmeal. "Your oatmeal is in the double boiler," she said to Bill when he came down. The words came out sounding cold. "Do you want eggs?"

But she followed him out into the front hall, as usual, when he left for the train. He took his gray felt hat from the top of the clothes tree where he always threw it without looking when he got home.

"You'll be back on the five-fourteen?" she asked him.

He looked surprised. "Sure," he said.

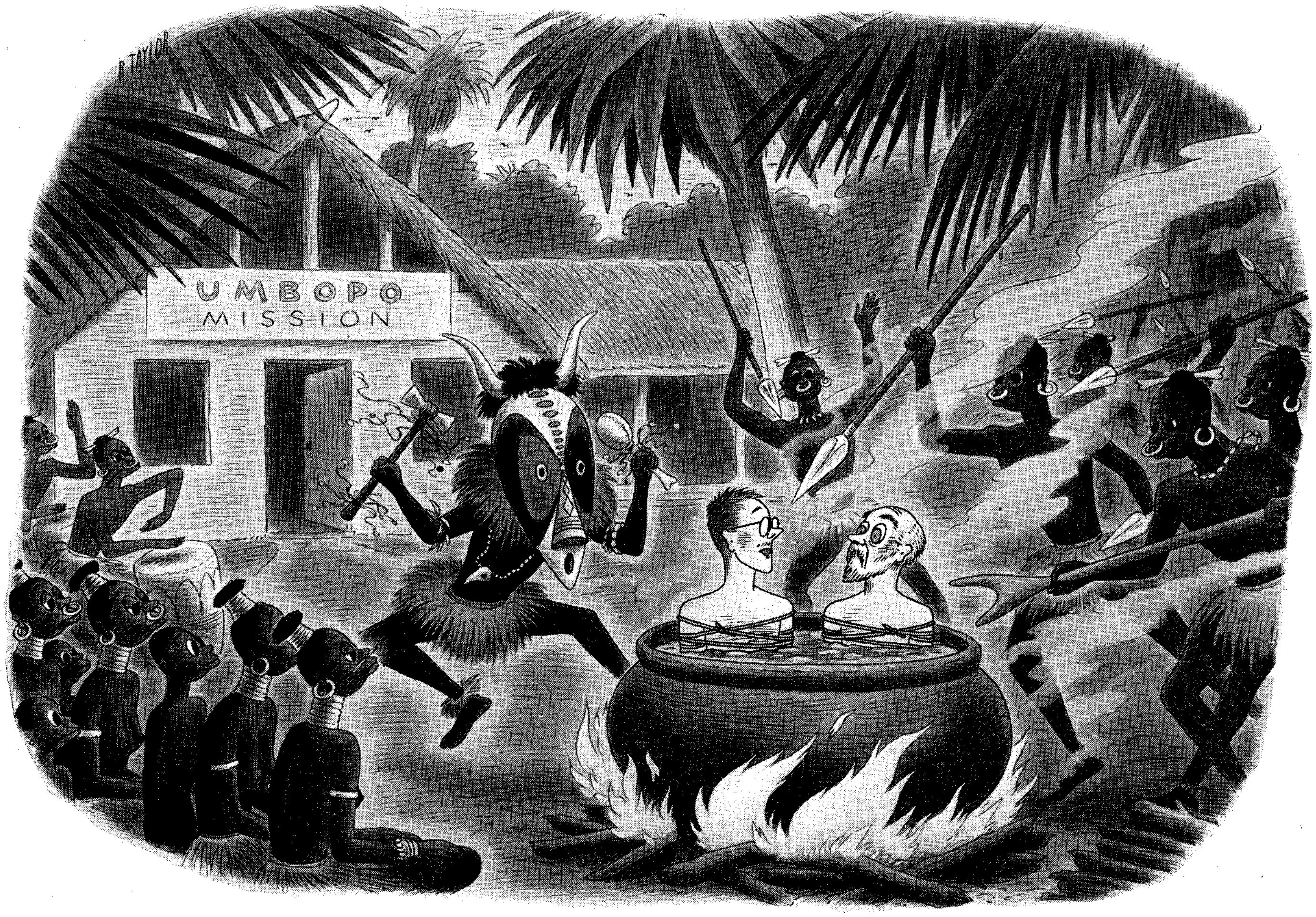
So strong is the force of familial habit that suddenly Isabel heard herself saying, "You might bring home somefing for Bella and Willy."

In that awful moment, Bill—tall, thin, close-shaven, wearing a black tie with a blue shirt—looked down at her with an absolutely undecipherable expression. "Do we always have to talk baby talk?" he said.

That finished it. She was so terribly wounded that she could not refrain from weeping, after he had gone and she was frantically packing the children's bags and hers. It seemed impossible to stay a moment longer in this house where she had been doubly betrayed.

"Mummy. *Mummy.*" Isabel became aware that Bella, on the car seat beside her, was saying her name over and over.

"Yes, darling," she said. She really must make more of an effort to keep her mind on the road and the pres-



"Our work here hasn't been a total loss. After all, they've waited until after Lent."

• •

ent. There wasn't much farther to go.

"What will it be like at Grandma's house?" the little girl asked urgently.

"Why, Bella, you know what it's like at Grandma's," Isabel said. "You were there last Christmas. Don't you remember? The white house, and the canary named Tootsy in the dining-room window, and your room with pink wallpaper—" She craned her neck for a glimpse of Willy in the mirror. He was still brooding.

"But what will it be *like* at Grandma's house?" Bella asked as persistently as if Isabel had not replied. "What will it be like, Mummy, Mummy, what will it be like?"

Anger filled Isabel's tired mind with sudden warmth and vigor. She turned her face toward Bella to tell her to be still. But the child looked up at her with such golden-skinned, clear-eyed, delicious beauty that it was impossible to stay mad. Isabel turned back to the wheel and the remaining miles ahead.

"Mummy, what will it be like at Grandma's?" Bella asked.

"You wait and see," Isabel said. It had occurred to her that what the child was trying to ask was not anything to do with the grandparental house but with her mysterious self. "What will I be like at Grandma's?" might be more what she meant. For how astonishing it must be to a child, always to find table-tops, faces, door handles at quite a different level from what they had been last time.

As they were taking the bags out of the car, Mrs. Hooper came hurrying down the path from the house uttering little cries of welcome, solicitousness, and family feeling. She hugged her grandson first: "Why, Wiwwy!" Bella, holding her arms up, ready, came next. "Grandma's gweat big girl," Mrs. Hooper crooned, rocking her from side to side. Then she straightened up to face her daughter Isabel.

Mrs. Hooper's prime had been passed in the twenties, and she was today a memento of that era. She was the Scott Fitzgerald heroine grown old. Her hair, which she had now allowed to gray, was waved and shingled to a point at the nape of her neck. Her figure, broken to the wheel of Jazz Age narrowness, was as slim and straight, as faintly slouching, thin-legged, and knobby-kneed as it had ever been. "Itty darling," she said with intensity. "We got your telegram. I know something terrible must have happened. Has Bill—? Tell Mother."

In the moment when she was enfolded in her mother's thin, eager arms, Isabel was filled, after all, not with relief and comfort but with an irritation familiar to her from adolescence. "Nothing has happened," she said, standing back. "I just needed to get away."

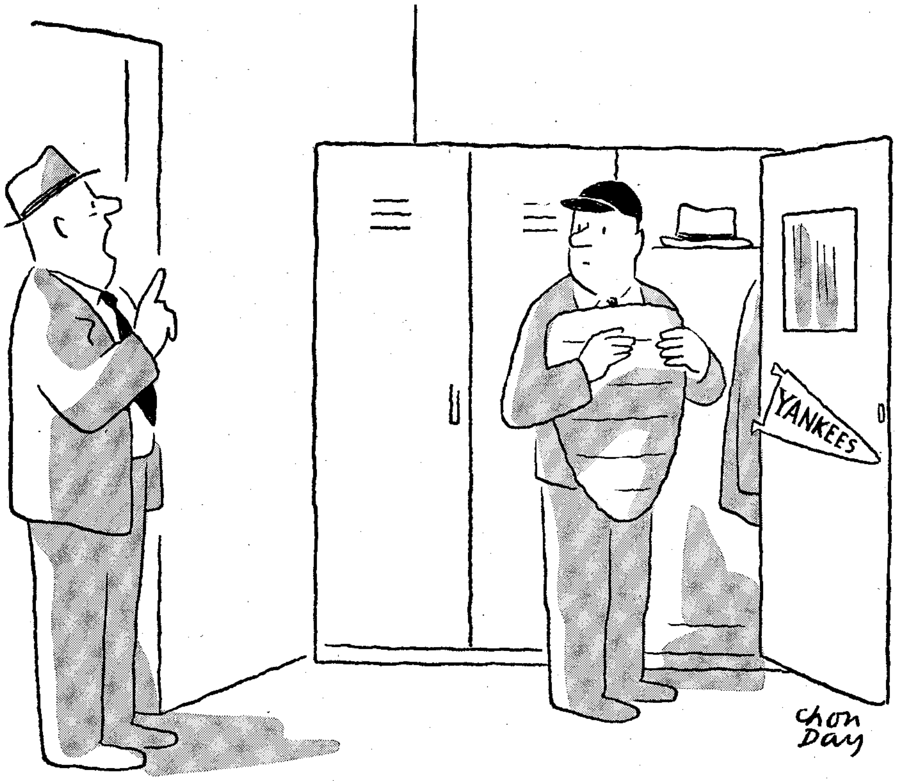
Mr. Hooper came limping down the front path, favoring his osteomyelitic leg, beaming and fingering his waxed mustache. He was still a very handsome man; but frail; but paper-skinned.

"Consider yourselves the well come," he announced, flashing his once devastating eyes. "What deviltry are you up to, Isabel? How long can you stay?"

"I don't know yet," Isabel said; but he was not waiting for an answer.

"How is my favorite granddaughter?" he was saying. "And my monstwous gwandson. Weady to lick the old man yet? I don't weally think so, do you, Willy?"

It was impossible not to feel at home,



"Oh, Harris, I'd like a word with you."

or at least safe. The atmosphere in which she had grown up settled down as though in layers about Isabel as they all went slowly up the path and into the lighted house.

"Pull down those curtains!" commanded Mrs. Hooper. "Somebody might look in at us."

"Oh, Mother, who is there way out here to look in?" Isabel objected mechanically.

"Your mother loves to feel the walls of home containing her," Mr. Hooper said, drawing a curtain and flashing his eyes at his daughter, who responded with a helpless smile, as ever charmed.

The children were wandering slowly around the room, Bella first, Willy after, touching things they passed as if it were a game of follow-the-leader. In front of a painted Russian icon they paused, astonished; two fat rosy faces stared up in amazement at the narrow, ascetic one.

"They *need their supper,*" Isabel declared, seizing on her own domestic routine. "Bella— Willy—" She called her offspring to her.

"The porridge is all ready in the kitchen," Mrs. Hooper said, leading the way. When Isabel herself was a child, Mrs. Hooper had said "cereal," but at some time while Isabel was away at school Mrs. Hooper had made an English friend who said "porridge." "We have no one to help us, of course," Mrs. Hooper continued as the swinging door into the butler's pantry gave its old swish and slap. "I won't say it isn't hard," she continued as she was rapturously shovelling oatmeal down Willy. "I wasn't brought up to turn my hand to a thing. The only good maid I've had in years was stolen from me."

Isabel felt her eyelid twitch. But her mother rattled on. "Of course, we have a cleaning woman for the heaviest work—"

"Who is the lady on the wall?" Bella interrupted her grandmother.

"There isn't any lady, darling. Itty, these children are dizzy with fatigue."

"But *who* is the lady on the wall, Mummy?" Bella insisted. "Mummy, who is the lady on the wall, who is the lady, Mummy, Mummy, WHO . . ."

"Who is de yady," Willy chimed in, dodging the spoon. "Who is yady . . ."

Isabel had an inspiration. "It's a saint, Bella, *not* a lady," she explained. "A man saint. It's a picture of a man who was very good."

Mrs. Hooper threw her a look full of admiration. "St. Ivan, the auctioneer said. The icon is in veneration of his great love, the auctioneer claimed. Of course, you can't believe what they say to push the bidding up. Unscrupulous. But it's a lovely thing."

"But Mummy, why is the lady a man? Mummy, why . . ."

"Whyee," Willy assisted. "Whyeee . . ."

"Mummy, Mummy, WHY . . ." The sound of the spoons on the dishes was lost in the din. "Mummy, why is *it* a man, Mummy, Mummy . . ."

"They're tired out, that's what's the matter with them," Mrs. Hooper declared. Bella threw her grandmother a disgusted glance. "I got the thing for a song," Mrs. Hooper continued. "I've managed some wonderful buys this year; I *must* show you *the* caster I found out the Waterfall Road. I happen to know the icon is very valuable indeed. A collector who was here for drinks told me so. It's worth perhaps—oh, I expect two thousand dollars."

"Oh, Mother, not possibly," Isabel said with mechanical rage.

Whatever was Mrs. Hooper's was automatically valuable. Long ago, it had been a shock to Isabel when she discovered that most of the priceless china shut behind glass in the dining-room cabinet was in fact to be found in any china department. Nowadays she realized it was a part of her mother's technique for existence: she lived in an extraordinary house filled with priceless antiques.

"Mother, are the children to be put in the guest room?" Isabel asked, clearing the dishes off the table and carrying them to the sink.

"I know you've always loved the old cherry chest-upon-chest," her mother said in reply. "I imagined you lying in bed in the mornings—*I* will get the children up and give you the rest I am sure you are needing—lying in bed and watching the sunshine play on that marvellous old graining. I wanted—"

"You mean the children are to be in my old room and I am in the guest room," Isabel interpreted impatiently. She wondered why her mother could never come to the point but must always go wandering off down an associated subject. Then, appalled at her own coldness, she smiled at her mother as she herded the children out of the kitchen. Driving them before her up the back stairs, she reflected that the very *qualities that were most enchanting in* children were most irritating in the old.

WHEN Bella and Willy were tucked into the twin beds of Isabel's girlhood, like rosy apples into dumplings, she threw a comprehensive glance about the bedroom and prepared to switch out the old hanging light.

"Where are you going, Mummy?" Bella murmured over the rim of her covers.

"I'm going just across the hall to my room and wash up," Isabel said firmly. "Then I'll go down to dinner, and I'll be right underneath your heads, and then I'll come up to bed across the hall again. Grandma will come and get you up tomorrow morning, and we'll all have breakfast downstairs where you were before you went to bed."

There was no reply, and Isabel shut the door softly and went to her room.

It had been her parents', when she was a little girl, before they had begun having separate bedrooms. From lying between them in the mornings, long ago in the big cherry bed, she knew every knot and whorl on its posts. As she kicked off her pumps and stood still, flat on her tired feet, a wisp of recollection streamed like mist across her mind: the smell of old liquor on her mother's breath, a pair of sheer stockings caught and hanging from one bedpost, her father murmuring snatches about last night's party—"We danced till *four*, Itty, and now you make me tell you stowies, welentless baby."

But behind the drifting mist of memory her own present still hammered like horses and thundered like ocean. Hastily she threw open her suitcase and took out a handful of underclothes. She carried them over to the chest-upon-chest and tucked them under one elbow while she pulled open one of the drawers. Peering into it, her eyes encountered a gilded tin crown. She took it out and stared at it, letting the underclothes drop on the floor.

"Wemember Daddy's woyal cwown?" Mrs. Hooper stood in the doorway, with her weight thrown on one hip. Mr. Hooper peered over her shoulder, smiling gaily and wickedly under the points of his mustache.

"You wore it to a fancy-dress party," Isabel reported, out of her childhood. "Was it the same one where you went as a Spanish dancer, Mother?"

"Yes," Mrs. Hooper said, beaming with satisfaction at her daughter's powers of recollection. "The top was a miles-long scarf, and Daddy had to wrap me in it; I whirled round and round like a bullfighter."

Isabel's brow knitted. "But *you* didn't go as a bullfighter, Daddy?"

"I went as a king!" he said; and, limping around his wife's thin form in the doorway, he took the crown from Isabel and put it on, cocked over one eye.

In it he faced them, jaunty, undefeated, enigmatic.

"Who was the queen?" Isabel inquired, unable to keep from laughing. Her father winked. Then he put his arm around his wife.

"This was my queen," he replied.

Mrs. Hooper looked up, gratified, peppy. "Tiss tween," she said. Gallantly the waxed mustache bent over the old mouth with its vertical wrinkles in the upper lip, its orange paint, its out-of-fashion, full underlip.

In other days this was the kind of embrace that a little Isabel had always tried to horn into, pulling at their arms to get herself taken inside the circle. Now she leaned against the cherry four-post bed and watched. With one arm still around his wife, Mr. Hooper plucked the crown off his head and tossed the light thing over one of the posts, where, caught on the knob at the top, it hung, looking rakish.

"Isabel, you'll join us in a little nip before dinner?" he asked.

As they approached the closed door to the library, where they had always had their drinks since the days of Orange Blossoms, Mr. Hooper hurried forward, limping, and opened the door for his wife while she stood back, waiting for him to open it, asserting her right to be helpless.

Isabel followed her mother into the small, panelled room, lined with Mr. Hooper's first editions.

"Itty, we have such a wonderful little cocktail, that I discovered," Mrs. Hooper declared, clasping her thin, veined, red-nailed hands together while, at an antique dry sink made into a bar, Mr. Hooper did the mixing. "Mrs. Prentiss—Mrs. Augustus Prentiss—showed it to me. We swear by it."

"It's made, Itty dear, of gin and port," her father said, turning from the bar and gazing at his daughter with an undecipherable expression.

"What's the matter with gin and port?" Mrs. Hooper asked huffily. "Mrs. Augustus Prentiss—"

"We have come to a mixture of gin and port," Mr. Hooper went on, limping forward with Isabel's cocktail. He limped back for his wife's. Then, holding his own glass, he let himself down carefully into a green leather chair, his bad leg sticking out stiffly. The leg was not good enough these days for anything but the essential amenities of family life. Any actual carrying, Isabel knew—of wood for fires, for example—was done by Mrs. Hooper.

Mr. Hooper drank down half his cocktail at a swallow and ran his tongue around the edge of his lips. "Well, now," he said, "how long can you stay with us, Itty darling?"

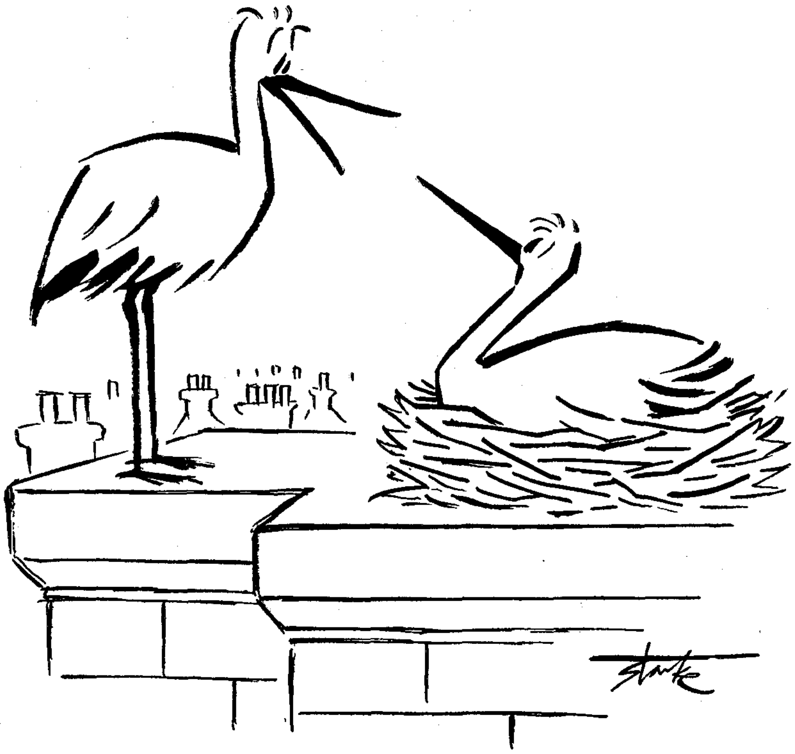
Recollection could be seen dawning on Mrs. Hooper's face. "Yes, how long can you give us, precious?" she chimed in. "This is such an unexpected joy."

"As I said, I don't really know yet," Isabel replied.

"I forgot," Mrs. Hooper said. But now she had remembered that the present constituted an as yet unexplained situation. "Itty darling, what is it that has made you leave your home?"

Mr. Hooper was more urbane.

"Don't make her tell if she feels she'd rather not," he said. "Marriages have their little



"You mean we're going to have a dose of our own medicine?"

secrets. Hadn't we better let Itty and Bill settle their own tiff; if this *is* a tiff?"

"But my own baby!" cried Mrs. Hooper. "Itty, tell me, why—"

"Our little act is to provide Itty with a place to run to, any time she wants to run," Mr. Hooper said.

"She certainly has that, always, but why . . ." Mrs. Hooper pressed as at the barrier to the unknown. "Itty, what . . ."

Isabel smiled, with no inclination to reply. "Daddy, can I have another?" she said, getting up and going to the dry sink.

Her father jerked up to his feet. "Isabel, let me," he said, pushing her aside, offended. "You don't know how to mix this particular little horror."

"Daddy dear," Mrs. Hooper said, her mind already distracted, "why did you say marriages have their little secrets? We've never had secrets."

"Secrets from the outside world, my darling." After he had given Isabel her drink he poured his wife another cocktail and carried it to her; then he let himself down into his chair again. "Secrets from everybody but each other. An unbroken front . . ."

Assuaged, Mrs. Hooper sipped from her glass and stroked the point at the back of her shingled neck. Her ignorance of Isabel's situation and her curiosity returned to her. "Itty, what . . ." she began, interrupting her husband. Mr. Hooper shut his lips, under his waxed mustache.

But he had dropped his cocktail napkin, on the way back to his chair. Painfully he began to heave his leg outward, to get up again and retrieve it. Mrs. Hooper saw him at it; she leaned forward, picked up the napkin, and handed it to her husband.

"I'M afraid the roast is rather dry," Mrs. Hooper said anxiously as they drew up their dining-room chairs. "I don't know what there is about roasting. Other people seem to be able to do it. But it has always paralyzed me. In the old days, when I was engaging servants, the first thing I used to ask was 'Can you roast?' If they said yes, I felt so reassured. Everything else seemed to fall into place. But if anyone were to ask *me* that today, I'm afraid I'd have to say no." She laughed, a little, rueful, questioning laugh.

"There has to be some limit to your talents," her husband responded gallantly. "Anyone who was the keenest Lindy Hopper in Meadowbrook Hills doesn't need to be a champion roaster."

"That's so long ago," Mrs. Hooper said, bridling.

ALIAS AND MELISANDE

OR, GAMMON ME ONCE, GAMMON ME TWICE, YOU CAN COUNT ON GAMMONING ME THRICE

Melisande Misty is a British writer whose detective stories I greatly admire,
And the latest from her pen I am quick to beg, borrow, or hire.
She is both ingenious and prolific, in addition to which she is ethical, or at least I guess so;
Her publishers, however, are simply ingenious, and I wish that they were less so.
I read a magazine serial of hers entitled "The Case of the Gruesome Bird,"
And relished it, word by word.
Later, thinking I had encountered a new Misty, I unwittingly purchased the English book version under the original title, "The Paw Incarnadine,"
And this time I just relished it line by line.
Relish gave way to surfeit when I was misled by the new title of the American hard-cover edition.
I soon recognized "The Case of the Gruesome Bird" and "The Paw Incarnadine," even though they now masqueraded as "Too Late the Physician."
Facing a journey, I purchased an unfamiliar paper-bound Misty, despite its lurid name,
And if you think that "Curtains for a Lustful Virgin" turned out to be "The Case of the Gruesome Bird" and "The Paw Incarnadine" and "Too Late the Physician," I can only bow my stupid head in shame.
Publishers may squabble among themselves, but on one truth they all agree:
A rose by any other name can be sold over and over and over, especially to me.

—OGDEN NASH

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Isabel cut a piece off her slice of lamb. It *was* dry.

"Are you or Bill at all interested in science fiction?" her father began tentatively.

"Why, no," Isabel said, astonished. "I don't think Bill ever— I read a book somebody left in the house once, about space travel."

"Space travel," Mr. Hooper repeated, laying down his knife with a gratified air. "Those chaps are doing extraordinary things. Bradbury. Asimov. Leinster. I've made rather a study of science fiction in recent months. I fancy I own everything in the field worth reading—a very sound investment in firsts," he added modestly.

"Good," Isabel said, cutting up her meat. "It must be fun."

"Not fun, Itty. A revelation. Those chaps show us things, under the guise of fiction, that can really happen. It's only a question of time. I don't suppose I'll be around to go along," he said with a glitter in his eye that belied the disclaimer, "but almost any time they'll be taking off for Mars. The moon. And then the galaxy and outer space. Contact with extraterrestrials."

"Your father's just crazy about science fiction," Mrs. Hooper amplified comfortably, as she ate peas.

"These fictions are the facts of tomorrow," he insisted, leaning nearer Isabel and speaking earnestly. "A whole universe is waiting for us. There are people who laugh." He paused, wary, and looked into Isabel's face.

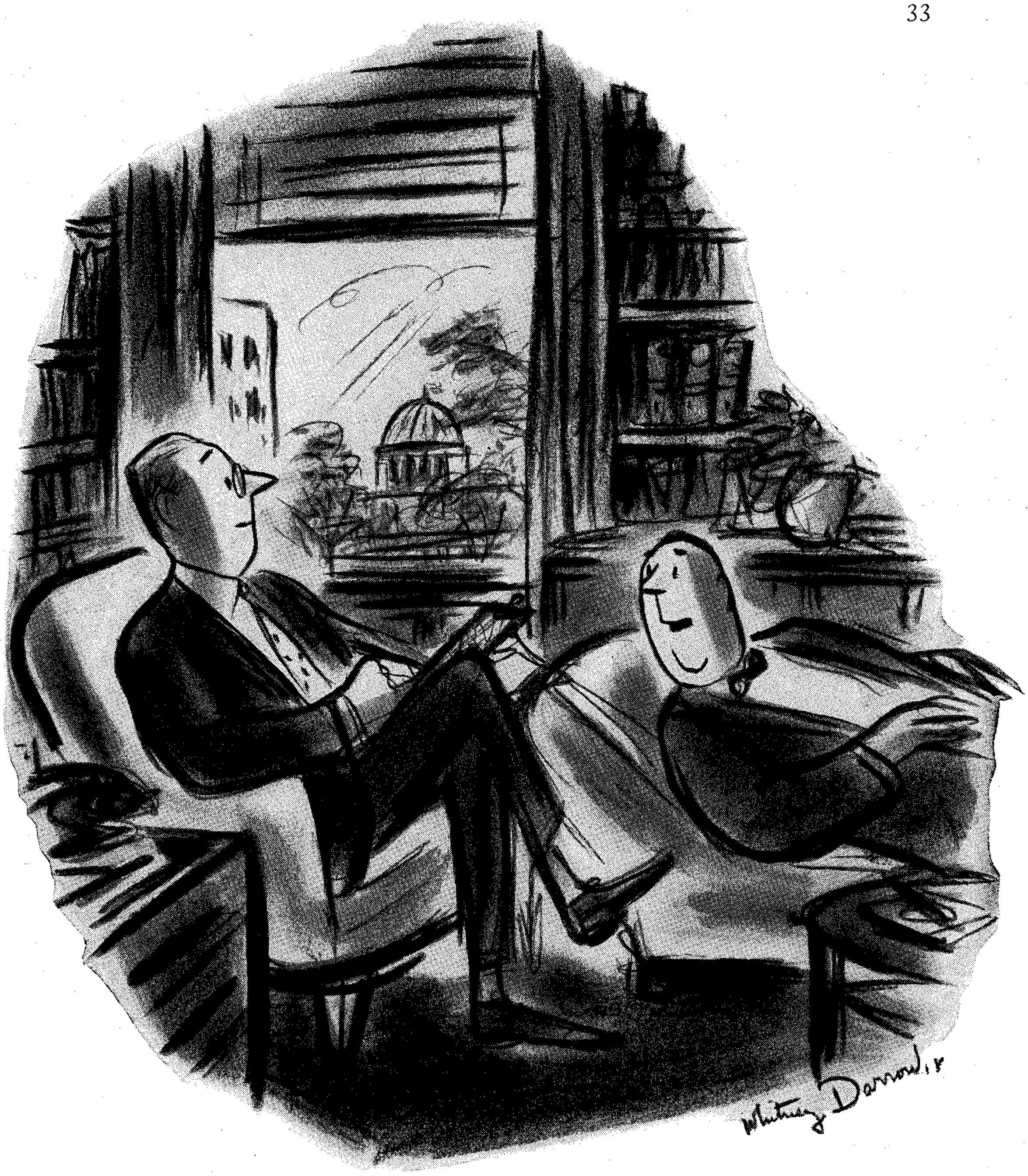
"I don't," she said hastily. "It sounds terribly interesting and enthralling."

"Such people are like oysters," Mr. Hooper proceeded. It was obviously a pet simile. "They say space travel is impossible, that it can never exist, because they themselves are not equipped with the necessary organs of perception to see that it *is* possible and that it can and will exist. If you told an oyster that there is, all around him, a world of sight and sound, he wouldn't believe you. He couldn't believe you, because he hasn't got the necessary organs to perceive sight and sound."

Mrs. Hooper had caught on something in her husband's speech that was more appealing to her than science fiction. " 'They wouldn't believe me,' " she sang softly. " 'They *couldn't* believe me.' "

For a moment Mr. Hooper looked at his wife with fury. Then, almost instantly, " 'Your lips, your eyes, your golden hair,' " he sang, taking her hand across the table. " 'Were like a—something—beyond compare . . .' "

Isabel, sitting without appetite, worn out from the past twenty-four hours, straining to keep her mind off her trouble till she could be alone, was suddenly bathed in crazy sentiment. The song was like a direct carrier of emotion from long ago when she was small and helpless, and they were tall and necessary and thrilling, and sang, in close harmony, what was already an old song then: " 'That from this great big world you'd chosen me.' "



"That last bit, incidentally, is classified, but not top secret."

PLEADING her fatigue, Isabel went upstairs after dinner. She stopped in at the children's room to see if their covers were still in place.

They were sleeping as warm as round buns in an oven, giving off a faint, delicious smell of child. The soft, chilly air blew gently in at the window and stirred the white muslin curtains. Isabel bent and kissed first Willy's cheek and then Bella's; she hated to go away.

When she had shut her own door she crossed to the glass-fronted Hepplewhite secretary that stood between the windows, and sat down at it. She drew out a sheet of guest-room writing paper and began to write, with black ink, in a hand that looked bigger than usual. "Why couldn't you have told me that was how you felt?" she wrote. "How could I guess that you weren't satisfied? How do I know kissing was all you did? What—"

She dropped the pen and propped her throbbing head between her two fists, staring at the backs of a set of George Gissing on the other side of the glass panes. She closed her eyes.

Instantly she was inside the scene that had been going on, been developing, behind her eyelids throughout the whole long day. She was a man, putting her arms around a bosomy form and pressing kisses on an earthy mouth. She followed the figure up some steps and into a house; she kicked the door shut behind them. She, a man, ran a hand down the gross waist, pulled the body to her; her hand felt for the opening of the bodice. . . .

Isabel jerked her head up and looked around her. Bill didn't do that, she thought positively. And he didn't want what he did do, just as he said.

At once her mind was flooded by a thousand questions, a thousand arguments. But she clung to what felt like a kind of breeches buoy connecting her to her own life. She held the thought of Bill out from her at love's length, up out of reach of the swarming, quarrelling doubts.

She was too tired out to do more. She got up and took her dress off to go to bed; let her slip drop down around her feet and stepped out of it. As she picked it up, her eye was caught by the gilt crown still hanging cocked over one post of the bed where she would spend the night; that old arena of suffering and pleasure where she herself had, very likely, first been conceived.

—NANCY HALE

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A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Robert S. Morgan in the World-Telegram & Sun*]

A doctor, for instance, who took a Vodka drink before operating and bungled the job, could give the whole industry a bad name.

A RIDE WITH MRS. PADGETT

JEROME WHISTON, home from the state university for the spring holidays, dressed in a clean summer suit because the day was very warm, stood on the church porch as Mr. Thorp's coffin was borne out and down the steps cautiously, and shoved into the magnificent black hearse at the curb. After the coffin came the dreaming, slow-paced family, all in black, and then everybody else—relatives, friends, rigidly nervous and diffident workingmen, and those pillars of the church who never missed a service—blinking in the sunlight and talking in low voices. The young man was there only to do duty as a representative; his mother was ill, and Mr. Thorp had been an old friend of the family. But still he felt that he far surpassed in interest any of the other people there, and was, in a way, on special view. Because of this, his face was expressionless, and he stood apart, on the edge of the porch. He felt superior to everybody else, and yet scared of these people, because he did not know what there was in life that made them seem so dull to him.

Mrs. Padgett, inside the church, crossed herself with holy water from the marble font and left among the last. During the Mass, she had sadly and solemnly told God He could take her whenever He was ready for her. Mr. Thorp's had been the sort of death that made her the most uneasy; he had been an older person, yet nine years younger than she was. He was *young*, she had kept thinking as she tried to pray. Oh, the heat—the glare, she thought now, feeling her eyes hurt as she went out into it.

Seeing the boy, Mrs. Padgett went straight over to him. "Hello, dear. How's my dear boy?" she asked, in a low voice. She laid a frail white hand mottled with brown freckles on his arm.

"Fine, thank you, Ma'am. You're looking well, Mrs. Padgett," he said, like a machine.

"I get along—for an old party like me," Mrs. Padgett said. She laughed behind her white hand. She was a large old lady in a black-and-white dress and a big straw hat decorated with a loose knot of ribbons. Her softly jowled face was powdered and rouged, and Jerome remembered that when you took her arm above the elbow, her flesh was curiously depleted, even watery. He had known her all his life, in the way a busy boy knows an old lady sitting in a rocking chair on a front porch he passes, or a big shape reading a missal in the pew in front of him at church.

"Say, listen." Jerome noticed the phrase; although Mrs. Padgett was always conspicuously polite, she had lived for a time in Trenton, New Jersey. "Do you know where I can phone for a cab? I want so badly to go to the cemetery. But I just *don't* have a way to go."

That was the way Mrs. Padgett was after seventy-three years. Since she was a woman, she used indirections, but she was too wise and tired to be subtle with them; the homely old direct indirections were all she used or trusted. She turned to look at the other people on the porch. Jerome knew the correct response. "Well, I'm going, Mrs. Padgett," he said. "I'll be glad to take you."

"Where can I get to a phone?" Mrs. Padgett murmured, looking at the people. Turning to him, she asked, "What did you say, dear?"

"I'll be glad to take you."

She drew back in a short, blank surprise. "You? Oh, would you, dear?"

She does overact, Jerome thought. "I'll be glad to. The car's right over here."

The automobiles were beginning to move off, behind a motorcycle policeman.

"Oh, over here? All right, dear." At the top of the church steps, she looked down cautiously. He took her soft arm. "Oh, when you're old, dear . . ." She sighed.

"Oh, you're not old," he said.

"Now, you *were* going, weren't you?" They had reached the ground, and she stopped and looked at him.

"Of course I was," he said. "Right over here, now."

JEROME assisted Mrs. Padgett into the car with a feeling of manliness and competence. Yet immediately he referred in his mind to a matter of great importance to him: What would other people think of what he was doing? They would think it was a bore. So—was he right or wrong to feel manly? It was a question he answered now one way, now the other. In a few minutes, he had taken his place at the end of the slowly moving line of cars, for which, as it passed intersecting streets, other cars waited, some of the drivers even removing their hats.

A soft flutter of memories fell on Mrs. Padgett's heart, according with the slow solemnity of the procession. Jimmy . . . the tears came easily to her eyelids. Her husband. Yes, Jimmy. God have mercy on him, she thought humbly. And so many others, this same way, this procession in the morning. Now we'll go to the cemetery. The flowers, that hole in the ground, and then— No, they make the coffin too well nowadays. Nothing could happen to them when they are in the ground with all that steel and hard metal around them. No, now. You brace yourself, old lady.

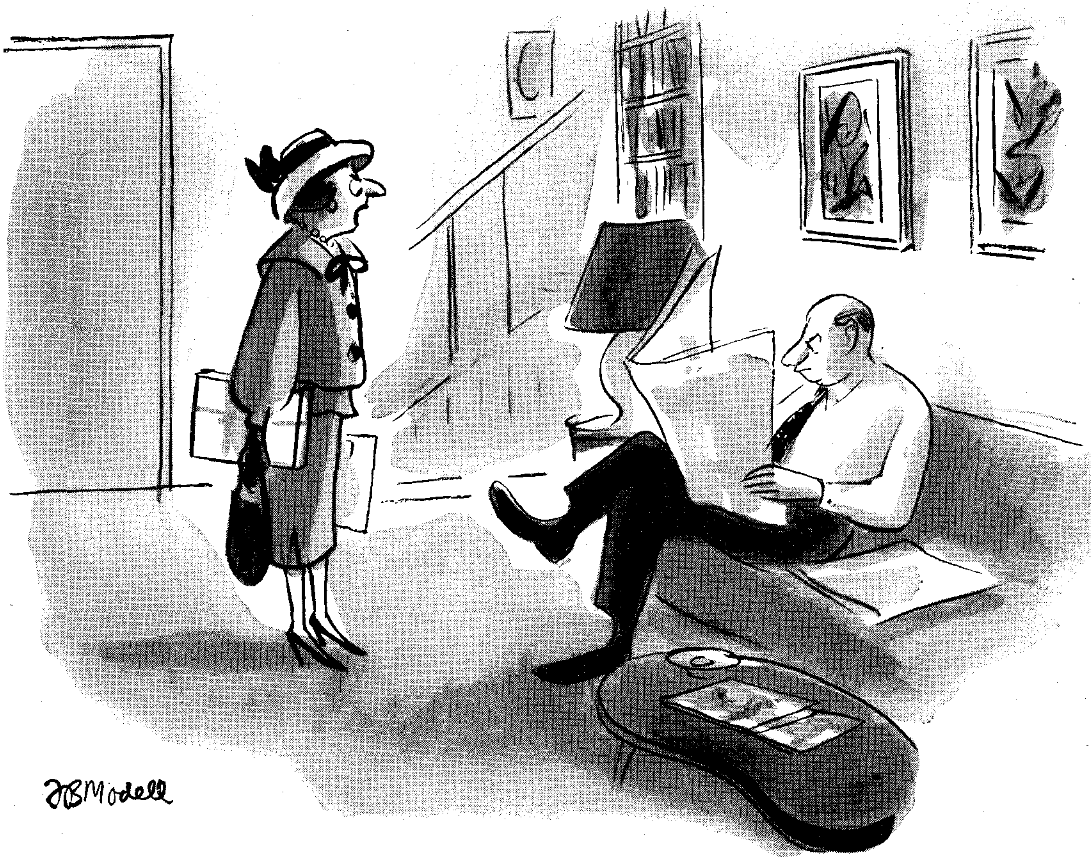
"How is your dear mother? Excuse me for not asking you," Mrs. Padgett said. "I heard she'd been sick." She regarded him with great, concerned eyes, her lip ready to pout with sympathy.

"She's all right, Mrs. Padgett. She just needed a rest, Dr. Heston said. She gets up part of the day now." Jerome started to say that he was at the funeral because his mother couldn't come, but he stopped.

"Oh, that's wonderful!" she cried. Jerome

could not believe that such an extreme show of sympathy and relief was sincere. "And how's dear Ann?"

His sister. He answered pleasantly. They were passing along one of the main streets—a wide street with a plaza in the middle, bordered by many old oaks in their rich green, the air and the ground shadowed, and flickering with sunlight. Girls in the cars passing in the other lane, girls with honey-colored legs and clear faces, would see him and think—what?



"Well, I like that! A strange man follows me, and you say, 'Probably some nut.'"

• •

Mrs. Padgett sat large beside him, her face resigned but with some traces of pain on it. She talked of Mr. Thorp, whom she had seen downstreet a week ago to that very day and almost to that very minute. "He looked fine. Why, he looked just fine," she said, astonished. "In this world, you never know. You just never know." She slowly shook her head, brooding and relaxed.

A cliché, Jerome thought. Mrs. Padgett had lived in the world for seventy-three years, and she could only repeat old sayings. Old, dead sayings. It seemed to reveal a lifelong stupidity. And her stupidity, like her age, gave him unconscious relief; he was not alarmed by her, and his care for her became more assured and more protective.

But for Mrs. Padgett the old saying she had uttered seemed to be a sort of time bomb that had lain around the world all her life, until, when life got quiet enough, she at last heard its ticking. She could not think about it; she stirred, and looked at the pavement and the oaks and houses.

At the cemetery, Jerome took his place with the men, in the strong sunlight that fell around the green canvas tent over the grave. The cars stopping and the people getting out reminded him of a football game. The men had a dogged look as they stood waiting, a patient and resigned manner of standing with their hands clasped before them. Jerome clasped his hands before him and wore that look, too. Mrs. Padgett stood with the ladies, closer to the tent. At the end of the ceremony ("May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen"), Mrs. Padgett clapped her handkerchief to her lips, and wept behind it. All the women, whether they wept or not, had an impatient, reserved look; they were waiting to arrange the wreaths and sprays of flowers over the grave. When the time came, Mrs. Padgett stayed to help.

Everybody else had gone by the time Mrs. Padgett and one other lady were finished. Jerome walked restlessly on the grass, looking at tombstones, at the railroad yards in the distance beyond the cemetery. He was sweating in his new suit. Shall I be irritated with her, he wondered. He was very close to it. She ought at least to think of me—just ask me if I mind. No. Well . . . He got ready to greet her with a smile—a pleasant young man with exactly the right sort of manners. He looked at the tombstones. There had not been one pretty girl at the service—only gray people, fat or drawn.

Mrs. Padgett, fixing the flowers, for a moment had the feeling that it was many years ago and that she was tenderly pulling a coverlet over one of her young children. Now, why did I think of that? I must be losing my mind, she thought, moving the stands of flowers.

"Oh, there you are!" Mrs. Padgett said, turning away finally, flushed and pleased with her work. "Oh!" she exclaimed. "Oh dear! Did I keep you waiting?"

"Not at all." Jerome made her a little bow.

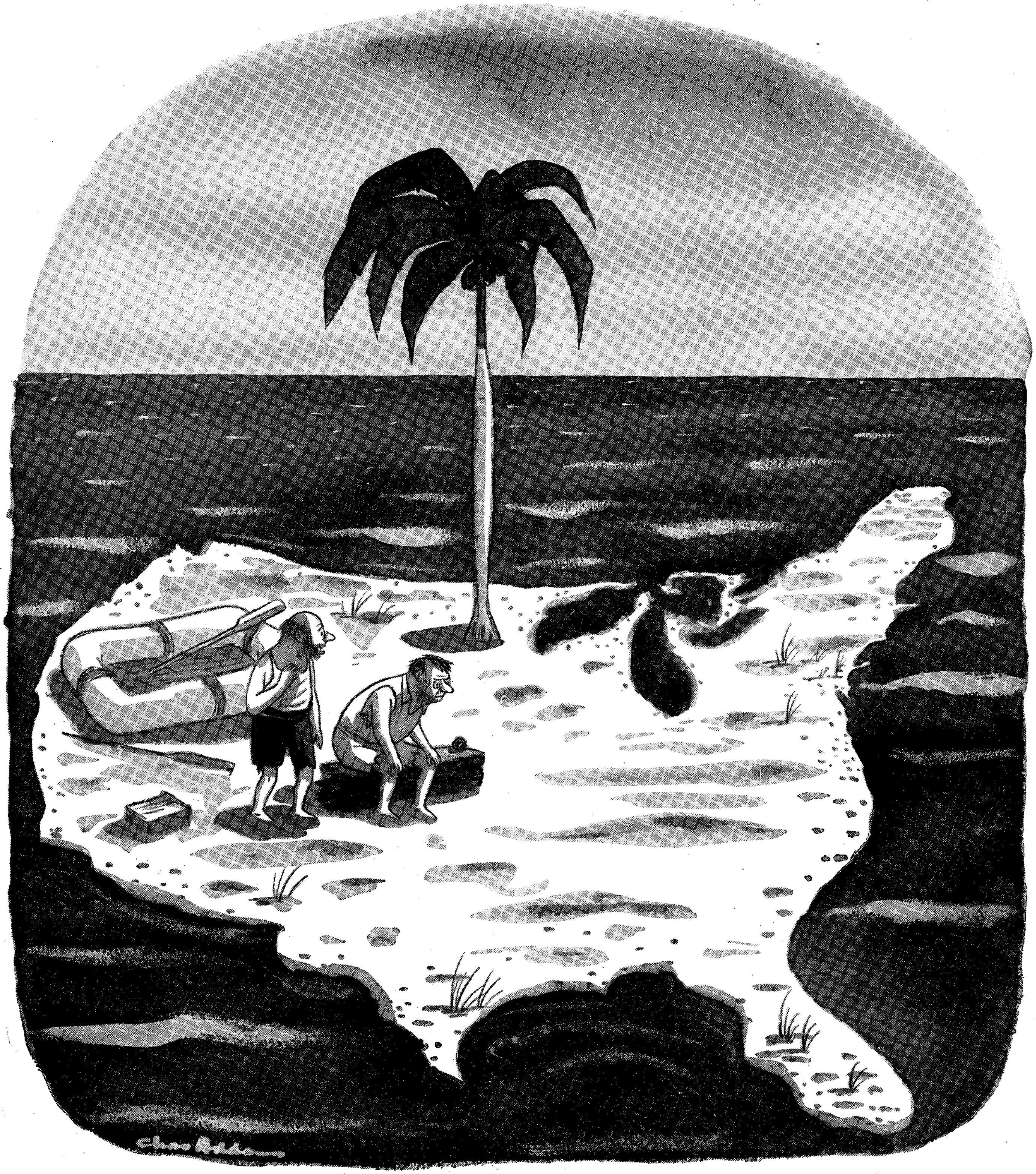
"Oh, I'm sorry!" She laid her hand on his arm. "Oh dear, I *am* sorry. And I could easily have gotten a ride home with somebody else. I tell you, I was so upset I forgot. Forgive me, dear."

"There's nothing to forgive," he insisted awkwardly.

In the car, she pointed to graves, calling names, saying, "Poor Mr. Coit. Poor Annie Murphy." He thought happily, Well, I've carried this off so far. I've been nice.

"Oh, it's so sad," Mrs. Padgett murmured, looking at the graves.

He nodded politely. They drove out of the cemetery, and down the street toward them came a car driven by a young girl. As it passed, Jerome looked



"By George, you're right! I thought *there was something familiar about it."*

• •

at the girl, the girl looked at Jerome. He felt a chilly pleasure flickering along his nerves.

Suddenly, Mrs. Padgett began to cry. She had been sitting thoughtfully silent, and then, without any preliminaries, she had her handkerchief to her lips again and her eyes were full of tears. "That house," she whispered indistinctly. "Every time I go by." She shook her head.

"What is it?" Puzzled, he slowed the car and bent toward her.

"Jimmy . . ." she said.

"What, Mrs. Padgett?"

Then he realized he had driven down the street where she used to live. He glanced back over his shoulder at the house; it was big and white, with wide porches and two red-coned steeples. Should he stop? Did she want to go in, or something? He looked at her questioningly.

"No, go on," Mrs. Padgett said sadly.

Jimmy? Jimmy was her husband. He had died—when? He *was* dead, wasn't he? Jerome paused at an intersection, carefully putting the car into second gear. Her tears made him feel brittle. He said nothing and waited, trying to think of something to say when she recovered herself. How is— What was her daughter's name? Sarah? He didn't remember. They passed a many-windowed grocery. Isn't that a new supermarket? He waited, more embarrassed and shocked than sympathetic.

Mrs. Padgett wiped her cheeks with her handkerchief, her eyes red at the underlids, her mouth open, exhausted. Her tears and the application of her handkerchief had left wide streaks in her powder and rouge. Finally, he said, "Lord, it's hot, isn't it?"

Mrs. Padgett sagged in the seat, a brooding resignation in her face. After a moment, she swallowed and looked at him. "It's so hard," she said. "But listen, dear. One day, I happened to see your mother at church."

"Oh, you did?"

"Two weeks ago, it was, and she gave me a little booklet to read. Oh, it's wonderful. Have you read it?"

He guided her gently: "What booklet is that, Mrs. Padgett?"

"That one of your mother's," she said, surprised. "That one— Oh, what is it? By that priest. Oh, the dickens! Well, isn't that funny? I can't remember the name of it. And I know it as well as I know the palm of my hand. Oh . . ." She sighed, in a fluster. "Well, anyway, I've finished it. And I was wondering whether you'd be good enough to take it back to her."

"Why, I'll be glad to, Mrs. Padgett," he said. "Of course."

Mrs. Padgett looked particularly pleased at his decision. "Oh, that's fine!" She's making so much of it because she's upset, he thought. "And you'll wait till I get it for you?"

"I'll be glad to."

"And you'll tell her, won't you, how thoroughly I enjoyed it? Your mother is such a fine person. She's— Oh, I like her so much."

"Well, thank you," Jerome said. "Mrs. Padgett, what is the booklet about?"

"About?" she said blankly. "Oh, the booklet? It's about the afterlife. About Heaven. And, listen—it's so well written that you almost want to go there. *Almost*, I say." Some of her spirit had come back to her. She laughed. "Almost. An old sinner like me never really wants to go."

Jerome did not know enough to be able to respond to phrases like "old sinner" gracefully. "Oh, you're not an old sinner," he said stoutly.

"Well, I have had my times," Mrs. Padgett said. "And I have done my best."

"And that's all anybody can expect of anybody," Jerome said warmly.

JEROME turned in to the curb in front of the little old house where Mrs. Padgett lived with her married daughter. "Here we are," he said cheerfully.

"Yes, here we are," Mrs. Padgett said, managing a certain lightness.

Jerome waited a second to see if she wanted to talk about anything more. Then he got out and went around the car to open her door.

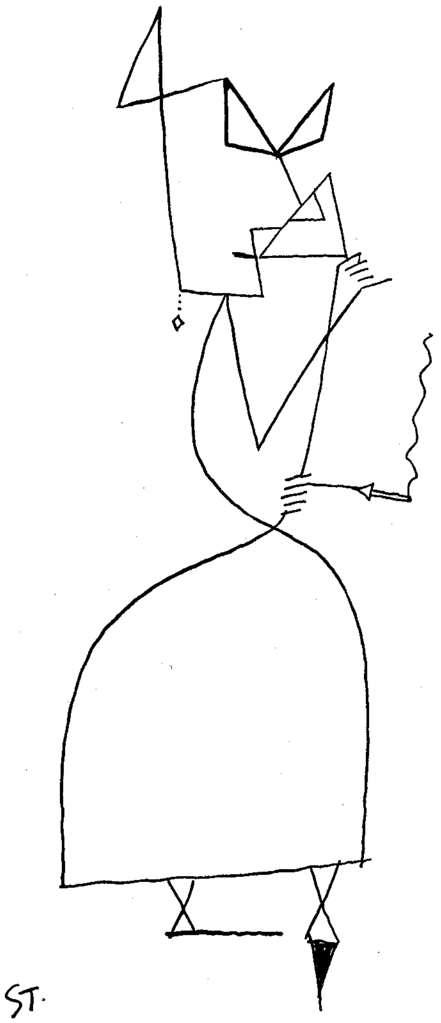
"Oh!" she groaned, with humor, getting out.

"Now, here we are," he said again, taking her arm and guiding her along the walk.

She went up the first step with a grunt, and stopped to breathe. "Oh, I'm tired! Pray that you never get as old as I am."

"Oh, you're not old." He was waiting for her to be ready to go up.

"Oh, ho!" Mrs. Padgett said, laughing and straining on her way. "Whew!" she said on the porch. She glanced around, catching her breath. "Now, if you'll just come in a minute, I'll get that— Where is my key?" She peered into her pocketbook, her hand flipping at things. "Oh dear!"



"I'll open the door for you, Mrs. Padgett," Jerome said.

"If I could just find the key."

"Oh, it's in there," he said nervously.

She found it and opened the door. Inside, she moved slowly through a jumbled little room that had too much furniture in it. "Now . . ." She put her hat down in one place, her pocketbook in another, glancing vaguely around at windows, knickknacks, the lace covers on tables and the arms of the sofa. Jerome remained in the doorway. "I'll just get it in here, dear," Mrs. Padgett said, going into a room beyond.

He stood there, conscious of having done well and of being willing to do more. In a moment, he heard her coming out of the farther room, and prepared to face her with a warm, pleased smile.

"So beautifully written," Mrs. Padgett said, holding out the booklet. She stopped, blinking, looking down with worry.

"What is it, Mrs. Padgett?"

"What? Oh . . ." She smiled at him, disparaging herself. "Now, be sure to tell your mother how much I enjoyed it. Oh, it was so nice!"

"I will," Jerome said, taking it from her. "I see your clock has stopped, Mrs. Padgett."

"What?" She turned toward the mantel, surprised. "Oh, my goodness, that's what it was! I knew there was something bothering me, but I didn't know what it was. And that was it. Well, now, isn't that funny? I couldn't hear the clock ticking. *That's* what was on my mind."

He nodded at her soothingly. "That happens sometimes to my mother."

"Well, now, isn't that funny?" As she looked at the clock, her face grew long with thoughtfulness. "Now, what could have made it do that?" She didn't go any closer to the mantel.

"Oh, well, maybe you just forgot to wind it. That is—" He stopped, embarrassed, afraid she would think he was joking with her.

She turned to face him again, her eyes large, her hand held in thought over her lips. "Well, now, isn't that the funniest thing?"

"Can I wind it for you?"

"No, I'll get it." She went to the mantel, took up a key that was lying beside the clock, and opened the clock's face. It was an old Seth Thomas, in a mahogany housing. "I got this clock for a wedding present. That is, Jimmy and I." Jerome nodded, understanding. They had one at his house that his mother had also got for a wedding present. "Fifty years ago . . ." Her hands were trembling.

"Let me, Mrs. Padgett."

Mrs. Padgett relinquished the key, smacking her lips in irritation at herself. "My goodness!" she said to herself. "You're— What *is* the matter with you?" She sank onto a chair.

Jerome wound the clock and tilted it to start it ticking. "There we are."

"Now, why did I forget to wind it last night?" Mrs. Padgett said. "I always wind it, once a week."

"Well . . ." he said uncomfortably.

"I went to the Rosary," she said. "At the mortuary, of course. And I must have forgotten. But, my goodness, I don't believe I've ever forgotten before. I can't remember doing such a thing."

"It'll happen to anybody, Mrs. Padgett," Jerome said. "Now and then. Just one of those things."

"Why . . ." She was looking at the carpet in front of her chair, trying to remember what had happened the night before. Then she gave herself a frightened interior scrutiny. Why, my heart is beating so fast!, she thought. Listen, you get ahold of yourself.

Jerome saw that she was upset. "It'll be all right," he said. "Look, it's going fine now. There's nothing wrong with it."

"And when was it that it stopped?" she asked.

"At ten o'clock."

"Mr. Thorp's funeral," she said, and thought, Why, my goodness, what is my heart beating so fast for?

Jerome waited uneasily, seeing an old, worried lady staring at the floor, upset, her face white and frightened. Should he offer to stay? What did he know about such things?

Shall I ask him to stay awhile?, Mrs. Padgett thought fearfully. My heart—listen to it.

"Can I do anything for you, Mrs. Padgett?" Jerome asked.

Without knowing what she was going to say, she immediately answered, "Oh, no, dear! Why, you've done plenty for me already."

"Well, then . . ." He began to back away from her, bowing, with the feeling that he was breaking—and yet did not know how to break—the most awkward tie between them.

Mrs. Padgett forced herself to smile at him. "Now, you'll take the booklet . . ." she began.

"I've got it right here."

She saw a boy who was very young and unknowing and scared. What could he do, in any case? "And thank you for everything, dear," she said to him protectively.

"You're welcome, Mrs. Padgett. Well . . ." At the doorway, he turned, flushed and uneasy. "Goodbye."

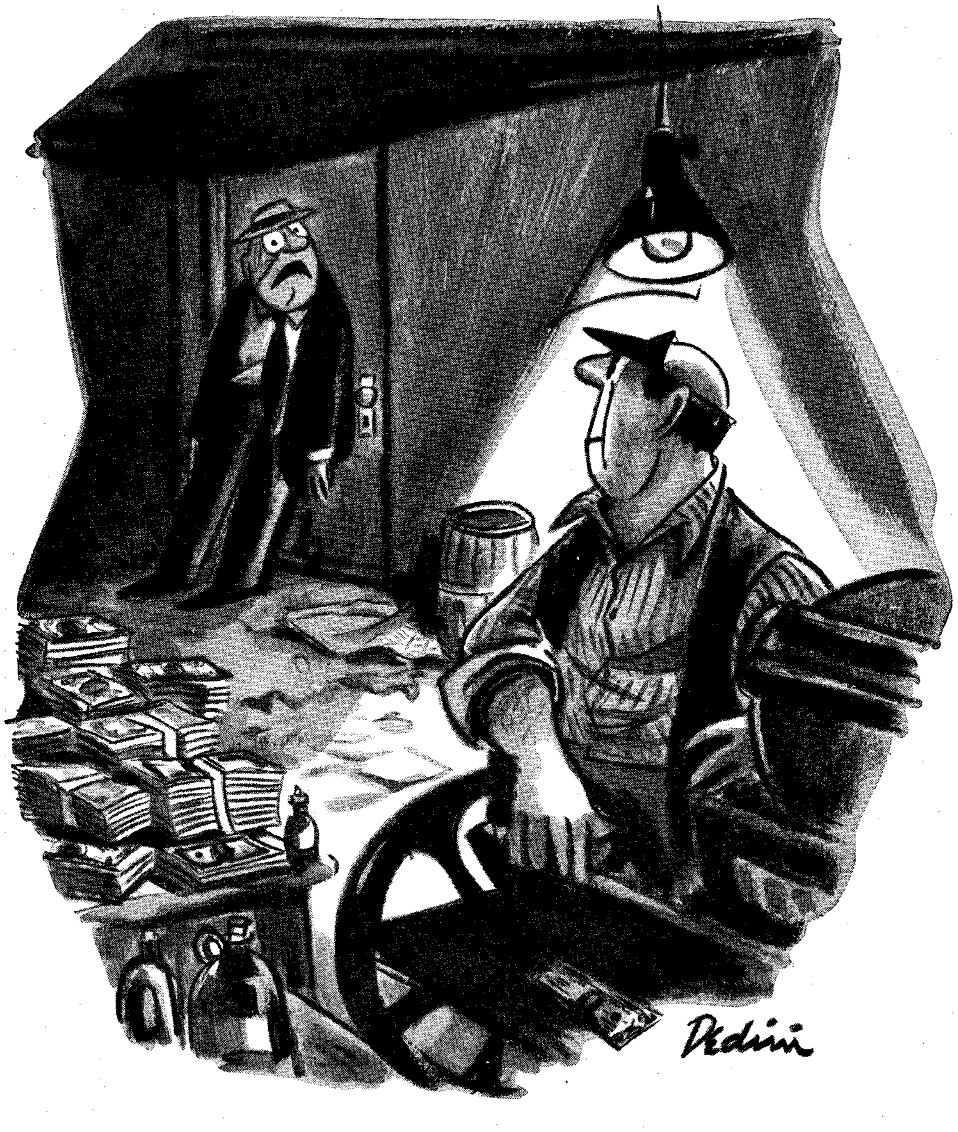
"Bye-bye."

Mrs. Padgett sat in the little jumbled room, her face white, listening to her heart and waiting. Well, if you aren't an old fool, she thought with some of her usual spirit. But she was just attempting to be herself; it was merely tentative while she listened to her heart.

Jerome drove off feeling guilty. Should he have stayed? Well, he had asked her, and she had said no. That was all he could do. He thought back over the morning, and his feeling of pleasure returned. I did that all right, mostly, he thought. I was nice.

Some boys on bicycles had stopped at a filling station; they laughed and crowed. The river burned in the sunlight; far away, the clouds were piled at the horizon like white mountains. "I had a time with old Mrs. Padgett," he imagined himself saying, complaining, to his mother. Right. It was an adequate summary. He *had* had a time with old Mrs. Padgett.

—JOHN POWELL



"Phew! The last one I passed, the guy says, 'Make it yourself?'"

•

STILES

I doubt if the wind in your boots
Would make you walk this mile,
The full meadow stretch of love,
From that to this stile.

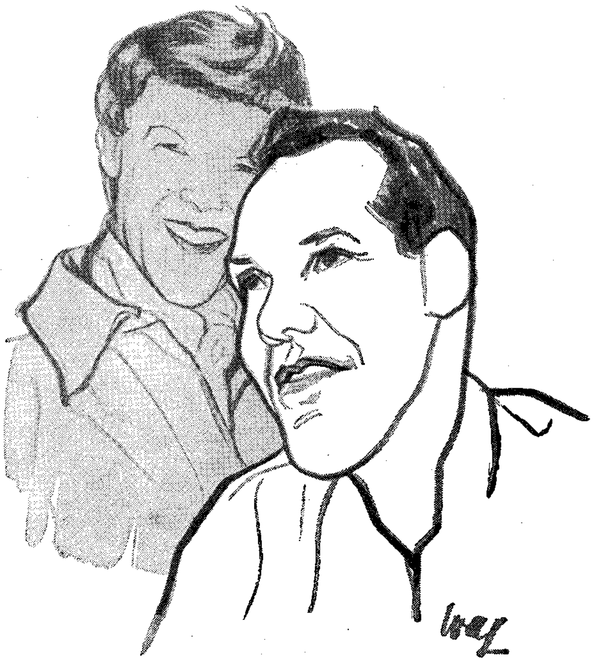
A dally of dew on your hair,
The arching sun on your spine
Keep you idly perched on your stile,
A mile from mine.

I doubt if the wind in your boots,
Or a song in your cuff,
Or news of me cutting my throat
Would move you enough.

—JOHN PUDNEY

PROFILES

EVOLUTION OF AN IRON-TOED BOY—II



Richard (and Edith) Barstow

RICHARD BARSTOW, who, with the assistance of his sister Edith, directs and choreographs the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, has never been certain whether he prefers to work with animals or with people. He has had a great deal of trouble with both. Barstow is essentially one of the kindest men alive, and among the most generous, but his superficial impatience is awesome. In—or, as the argot has it, "on"—the circus, it has become a source of family pride, like a lion that has mauled several trainers. The animals' reaction to his abuse is largely a matter of conjecture, but the people often compare notes to determine which of them has drawn the hottest fire of his wrath. Well toward the top of the list of those qualified for the honor is a chorus girl whom he addresses as Rosebud, a label that he feels distinguishes her from two others of, to him, similar features—Intelligent Rosebud and Unintelligent Rosebud. It is intensely annoying to Barstow, who eats practically nothing, that Rosebud has an appetite transcending that of the average pelican. He contends in the liveliest terms that her mind dwells on food to the detriment of her dancing. Hoping to solve this problem during a recent practice session at the Ringling winter quarters, in Sarasota, he consulted the cookhouse and then rehearsed Rosebud solo before the assembled company. At one point onstage he had placed a T-bone steak, at another a Waldorf salad, and at a third a dish of tutti-frutti ice cream. "One, two, three, advance to the steak!" Barstow chanted, rhythmically waving his hands. "One, two, three, right to the salad! Four, left to the cream! Not bad. Back to the steak! Ver-ry good!"

Barstow's antipathy to the practice of heavy eating, and the gaining of weight, has run through his career like a theme. Each year upon reporting for duty at Sarasota, his first stroll over the grounds is a tissue of shocks as he greets old acquaintances, using his peculiar nicknames. "How *are* you, Miss Horse?" he may say to a young lady in the company. "Why, you're *gross!*" Circus performers are willing to indulge critiques of this kind, when made by Barstow, for two principal reasons. First, he himself is as lean as a slat, and, second, they defer to his bewildering record of diverse accomplishments. Barstow has been, among many other things, a featured dancer and international favorite in vaudeville, a director and choreographer of Broadway and Hollywood musicals, a professional high diver (though unable to swim), and an Army private of terpsichorean importance, and he continues to branch out in his off-circus months. But at no time does he lose sight of his long-standing row with obesity. Perhaps the finest example of this built-in bias emerged during his connection with the "St. Louis Symphony of Fashion," a big publicity spectacle of several years ago, which he wrote, staged, and directed. The show involved a great many first-class singers, most of whom struck Barstow as bulbous. Realizing that he was not dealing with hardened types from the circus, he maintained an unaccustomed silence until the dress rehearsal, when a raised platform collapsed and forty-eight performers fell a considerable distance. Though Barstow's aversion to fat is matched only by his horror at the sight of blood, he rallied in the face of multiple crimson but not serious injuries and rushed about administering Mercurochrome and Band-Aids. Then, feeling the time propitious, he drew himself up in the midst of the shambles and cried, "None of this would have happened if some of you singers had lost a little weight!"

With excellent cause, Barstow is convinced that everybody on the circus is planning to take advantage of him. He enjoys the not especially enviable reputation of being the biggest sucker ever employed by Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey. By presenting a dishonest hard-luck story, anybody can touch him for money. He is on to this, and his manner is frequently severe. "Now, mind you," he will say sternly after some roustabout has described the unlikely mishaps that have befallen a nonexistent grandmother, "this is *not* a loan. It's a gift." He considers that such rebukes clear the air and diminish the stigma of his innocence, but he admits that the operation in its entirety costs him a large amount of money. Because of the awful deviousness of human nature, as Barstow sees it unfolding around him, his circus demeanor has crystallized into an attitude that is deeply wary, watchful, and amused, filled with suspicion but resigned, and always prepared for the worst. This has endured since the day, in 1948, when John Murray Anderson, who was then in charge of staging the circus, engaged him as its choreographer, and John Ringling North, its co-proprietor, gave him what he regards as a classic piece of misinformation. "Are you looking forward to the work, Richard?" asked North. "Oh, I *am!*" Barstow replied, and then, after a moment's hesitation, added, "Still, I don't know, what with all those animals." North smiled reassuringly, and said, "Have you ever petted a dog? Well, it's just the same with these animals. They're all alike." An hour later, a giraffe let go with its hind legs and kicked Barstow thirty feet—a boot that he doubts could have been managed by any dog in the world. Restored to consciousness with difficulty, he carried hoofmarks on his stomach for a week, and often exhibited them, as a kind of mute reproach, to North. This début, it is thought, accounts for the tone of Barstow's appearance each morning before his company for rehearsal.

"Good morning, group!" he calls,

anticipating trouble. "How do you feel today?"

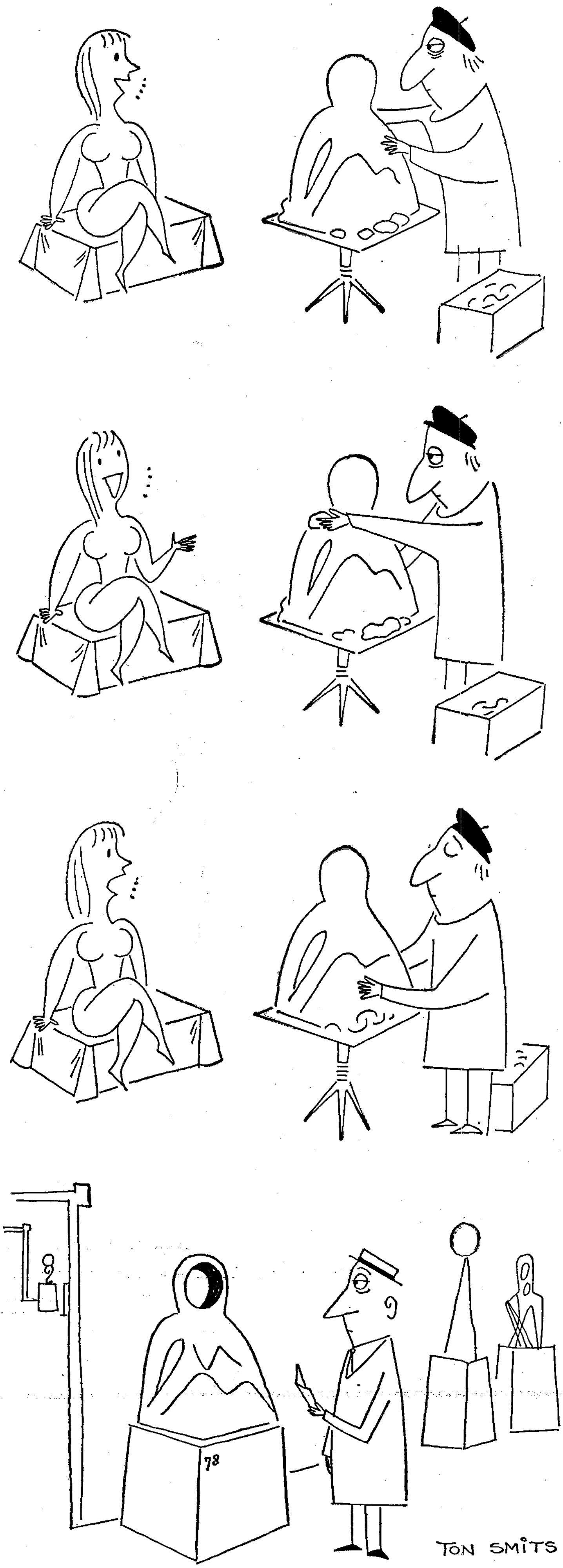
"We feel *terrible*, Mr. Barstow," someone is likely to shout back.

"Of course, quite naturally," Barstow answers. "Now, then, who's not speaking to me today?"

All hands fly up in happy unison, and the session gets under way, with the director's anticipations all coming true.

Barstow was given the additional title of director of the circus in 1952, when Anderson quit Ringling's. In his dual role, Barstow's principal task is to organize and choreograph, with his sister, the big show's grand spectacle and its several production numbers—tuneful interludes like those of a musical comedy, though enormously magnified. At one time in the evolution of the circus, all spectacles, or specs, were simply a parade around the tanbark by practically everything—animal or human—that made up the program. In recent seasons, the Ringling circus has ornamented this spangled hullabaloo with a "theme" ("Alice in Wonderland," "Say It with Flowers," "The Wedding of Cinderella," and, this year, "The Coronation of Mother Goose"), and has augmented its ranks with a substantial number of showgirls culled from the amusement dens of New York and Hollywood. It is Barstow's responsibility to take each season's theme and dramatize it to music, bringing order and sprightly movement out of multi-talented chaos. More specifically, he must decide where all the people and animals should be at every change of tempo, and think up something interesting for them to do when they get there. For the production numbers, he devises dozens of dance steps, dreams up novelty variations, and in general molds things into meaningful and melodic scenes supporting prearranged concepts. The basic ideas for the spec theme and the production numbers are the joint effort of the owners of the circus, John Ringling North and his brother Henry; the personnel director, Pat Valdo; the costume designer, Miles White; the costume maker, Max Weldy; and Barstow. These six collaborators hold conferences in New York toward the end of each year to rig the framework, and then Barstow and his sister take over, working out the details—first in their duplex apartment, in the East Fifties, and then in Sarasota, where they go in late February to begin rehearsing the show into shape. Barstow considers the New York part of this operation smooth and even exhilarating. To start things off, he and Edith hold skull practice, not unlike that held by a football coach and his players. With a crayon, they "draw" a number on large pieces of cardboard, with little circles representing the performers. Then begins the business of erasing and rearranging the figures until a suitable pattern is set. It is Barstow's habit during this phase of the work to make notes on a pad of paper on the floor, writing with his left foot—a skill he developed in his childhood, when he spent a year doing unusual exercises to strengthen the foot, which was misshapen. As soon as the Barstows have established the pattern for a number, they dance it out, either in their apartment or, if they feel cramped for space, out on the sidewalk. In their time, needless to say, they have attracted a great deal of civic attention.

Once the Barstows arrive at winter quarters, everything changes, and the



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problems that can arise are manifold. Barstow believes that most of them have been contrived expressly for his discomfiture, but he battles with courageous zeal to overcome them. Ordinarily, he is the first person on the lot in the morning and the last away in the evening. Upon his arrival, he waits—arms folded, one foot impatiently tapping, a silver whistle (for cues, few of which ever work out) suspended from his neck—under one of the big rehearsal tops or, if the weather is fine, in a ring of the winter quarters' open-air arena. When the artists assemble, little more than half awake, he delivers his preliminary remarks, which are scathing, and then describes a routine they must learn, his expression suggesting that the possibility of their doing so is farcical. But after this he and Edith are apt to demonstrate the number from start to finish, and the company's apathy ends. A little miracle takes place. For years, Barstow and his sister were a much-sung dance team—toe, tap, and ballet—in vaudeville theatres and night clubs all over the world, and an almost wearisome number of critics compared them favorably with Fred and Adele Astaire. Barstow was such an astonishingly gifted performer on his toes that the cartoonist Robert L. Ripley dubbed him the Iron-Toed Boy and served him up time and again, to be believed or not, in his newspaper feature. Now in their late forties, the Barstows still soar with lyric and effortless grace, and their audience of circus people, uncompromisingly scornful of the dilettante and the faker, invariably stiffens to attention when they are in action. And after the tableau—a moment of beauty, created in the moving and rather mysterious way of professionals in the lively arts—everybody watching always breaks into spontaneous applause.

As a rule, this marks the end of any untrammelled pleasure that Barstow gets during the day. Following his demonstration, he begins the onerous chore of teaching. Within a very few minutes, he has characterized his charges in the aggregate as obtuse, and has singled out individuals for specialized abuse, more strident in tone. Circus people, including high officials, like to watch Barstow's tutoring sessions, because of his ceaseless retaliatory victimization by wits. A good many of the performers, not natural dancers to start with, deliberately appear even clumsier than necessary when he is around, and the combination of dodges that a collection of clowns can invent to plague him approaches the infinite. Guiding some lugubrious ragbag across the ring, he may become aware that the man has danced out of his shoes, which are now four or five yards behind. As Barstow stops, furious, the clown seems stunned with remorse and incredulity. "Oh, funny!" Barstow will exclaim. "You droll fellow, I'm *rocking* with laughter." A moment later, leading another unreliable character to a new position, he may find himself clutching nothing more corporeal than a white plaster hand. A lifelong flower lover, he has probably been the beneficiary of as many water-squirting boutonnières as any man in America, and his acquaintance with unravelling sleeves is wide and ridden with anguish. Some clowns under Barstow's direction fall prey to curiously afflicted limbs. One minute, a man will be shuffling along, doing very well; the next, one of his legs will appear to have contracted some horrid ailment, which has the effect of twisting his foot toward the rear. During such a seizure, dancing is, of course, impossible. Usually, ten minutes are required to get the foot in place again, with Barstow testily helping the clown tug at it. Clowns at a Barstow rehearsal are also prone to more general attacks, of mysterious medical origin. A man will collapse, howling, and his companions will gather round in panic. "What's the matter? What ails that silly oaf?" Barstow will demand, and a reply comes up from the tangle: "It looks like Blucher's syndrome, sir. Fetch a doctor, quick!"

MUCH of Barstow's ire is reserved for aerialists. In a column he once wrote for Dorothy Kilgallen when she was on vacation, he wondered in print how flying-trapeze people and kindred performers could possibly float with such dazzling precision aloft and be so idiotically clumsy on the ground. He takes it amiss that he once spent the better part of a morning teaching Miss Mara, a featured trapeze performer of exceptional gifts—an authentic star of the circus—the difference between her right foot and her left. "One, two, three," said Barstow, on that memorable occasion, leading her over the floor. "Now left foot forward . . . *Left* foot forward. How odd," he continued, bending down to look. "They're just reversed on you, aren't they? That would be my *right* foot." When Miss Mara, rattled, finally burst into tears, he charged out and bought her a nice present, as is his custom in such cases. One of Barstow's chief peeves when it comes to teaching aerialists, and others,

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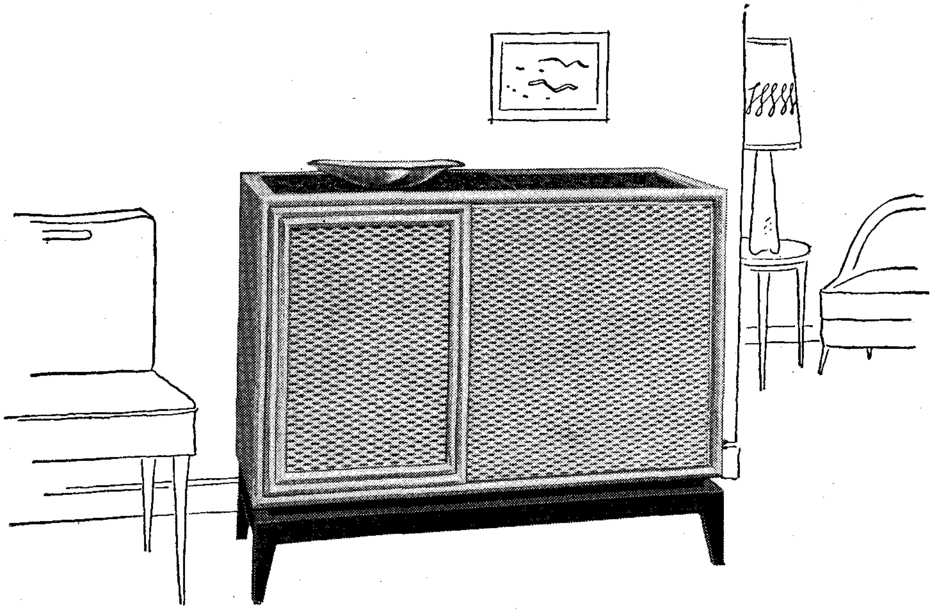

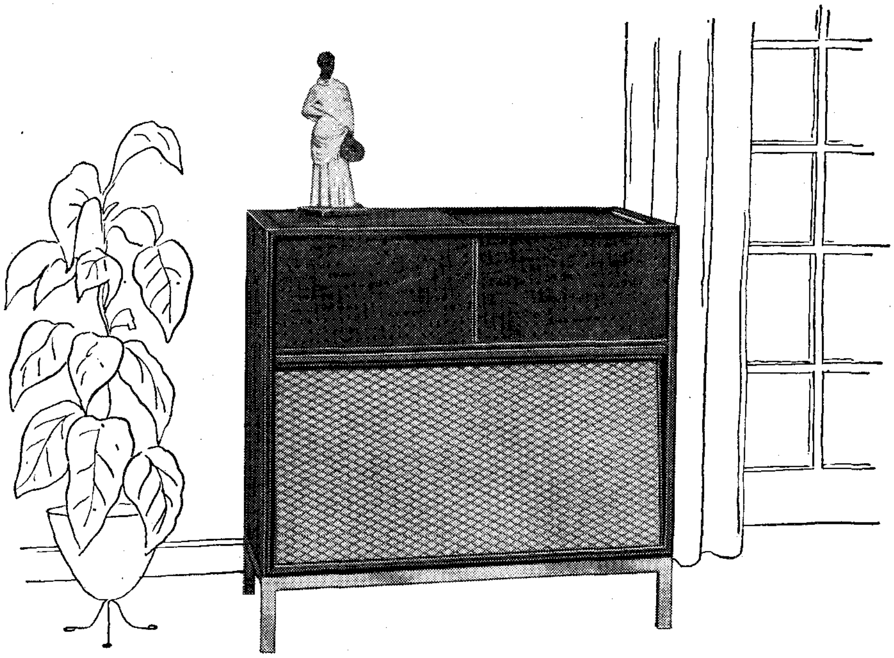

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is what he calls "cafeteria arms"—a condition in which a performer's elbows are unaesthetically in evidence. He will interrupt a flowing session by frenziedly blowing his whistle (unless it has been stoppered with mud, courtesy of a clown) and crying out, "Cafeteria arms! Cafeteria arms! Hold everything! What a *dismal* spectacle!" The dancers thus under the lash gratefully knock off, sit down on ring rims, light cigarettes, and have a rest while he lectures them on symmetry and graceful body lines. Several Ringling girls have related that in their opinion Barstow's raspiest facet is a way he has of peering intently at a dancer who seems a bit tense, possibly after a night on the town, and saying, "I don't see anything." He will continue to say it until the girl dissolves into attractive mobility. Barstow finds the probable decline of Western civilization reflected in the fact that chorus girls, in his view, no longer can kick. He himself, in his trouping days, was rated as the dancer with the highest kick in vaudeville, and he is irritated by his circus charges' refusal to aim for the sky. Vexations of this sort, however, he can take in stride without appreciable diminution of his energy, which is Gargantuan. What he cannot take in stride is gum-chewing. His introductory message to any new group is laced with mentions of the habit, which he calls "vile, abominable, cowlike," and in ruling it out he is apt to tick off all the popular varieties—bubble gum, Juicy Fruit, Black Jack, Dentine, Spearmint, and so on—to eliminate the possibility of somebody's sneaking something in under a technicality. Rehearsing, he keeps a sharp eye out, and if he spots signs of the ruminant's familiar jaw-waggle, he goes pale. "Gum! Gum!" he shrieks, and as often as not runs forward to demand a mouth-open inspection. Despite Barstow's hazing approach, however, his diverse charges are intensely fond of him. For one thing, his peppery behavior eliminates all danger of rehearsal boredom; moreover, they realize that, in a very short time, he accomplishes real wonders of tutelage.

Besides the spec, the modern Ringling circus has three production numbers—the "menage," in which animals are the center of attention; the aerial, a presentation that starts out on the ground and ends up with girls "on the web," or perched halfway up ropes strung to the auditorium roof; and the finale, in which both animals and human performers take part. For each of these, Barstow works out several dance

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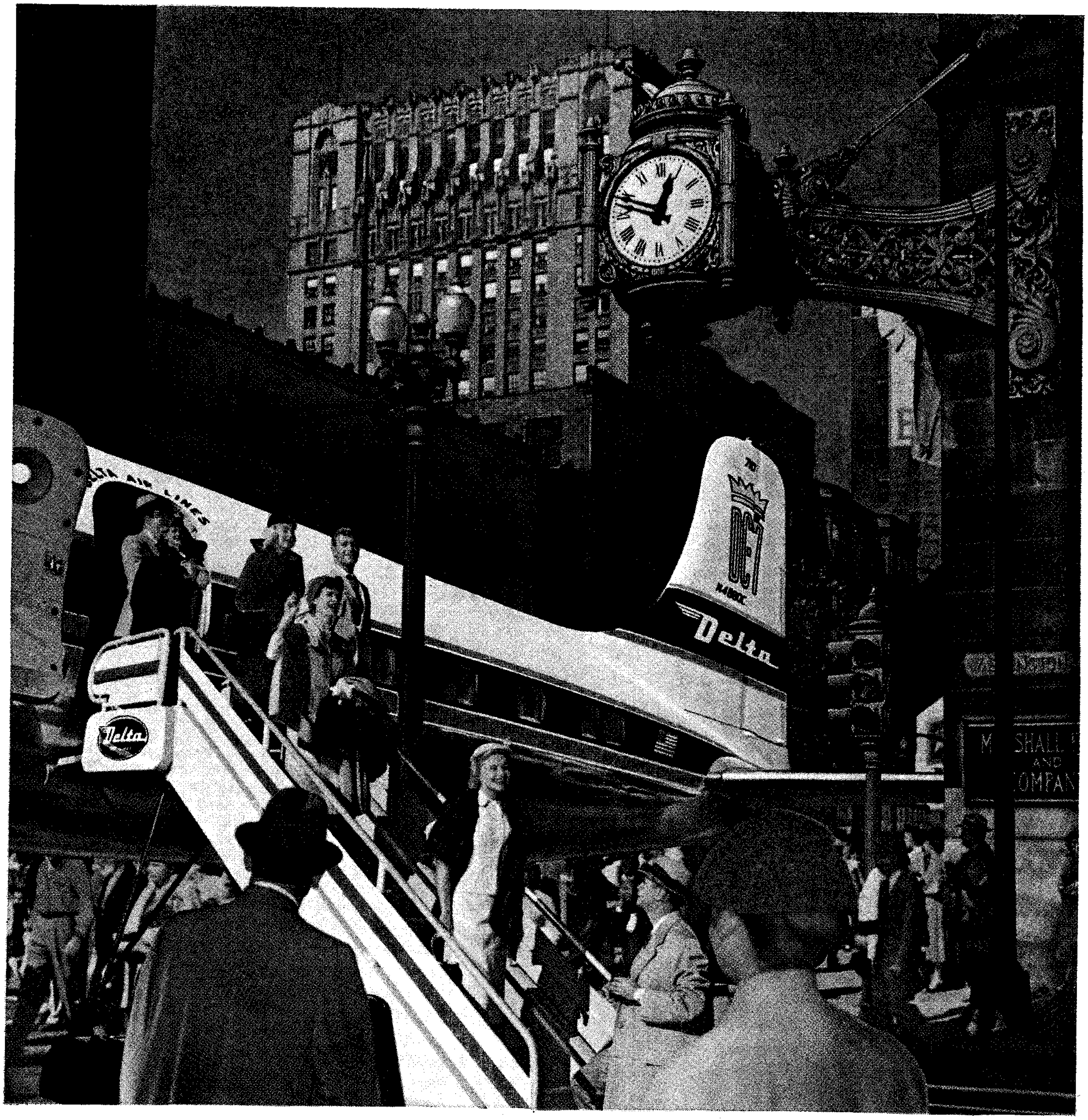
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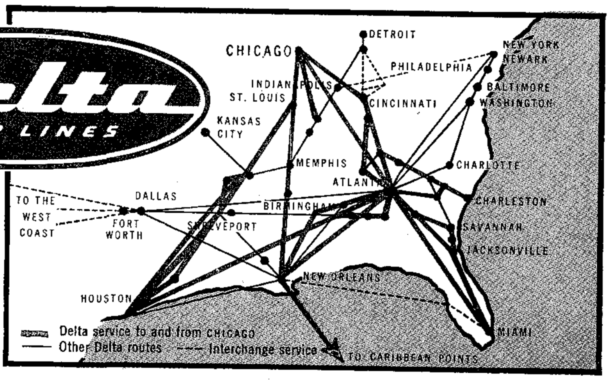
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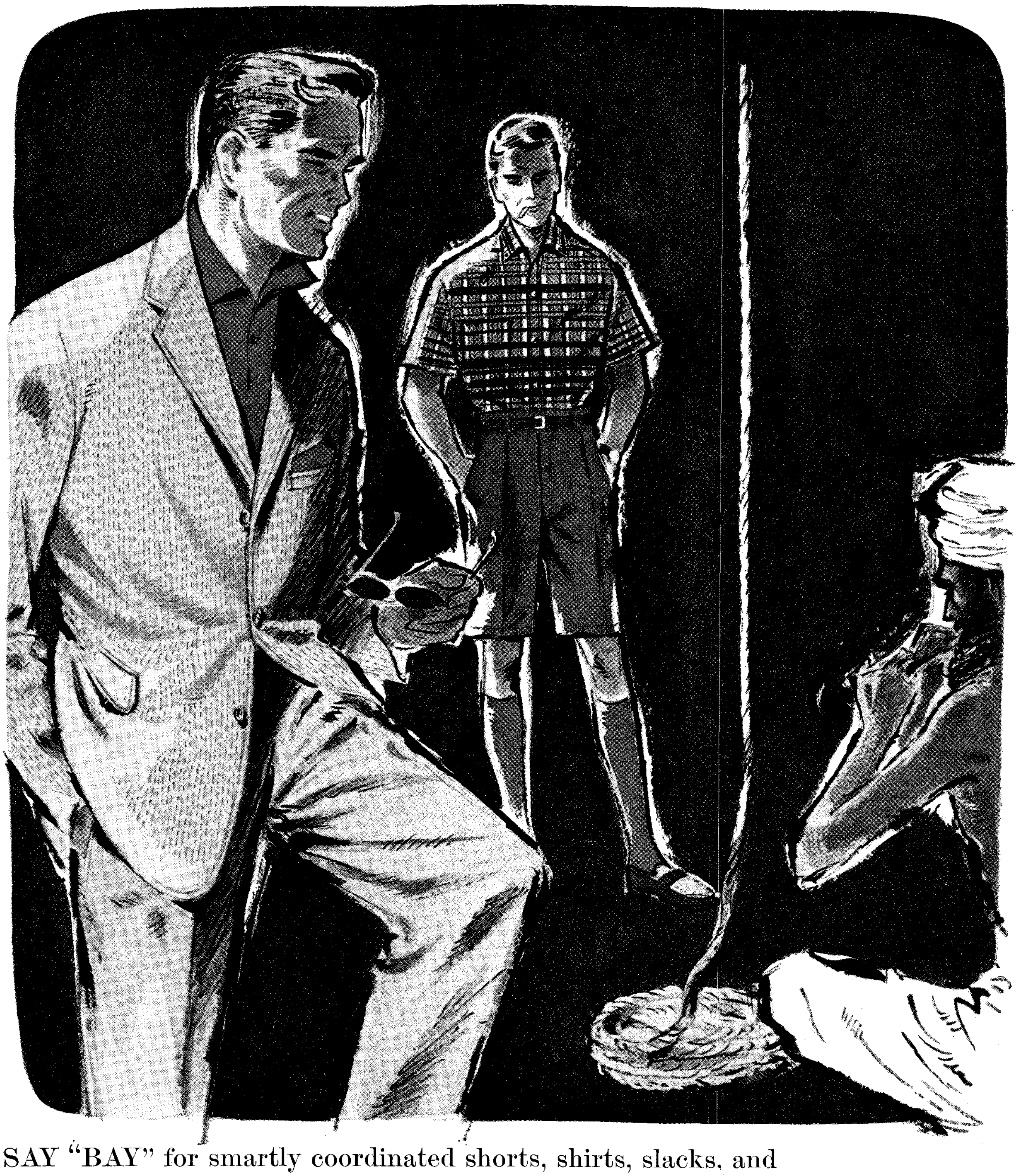

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routines, and for each routine he must teach the participants about twenty different steps. While his sister Edith does a lot of the individual coaching, he feels compelled to supervise, in detail, everything connected with the operation. When the Ringling circus, directed by Cecil B. deMille, made the film "The Greatest Show on Earth," Barstow created a trampolin number for Betty Hutton, James Stewart, Emmett Kelly, and Cucciola, the midget. Though he had never been on a trampolin, he insisted on trying out the apparatus himself first. "It certainly doesn't *look* hard," he said, rather acidly, to some trampolin artists who were standing nearby. He climbed onto the elastic, jiggled self-confidently, took off in a gigantic spring, and came down near the blue, or inexpensive, seats, breaking three ribs. The mishap won him increased popularity; the circus family realized that he was not averse to killing himself for a principle.

In converting the circus into a musical, Barstow contends with specialized conditions. His dance steps are limited chiefly to the jumping and travelling variety, such as the *glissade*, the *jeté en tournant*, the *pas de chat*, the *pas chassé*, and the *grand jeté*, which are suitable either on a stage or in sawdust; they are also designed to propel the performers over the considerable distances they must cover in their circuit of an auditorium. Adding to his problems in teaching these professional skills to non-dancers is the fact that most of the artists are foreigners without English, who speak one of a dozen or so languages unknown to Barstow. To overcome this hitch, he has worked out what he believes to be an Esperanto of signals—some whistled, others manual. They are painfully unreliable. Midway in a rehearsal, he will stop short, up whistle, emit perhaps one long, piercing blast followed by two shorts, and wave his arms like a seaman hailing an escort vessel. Usually, then, his dancers scatter like mice, headed, in total confusion, for no place at all. A couple of seasons ago, he made a big effort to correct the deficiencies in his signalling system, and figured that he had things set by the time the dress rehearsal was staged, in Madison Square Garden. It appeared that he had drilled everyone with care except himself, for at a climactic moment he laid into the whistle and blew the wrong signal, jumping the gun on the action. All hell broke loose. A man slid down a rope blindfolded, four iron-jaw girls began spinning in the top of the arena, and

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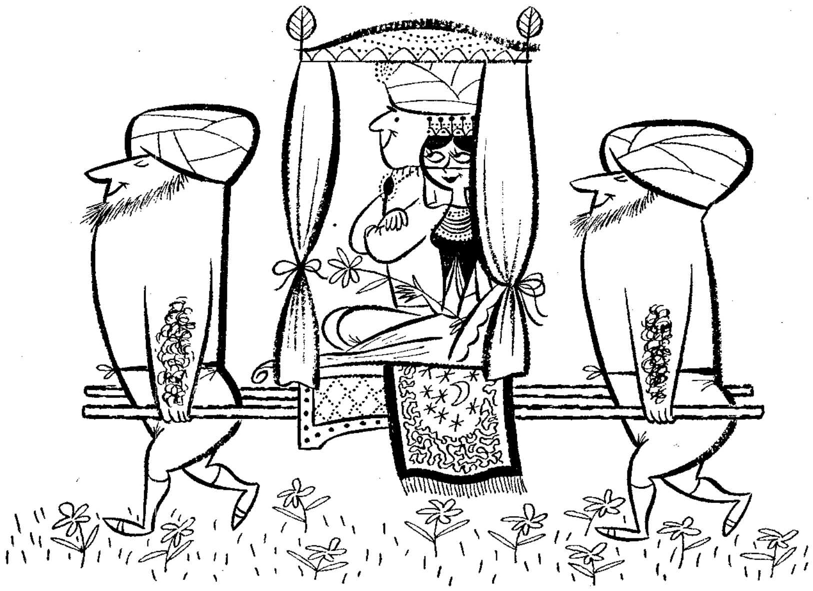

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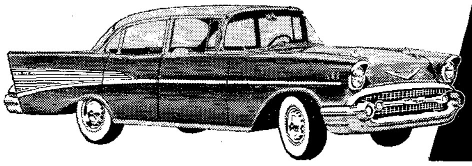

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the elephants cut loose with an angry trumpeted chorus.

BARSTOW's wrestles with the animal kingdom provide a poignant chapter in the chronicle of man's triumph over the beasts. Certain types tolerate him, others can't stand the ground he walks on. Many horses try to bite him, with a fair degree of success, and nearly all of them kick sawdust in his face whenever he strays within range. For his part, Barstow considers horses the lowest form of life on the zoological ladder, and has told them so, not mincing words, on numerous occasions. An important source of his contempt is the fact that horses, unlike elephants, reveal no sense of rhythm and must be paced to the music by their riders or trainers. This, to Barstow, is unforgivable, and probably malicious. Barstow likes most elephants, but he's pretty sick of their reaction to his whistle. At each of his toots, the beasts, usually numbering around fifty-five, hoist trunks simultaneously and trumpet shrilly. Some of this noise he interprets as a good-humored greeting, but he suspects that a great deal of it is in the nature of a Bronx cheer. Each year, before he goes to Sarasota, he works out approximately what both the elephants and the horses will be expected to do, and sends his instructions to their trainers. The animals then undergo a preliminary conditioning, to save wear and tear on Barstow. Last year, for a number entitled "Mama's in the Park," he had all the elephants sourly pushing baby carriages around winter quarters for several weeks before his arrival. Like people, some elephants are better dancers than others. The elderly Modoc, a hedonistic elephant who died last year, was one of the best—an animal with an inborn sense of rhythm and a zest for dancing that bordered on mania—and Barstow had a real, and unique, affection for the sprightly old pachyderm.

In contrast to the horses, the Ringling elephants carry on no organized feud with Barstow, but they scrap like fishwives among themselves, and they haven't a particle of use for other animals. No threats will induce them to let horses mingle with their herd. Each year, they allow one horse, specially trained for the job, to lead them from the railroad yard to the Garden; the addition of as much as a pony to the procession will cause them to stampede. Regrettable snobberies of this kind make life miserable for Barstow, who would like to mix the animals in eye-catching combinations. He has to be

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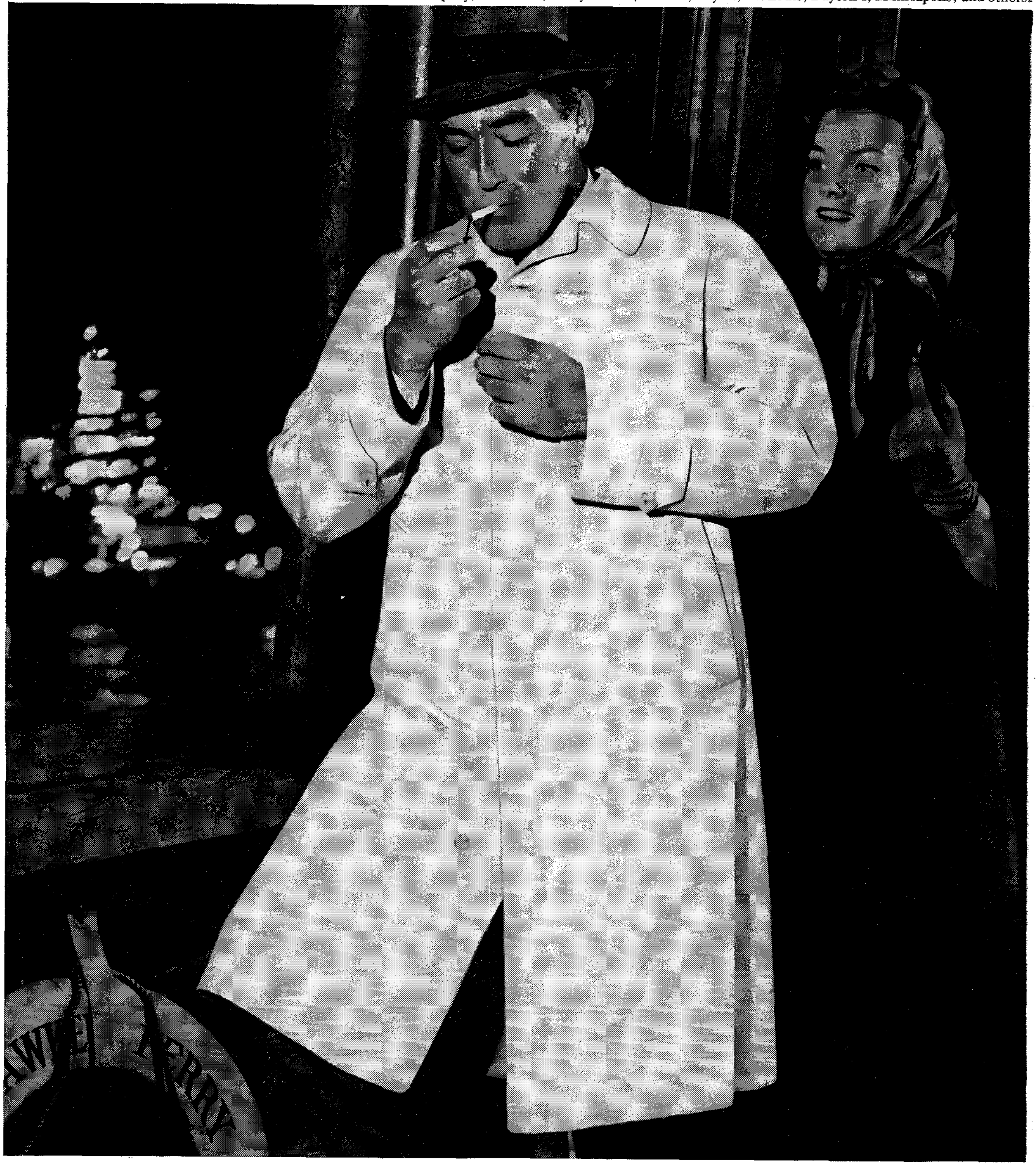

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exceedingly careful. Even the elephants' intramural bias can be touch and go. Big elephants don't like little elephants, and will pull their tails whenever the chance arises. Also, certain members of the herd detest various other members for reasons of jealousy, and must be kept away from them while parading and performing. In working with the elephants, Barstow tends to personalize them, and he has berated them for their shortcomings times without number. "*Aha*, Jeannie!" he will say, interrupting a rehearsal. "I saw that! You struck Ruth in the eye with your trunk, you disgusting, naughty creature! Shame! Now, again, one, two, three . . ."

A couple of seasons ago, when the circus acquired thirty baby elephants, the regular herd was hopping mad. Sulking, the adults refused to learn much of anything. Barstow was half out of his mind. He had an especially tricky number to teach them, with a tempo, geared to their eccentric natural style, that involved doing a waltz with their front feet and a fox trot with their hind feet. Though he can't understand the languages spoken by the trainers, he has memorized their cries, and he bawled orders at the elephants for hours without effect. Then the babies were removed from sight, and the adults learned the step without trouble. Barstow has become convinced that elephants get in a huddle and talk things over. As proof, he recalls a disappointing struggle he had on one occasion to garb them in grass skirts. At the start, they submitted to the indignity without demur, and then, during a walk-around, they all turned their heads and ate off the skirts at precisely the same instant. After they had repeated this riposte twice, he gave up. Barstow makes every effort to establish the length of each elephant dance at the start of the season and then leave it that way for the duration of the tour. Hammy, competitive, enjoying notoriety, elephants never consent to a slighting of their moment in the sun without raising a wholesale ruckus.

The whole matter of placing animals in the spectacle and the production numbers is filled with anxiety. Some animal acts refuse to follow others, whereas llamas, if stationed in front of elephants, go berserk and bolt for the outlands, and they also decline to pass elephants when entering or leaving the arena. While elephants won't fraternize with horses, giraffes prefer not to be crowded by either, and zebras can't stomach anything—animal *or* human. Spacing the acts out in making up the queue for the opening spectacle therefore demands expert juggling by the people in charge. A further consideration is that the unusually nervous animals should never be placed up front. Made even jumpier by excitement, they tend to set a pace faster than the music, and the others fall into the same error. Barstow has grown reconciled to the remorseless mischief that he has found he must expect from baby elephants, no matter where he puts them. He feels that they conform to no pattern except one of calculated persecution. By some mysterious accord, they will suddenly "take off from the line," as the circus describes one of their favorite forms of annoyance, and, their small eyes fiery with rage, head en masse for parts unknown, squealing juvenile-elephant threats and making it quite clear that they have no intention of returning. But the equine family still holds top cards for orneriness, in Barstow's opinion. He hopes never to see another season like the one for which the circus bought forty Mexican burros. The idea was to have pretty web girls ride them into the arena. On opening night, however, out on the track, the burros all lay down for a rest, dumping the girls on the tanbark. Dishevelled with grief, Barstow ran back and forth, pleading, "Get up! Get up, you nasty beasts! Heehaw, heehaw! Build fires, someone, under these Mexican brutes." The burros, however, arose only when they had finished their naps.

BARSTOW's annual tour of duty with Ringling's ends with the close of the circus's New York run, in late May, leaving him approximately nine months of the year in which to apply his talents elsewhere. Both he and his sister are greatly in demand, and the diversity of the jobs that they manage to crowd into their schedule is often applauded by columnists. Barstow, in particular, is food for copy. While Edith is nearly certain to sign up for something predictable, he may fly off at the wildest of tangents. Unquestionably the best example of this tendency was the revulsion from show business that he experienced in 1949, a few months after he had wound up his first circus season. He had just reached one of his highest peaks of popularity, having also recently finished his first chore for television—the choreographing of "The Ford Hour," a series of programs with Ethel Merman and Lauritz Melchior—and his living room was ankle-deep in offers from every quarter of the entertain-

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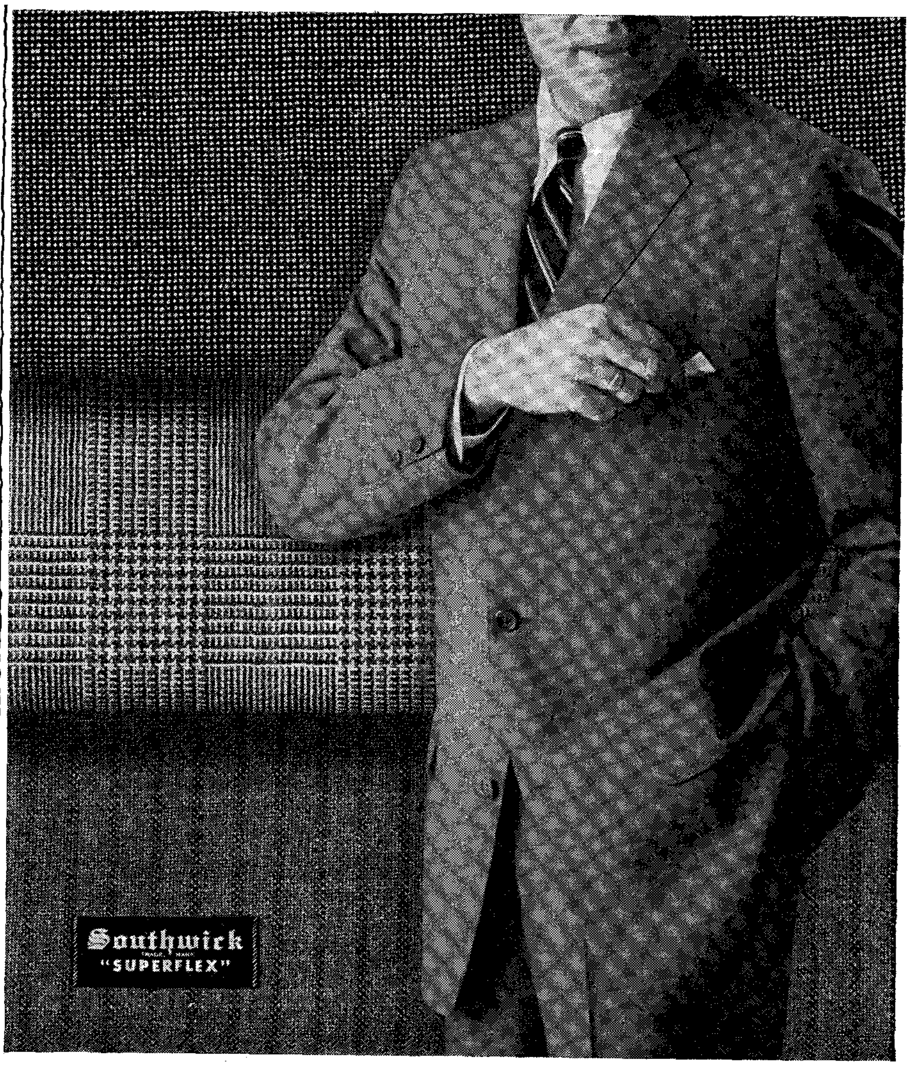
The truth is that Barstow could have made a name for himself in the Post Office Department. He had a knack. He flipped the letters with unerring accuracy, never confusing cities with similar names, like Bucharest and Budapest—no small trick, even for a veteran—and he took an interest in the operation as a whole. But his former deeds rose to haunt him. One day, Janet Blair, the musical-comedy comedienne, called at the post office to see him, with a request that he dream up some numbers for her and the Blackburn Twins, a dance team with whom she was scheduled to perform in Chicago. Barstow at first sternly turned her down, saying that he had bigger fish to fry—he was working out some improvements in second-class deliveries to the Balkans—but she insisted, with an actress's special guile, and he gave in. After hours, he wrote her a couple of numbers, which, she soon informed him by telegram from Chicago, were a triumphant hit. She persuaded him to do twelve more. When Miss Blair's act moved to the New York Paramount, with Barstow's name on placards outside the theatre, one of his fellow postal serfs said to him, "By the way, up there at the Paramount—that



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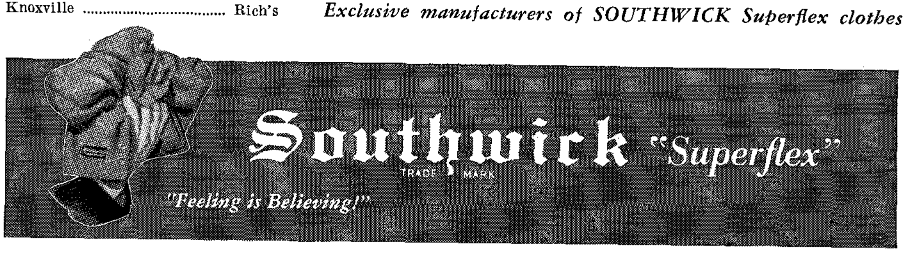

Barstow they mention isn't *you,* is it?"

"I'm afraid it is," replied Barstow, studying the slots.

"Then what in hell are you doing down here sorting mail?" demanded his colleague.

The question appeared to Barstow to have validity. With a sigh of regret, he hung up his apron and eyeshade, accepting the sad fact, so often reiterated by poets, that man cannot successfully escape from his past.

BOTH Barstow and his sister feel that their masterwork to date has been their creation for General Motors of a new-car revue, or "Motorama," each year from 1953 through 1955, and of part of G. M.'s heavy-machinery jamboree called "Powerama," in 1954. Critics are in agreement that there has never been anything quite like these in the history of entertainment. When officials of the company first decided to stage an automotive musical, they got in touch with Barstow through an advertising agency, and he went to Detroit for discussions. In perhaps the oddest planning session on record, Barstow, facing a roomful of skeptical vice-presidents, decided that the only possible way to present a lucid exposition of his ideas to such a non-theatrical group was to dance them out. With his rather staggering lack of self-consciousness, he began gliding and pirouetting around the room, chatting easily as he did so, now drawing up for a *grand jeté* while confiding to some startled fellow wearing a pince-nez, "Just imagine you're a Pontiac," now leaping smartly over tables and lounges or sprinting for a long slide—a human dynamo out of control in the greatest industrial jungle on earth. By the end of his performance, which even Barstow admits was one of his best, the officials had thawed out, and, congratulating him warmly, they told him to go ahead, with implicit carte blanche as to expenses. They had reckoned without a full knowledge of their man. It was the opportunity of a lifetime, Barstow felt; he had in his grasp that elusive dream symbol common to all children of the stage—an angel of unlimited means.

The first "Motorama" the Barstows directed opened at the Waldorf, in a ballroom filled with power cranes, spiral ramps, floating platforms, glittering new cars, and other fittings, including some fairly glittering showgirls that Barstow had rounded up to enhance the occasion. Among other original numbers, he had the girls put a car

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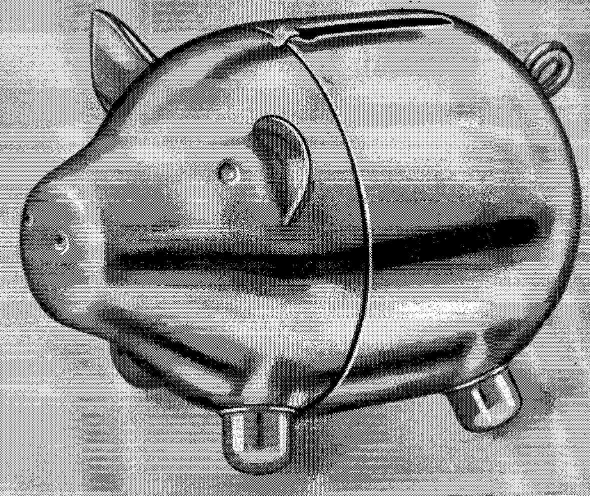
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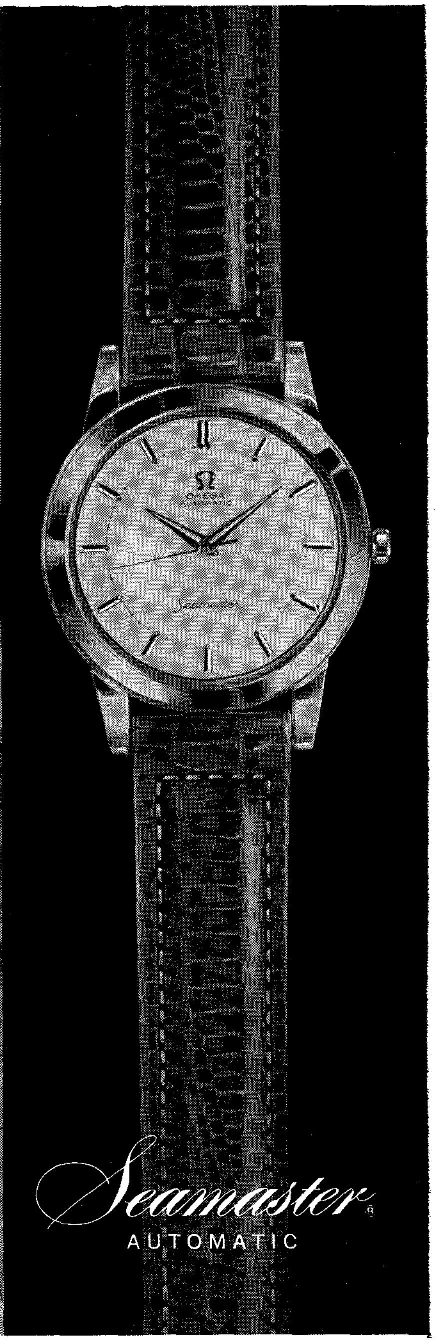
Commodore Bennett Hammond at the wheel of the *Figaro*, class winner of the 1956 Newport-Bermuda race.

Watch enlarged to show detail



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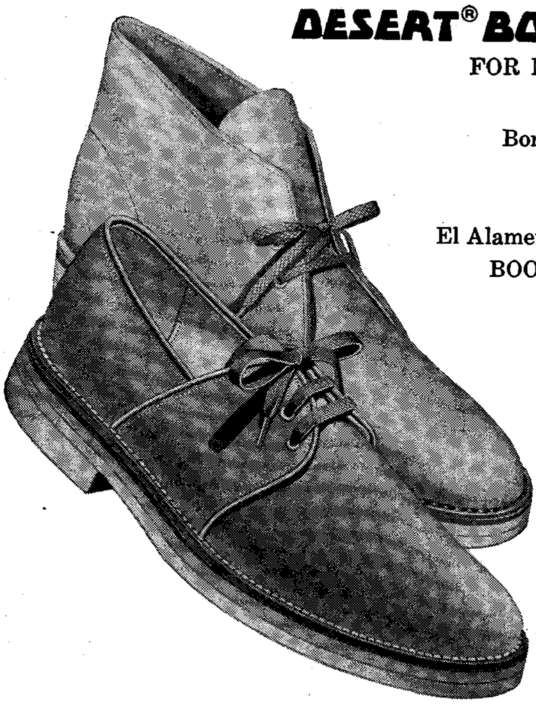
together onstage, in rhythm, completing the job in less than a minute—a feat that he proudly called to the attention of the General Motors officials, who nevertheless elected to stick to the slower assembly-line method being used, with some success, in Detroit. A good deal of heavy apparatus was whirling around at the Waldorf, both on the stage and in the wings—a menace that Barstow reluctantly acknowledged was likely to kill off some of his chorus. In an effort to overcome this, he worked out an intricate system of counts, whereby a girl in a certain position would tick off, say, eight beats, then skip nimbly aside to avoid being crushed by a descending crane. The show played to capacity crowds for twelve days, without casualties, and afterward went on tour. When it was all over, Barstow realized that he had been stingy about expenses—a discovery that came as a surprise to General Motors—so for the second and third "Motoramas," also held at the Waldorf, he hired the song-writing team of Victor Young and Eddie Heyman, and engaged Frank Gallup to act as commentator, reserving his own energies for ideas. These involved such things as new cars afloat on lily pads in a built-in pond; a group of "Fisher Body" girls, with good-looking lines; and scenery consisting of dancers wearing capes, who shuffled around to form changing pictures. Altogether, the automobile officials were so pleased with the Barstows' efforts that they asked them out to Flint to oversee the production of a closed-circuit television fiesta commemorating the appearance of the fifty-millionth Chevrolet. "It's simple," he told his employers when he arrived. "We'll make a solid-gold Chevy." Reeling, they mumbled something that sounded like "Of course; why didn't we think of it?" and then produced what Barstow believes was a Chevrolet done up in gold leaf. It was beautiful, but it offended his sense of aesthetic purity.

For "Powerama," a colossal exhibit of General Motors' diesel-powered machinery, held outdoors in Chicago, on the lake shore, the Barstows produced a musical called "More Power to You." It caused something of a sensation, attracting crowds that averaged twenty-eight thousand a day. Walt Disney, who himself has come up with a number of unusual ideas, flew in from California to see it, and told a Chicago columnist that he was "cheering." Billy Rose was also present, and said to Barstow, using what seemed commendable restraint, "You and Edith are to be complimented



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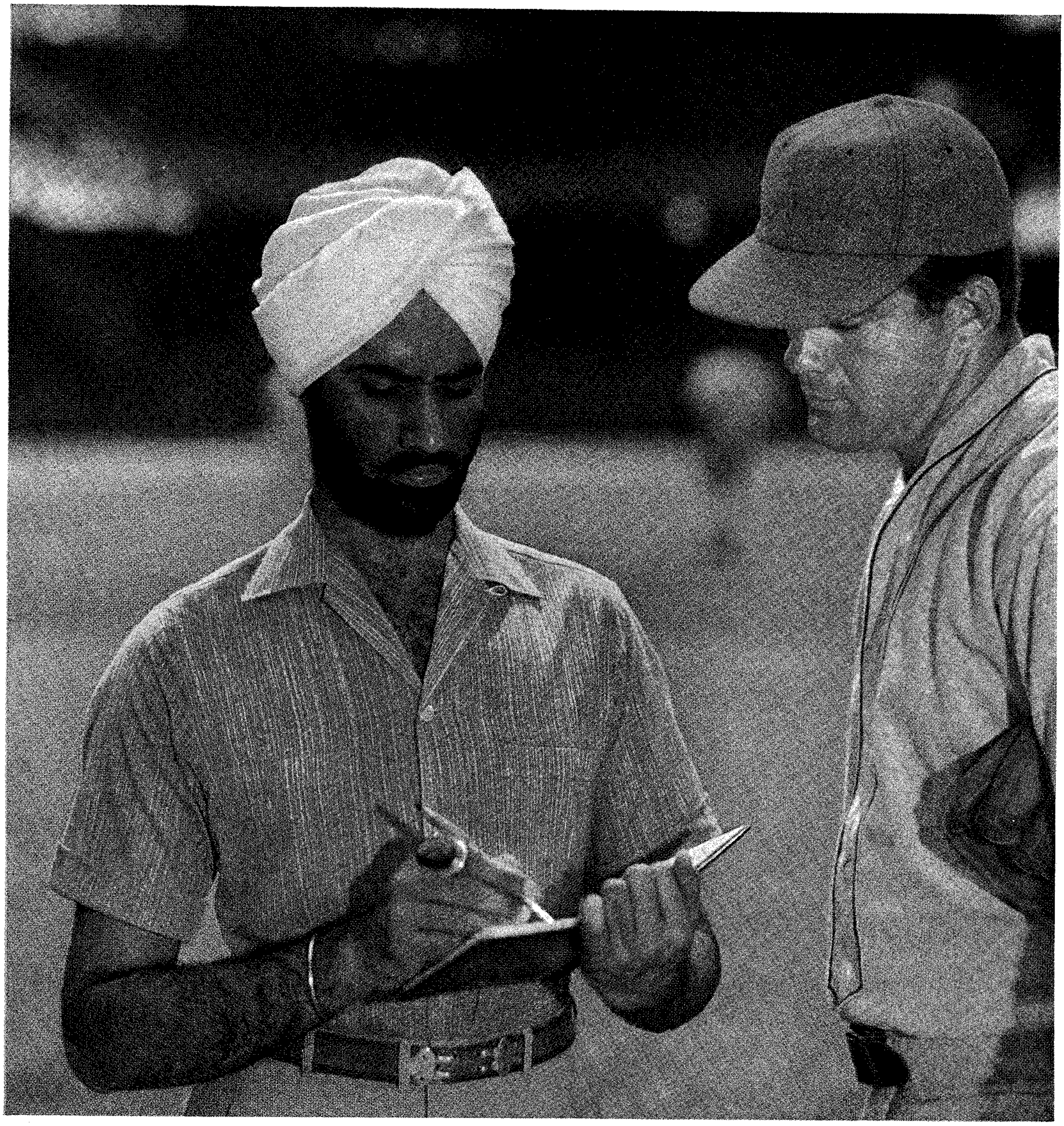

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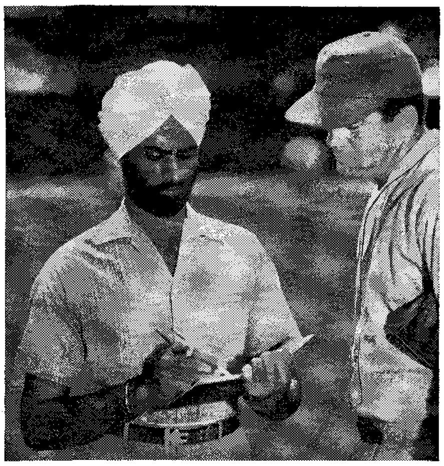

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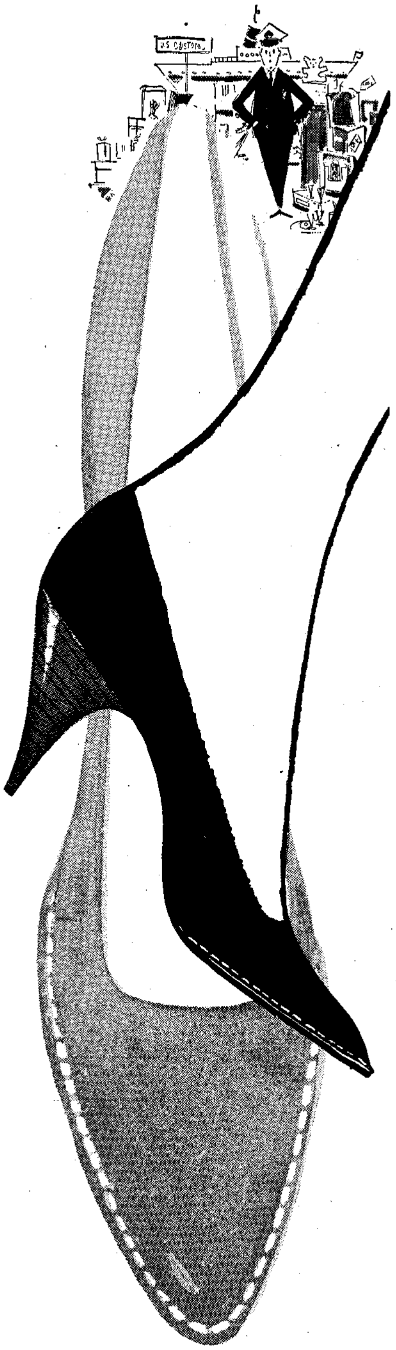
on an imaginative and skillful solution of a difficult chore." Barstow blew the works on "More Power to You." At the moment, he cannot recall anything in the amusement line, barring a peep-show with naked women, that he did not offer his customers. The production included clowns hopping out of steam shovels; a tractor conga line, moving with appropriately Latin-American jerks, which was photographed by Lowell Thomas for "Cinerama;" girls dancing on cargo nets strung out over the water; a radio-style soap opera in which machines acted out a typical lachrymose plot to an expository backstage narration; and a diesel rodeo, wherein young and pretty cowgirls spurred outsize pieces of farm equipment through their paces. In one number, large trucks appeared from all points of the compass, "dancing" in rhythm, and dumped loads of variously colored earth, making a checkerboard pattern. Barstow even imported a costly acrobatic act from Paris, the Antares, who were not overly happy to find, upon arriving, that their gyrations would take place on top of a sixty-foot crane.

For this rackety shindig the Barstows rehearsed only two weeks. Since neither of them had ever learned to drive a car, they spent much of that time studying the operation of self-propelled vehicles and discovering the existence of things like gears and steering devices. It was an interesting show, but a number of trivial things went wrong. For one thing, at the final rehearsal, the night before the opening, rain poured down in torrents, and the tractor-strewn hippodrome resembled a pitful of dinosaurs grappling in the mud. The scene evoked for many the Stravinsky "Rite of Spring" passage in "Fantasia," which traces the zoological spats that attended the beginning upheavals of the earth. Barstow's worst experience with "More Power to You" was ironic for a circus man. He became locked in a battle of wills with an elephant. In one number, meant to be dramatic, an elephant was supposed to strain futilely to move a ten-ton boulder, after which a diesel tractor would take over and bowl it along with ease. The trouble was that the elephant refused to be bested. Barstow is now convinced that a full-grown elephant could move Mount Everest if it thought that by doing so it would annoy him. For successive performances, he and his sister ordered ever-larger boulders brought in, hoping to reach the point of immovability. But each time, at the announcement of the



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demonstration intended to signalize machinery's superiority over brutes, the elephant sauntered out, with what Barstow remembers as a smug look, laid into the rock, and rolled it like a medicine ball.

WHEN Barstow is at work, nothing in the way of conflict or confusion distracts him. Ideas, he says, come to him wherever he happens to be, day or night. He is apt to spring out of bed at three in the morning yelling, with Archimedes, "I've got it!" Unlike most artists, he is not dismayed by a succession of widely varying commitments. In "New Faces of 1952," a long-run Broadway hit that he choreographed, he worked out a number, "Monotonous," for Eartha Kitt, then a newcomer to the stage, that established her firmly in the national consciousness. A creation of this kind never leaves him fatigued; it merely whets his appetite for further challenges. Only a few months after "New Faces" closed, he went to England and put together a monster ice show, called "Champagne on Ice," for the British actress and skater Belita. And a few months after that he managed to touch base in Hollywood, where he choreographed a movie, "The Girl Next Door," for June Haver. His work for Miss Haver got him a job that he treasures as one of his happiest—choreographing the Judy Garland film "A Star Is Born," a successful 1954 cinema retread in which James Mason, even as Fredric March had done in a milder decade, removed a boozy, though lovable, nuisance from the scene by stalking off into the Pacific toward Japan. Barstow's contributions to "A Star Is Born" included a tour de force that shook the movie capital—a scene of incomparable noise and hilarity, in which the stars leaped about like monkeys and whacked each other over the head with pillows. He has never advertised the fact that his inspiration for this Donnybrook went back to his childhood days in vaudeville, when he and Edith were dancing in an Al Capone cabaret and playfully belabored the prominent crook with pillows each evening upon his arrival at their hotel room to drive them to work.

Understandably, neither Barstow nor his sister, who has lately choreographed television shows for Frankie Laine and Dave Garroway, among others, has much time for recreation. As a matter of fact, Barstow prefers working to playing, and is exceedingly suspicious of vacations. He feels jinxed. During the last one he attempted, circa

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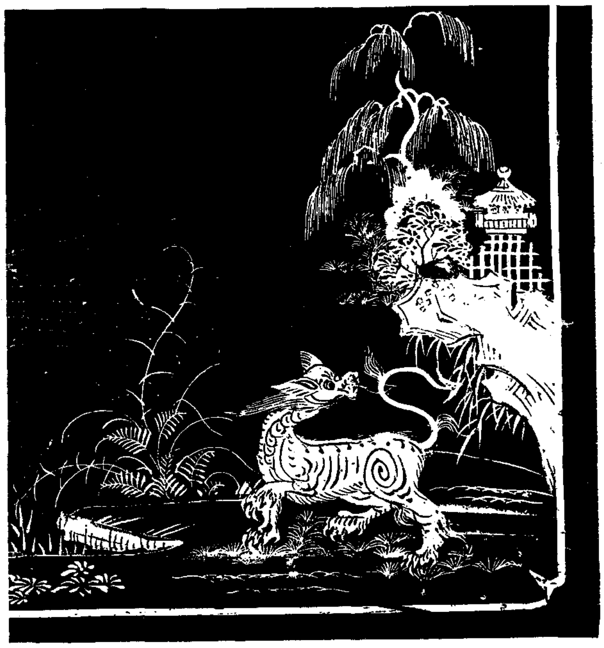

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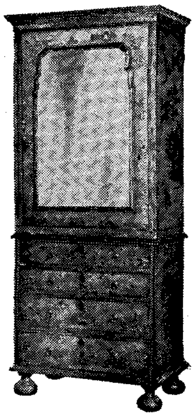

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1937, he slipped and fell in a shower stall in an Atlantic City hotel and suffered a brain concussion. Edith learned to play golf during the only real vacation she can remember—in Pennsylvania, back in the thirties—and she is still interested in the game to the extent of journeying to Long Island on free mornings and hitting out golf balls at one of the public driving ranges there. Not long ago, Barstow found himself in the grip of an unaccountable urge to play the piano, having read a newspaper advertisement that promised "I can turn you into an Artur Rubinstein in six easy lessons," and he reported for two sessions. Nothing came of it; the maestro collected his fee in advance and seemed abstracted until the ordeal was over. Showing Barstow out the door, he advised him to buy a mechanical piano and lay in some Rubinstein rolls. Barstow and his sister each occupy a floor of their duplex, and take many of their meals together. Barstow is easy to feed. For breakfast, he may eat a few caramels that he makes himself, and for other sustenance he sometimes goes so far as to down a couple of poached eggs.

In general, the Barstows' year would be envied by most glamour-seeking Americans, being spent with the brightest spirits of show business in a supercharged world whose inhabitants live on fantasy, nervous force, and plans for the unattainable ideal and try to forget everything but the crests of the waves. For the Barstows, the highest crest comes in April, in New York, on the circus's opening night, with a hundred and fifty animals and two hundred performers lined up at the entrance to the Garden arena—snappishly tense, thrilling to the sad yet boisterous strains of the circus band, waiting for the whistle as a fighter waits for the bell. It is a moment of hollow uncertainty; a vast catalogue of things can go wrong. But somewhere this side of panic—Barstow's nightmare time—the signal is given, and the pageant unfolds on schedule. Permitting himself his first wholly relaxed sigh for weeks, Barstow stands looking out of the shadows at a substance that has theretofore existed only in his mind—a great new circus publicly put to the dance.

—ROBERT LEWIS TAYLOR

(*This is the second of two articles on Richard Barstow.*)

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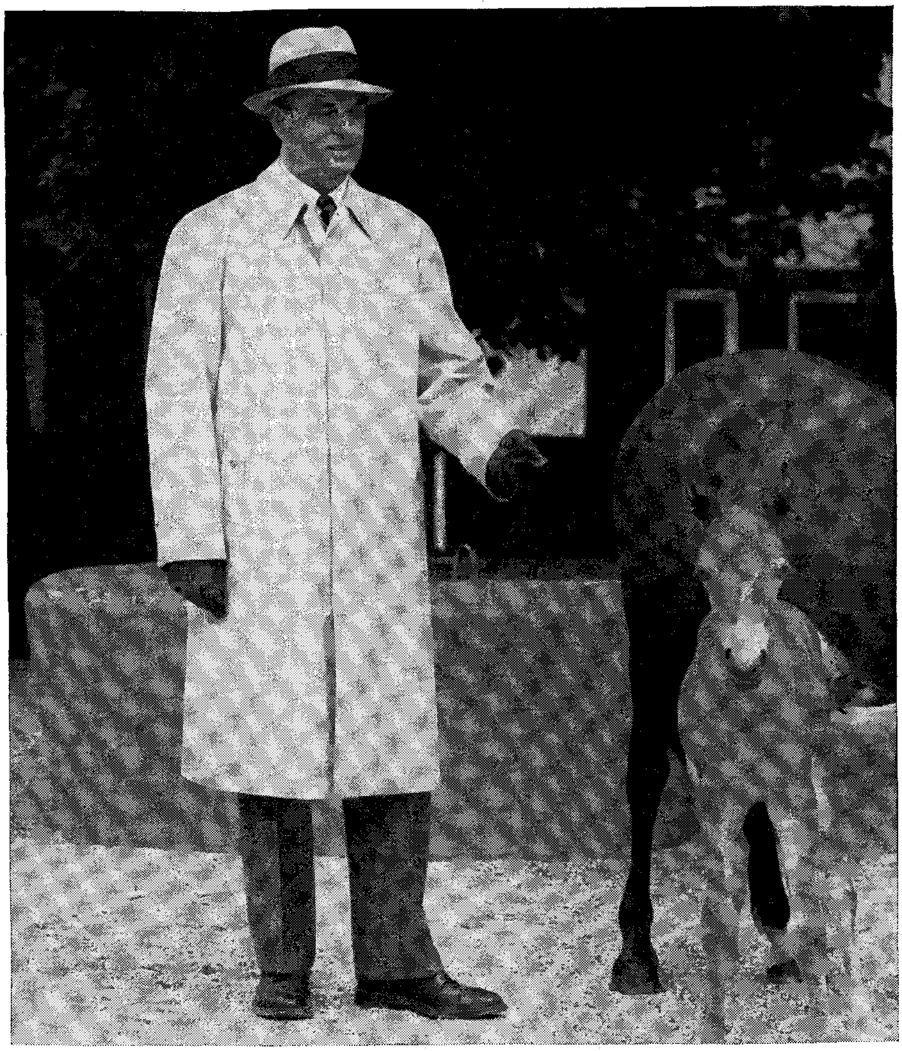

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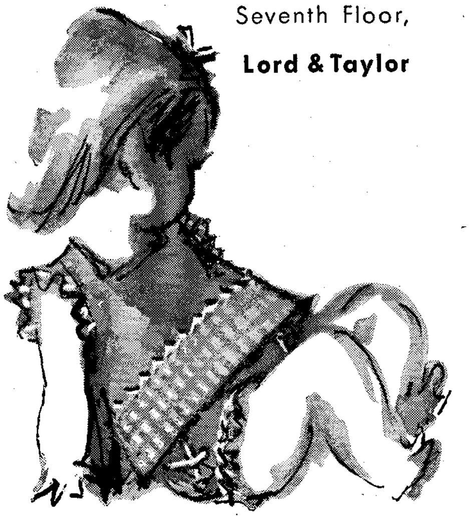

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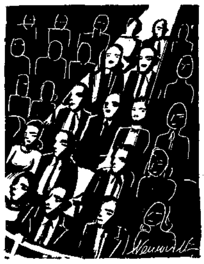
Surcharged Veniremen



STILL another television show—a play called "12 Angry Men"—has found its way out of our living rooms and into the larger areas of our movie houses, and while this particular network acorn has not developed into anything like a mighty oak, it is nevertheless a fairly substantial addition to the celluloid landscape. Adapted by Reginald Rose from his own television script, the movie takes us into a jury room and examines a heterogeneous group of citizens who are debating the fate of an eighteen-year-old boy accused of patricide. In the confines of the jury room, the spiritual and mental makeup of the dozen men is revealed as they furiously debate the boy's guilt or innocence. Starting out with the almost unanimous (eleven-to-one) belief in the youth's guilt, they presently find, under the guidance of the solitary dissenter, a pragmatic architect, that their certainties have a wobbly foundation. While this might seem rather unpromising stuff for a melodrama, the picture, as directed by Sidney Lumet, works up quite a lot of ingenious suspense as it analyzes its various characters, who range from the solid architect to a dimwit who is interested only in speeding up the proceedings, justice or no justice, so that he can be off to a baseball game. Between the poles represented by these two, we have an overweening brute who hates children because he has never got along with his own, an immigrant who is very knowledgeable about the processes of American jurisprudence, an elderly man to whom the years have brought a lot of common sense, a prissy individual who is convinced that he is as infallible as the Pope, and a mixed bag of other characters, who are alike only in their uneasiness at being placed in a situation that requires them to use their heads. The clashing motivations that keep this group in turmoil have been neatly worked out by Mr. Rose, and Mr. Lumet has managed to avoid monotony, even though his camera, for the most part, is limited to the tight quarters of the jury room. Practically everybody on hand is commendable—especially Henry Fonda, who plays the architect; Jack Warden, who plays the baseball fan; Lee J. Cobb, who plays the youth-hating brute; E. G. Marshall, who plays the infallible man; and Joseph Sweeney, who plays the wise ancient.

"ABOVE US THE WAVES" and "Tears for Simon" are British pictures that are being shown in tandem. The first is an account of how British midget submarines set about attacking the German battleship Tirpitz, and the second tells about the kidnapping of an American child in London. Neither one is really fascinating, but I guess "Above Us the Waves" is a bit more tolerable than "Tears for Simon," which drags along interminably. Among those in the former are John Mills, John Gregson, and Donald Sinden; in the latter we have David Farrar, Julia Arnall, and David Knight.

"ABANDON SHIP!" offers Tyrone Power as the chief officer of a stricken liner who, once all hands have taken to the lifeboats, is forced by circumstances to play God and determine which people in his boat must be tossed over the side if the others are to survive. I presume that this plot stems from the Eskimo custom of heaving into a snowbank any blubber-eater who doesn't pull his weight on the sled. However that may be, I was sorry that Mr. Power had to be so choosy about getting rid of his associates; every one of them could have been dropped overboard for all of me. It's that kind of movie.

IN "Boy on a Dolphin," Sophia Loren plays a Greek sponge-diver who, in the course of her underwater activities, finds a fine piece of classical sculpture. Because of her possession of the masterwork, which represents a boy on a dolphin, she attracts the interest of an archeologist and a millionaire. How the gents (Alan Ladd and Clifton Webb) can concentrate on sculpture when Miss Loren is around is beyond my understanding. Anyhow, the picture is awful.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

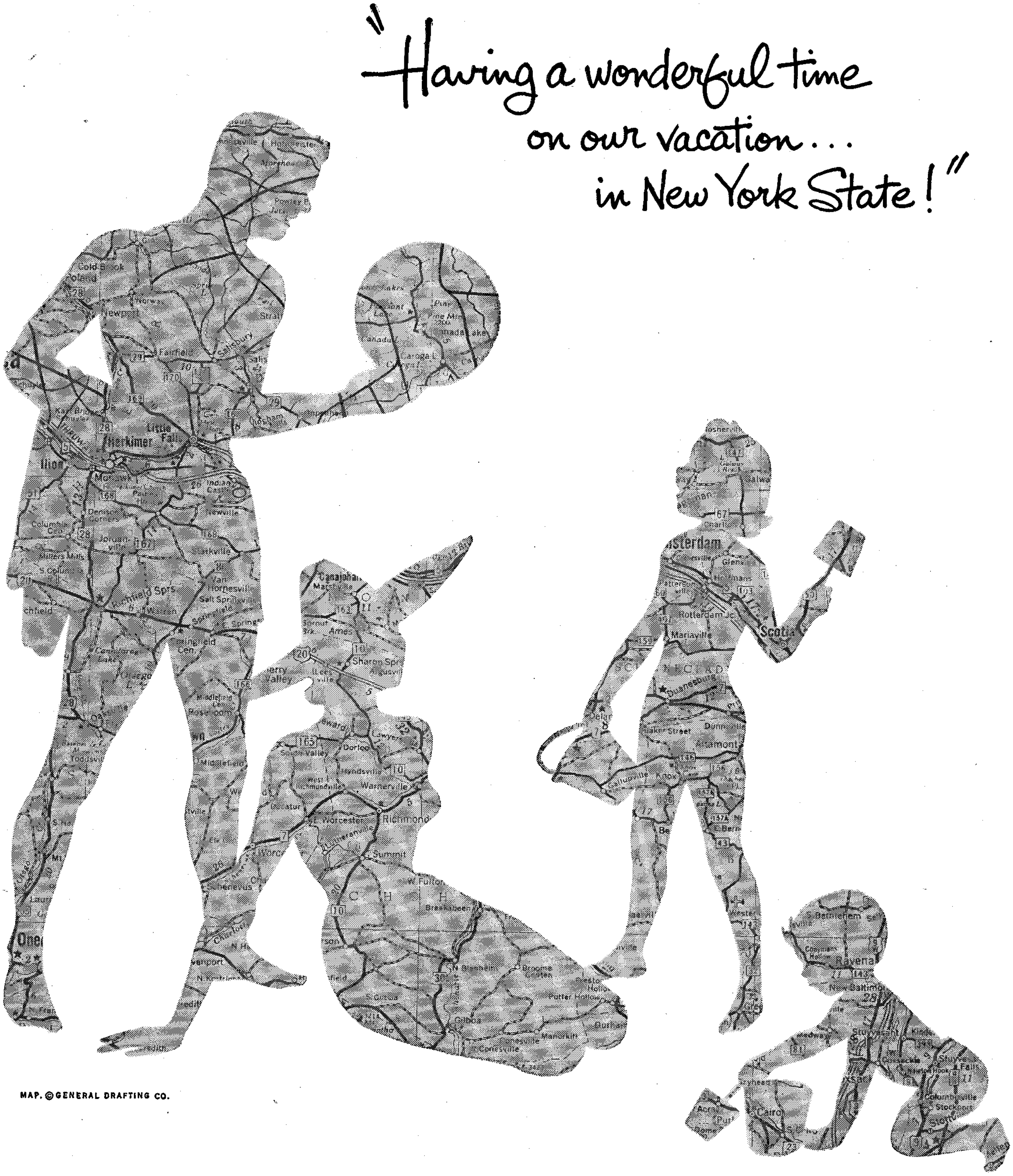
•

SHOUTS WE DOUBT EVER GOT SHOUTED

[*From the Detroit Times*]

As they neared the turn, Gen. Duke also seemed ready to call it a day, and his rider, Hartack, began flailing away with his whip and shouting frantically to Erb, astride Iron Liege:

"Get that son of Bull Lea and Iron Maiden up there! G'wan, get him up!"


"Having a wonderful time
on our vacation...
in New York State!"

MAP. © GENERAL DRAFTING CO.

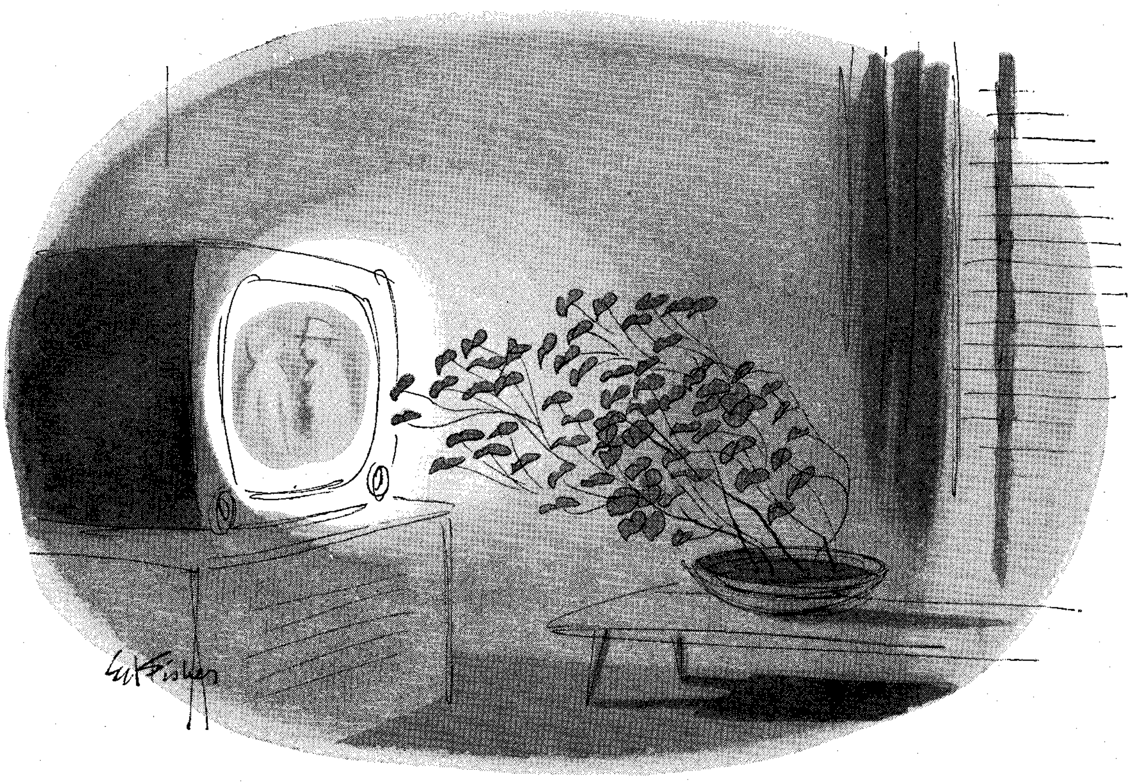
*P. S. Suggest you write Governor Averell Harriman, Albany, N. Y.,
for 196-page book "New York State Vacationlands."*

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

April 18

THE President and the Congress are awarding themselves holidays, and for at least a week or ten days the arguments over the budget will be carried on elsewhere. The arguments have been tiresome and footless, largely because they have been cast in fiscal terms that mask the real subjects of dispute—the quality of the President's leadership and the wisdom or unwisdom of his program. "The whole government is in a tizzy over the budget," the *Post & Times-Herald* said the other day, and the chances are that there has not been an April in the last thirty or forty years when that venerable newspaper has not made the same observation. Every administration is always in a tizzy around budget time, and things almost always work out the same way. The economizers are entrenched on the appropriations committees, particularly in the House, and they whack away unmercifully at the budget, knowing fairly well that most of their work will be undone on the House and Senate floors and in joint conference; cuts that do go the whole legislative route are likely to be restored, sometimes with interest, in deficiency appropriations later in the year. This, certainly, is the pattern for most of the established government programs. In the case of brand-new programs, such as the President's plan to provide federal funds for school construction, it sometimes happens that the administration does not simply get less than it asked for but gets nothing at all; in the case of existing programs that the administration seeks to expand in a large way—for example, the United States Information Agency, whose work the President would like to increase by about twenty-five per cent—it sometimes happens that Congress firmly resists granting funds for the new operations. From the look of things at the moment, the President's school-aid program is as good as dead, and the cut made by the House a couple of days ago in the U.S.I.A. appropriation—a reduction of about thirty-eight million dollars, which was roughly the amount needed for the planned extension of activities—will stand. But these are denials of political authority more than of funds. Fifteen or sixteen months from now, when the final accounts for the fiscal year of 1958 are cast up, the chances are good that the administration will be found to have been granted the full budget of $71,807,000,000 that it now seeks. This is the way things almost always go; in three of the last four years, the administration has ended with approximately half a billion dollars more than it originally requested.

There is no doubt, though, that some powerful new currents are moving here. In Republican ranks there is a revolt against the President's leadership—or, in gentler terms, an indifference to his views—that constitutes a new piece of political reality. It appears to be occasioned partly by the fact that Mr. Eisenhower, thanks to the Twenty-second Amendment, is the first lame-duck President in American history, and partly by the fact that the "modern Republicans" in his present administration have been displaying a restive audacity they failed to display in his first administration. At any rate, the conservative opposition has grown in numbers and in prestige. The case of Senator Barry Goldwater, of Arizona, who last week announced, "with the deepest sorrow," his determination to "wage a battle of conscience and conviction against the . . . elements of fiscal irresponsibility in this Republican administration," is a most instructive one. Up to now, Senator Goldwater, who was elected for his first Senate term in 1952, has been a middling figure in the Republican Party, with leanings toward the Right Wing. But he has never been part of the zany faction, and last year, as chairman of the Republican Senate Campaign Committee, he was a paragon of Party regularity, which meant, in the context of 1956, that he was a devotee of the cult of the President's personality. On November 6th of last year, the future took on new dimensions for Senator Goldwater. His Party mission was ended. The President had been reëlected for the last possible time, and the work of the Senate Campaign Committee was done, for better or worse. His problem became his own reëlection in 1958, and he perhaps sized up the Arizona political climate as one that required him to take a firm stand with the Right Wing of his Party or at least left him free to follow his own leanings. More likely, expediency and conscience happily coincided to suggest the same course. Whatever the facts, in his now famous speech he referred quite frankly to his concern for his own future. "Maybe I will be among the missing," he said, speaking of the Senate in the next Congress. "If so, it will decidedly not be because I sat here in this body and cast my vote against the taxpayer of this nation by appropriating billions of dollars for projects designed to ingratiate the Republican Party to this country and to the world." Since ingratiating the Republican Party to this country would



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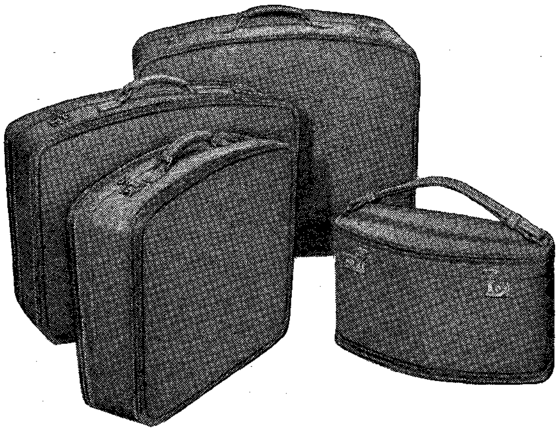

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seem precisely the thing a Republican Senator ought to do in his own behalf, one must conclude either that Arizona judges men by standards of its own or that the Republican Party there is in the control of men who would deny Goldwater the nomination if he supported the Eisenhower budget. It scarcely matters which of these things is true, or whether either of them is; the fact is that Senator Goldwater, known as pretty much of an Eisenhower Republican until last week, chose to accuse the administration of a "betrayal of the people's trust." When he did this, not a single member of his Party rose to defend the President or to dissociate himself from Senator Goldwater's current view that what the President calls "modern Republicanism" is based on "faulty premises" and is "a splinterized concept of Republican philosophy." The only man to comment on Senator Goldwater's speech from the floor was Senator Johnson, of Texas, the Democratic majority leader, who sought to needle Senator Goldwater into even more extravagant attacks on the administration by reminding him that the largest peacetime budget under the New Deal was nine billion dollars—or approximately one-eighth of this year's budget.

The common belief here is that performances such as Senator Goldwater's, while they may have little bearing on a matter like the 1958 budget, are to be seen as thrusts in the battle for control of the Republican Party—a battle that is certain to go on at least until the elections of 1960. Free of the need to give anything like consistent support to the President, Republican members of the Senate and the House may now speak as officers or representatives of their state Party organizations. This does not mean that a majority of them will oppose the President's views or vote against the legislation he wants. In many states, the Party machinery is firmly controlled by Eisenhower Republicans, and in many others the Democrats are so powerful that office-holding Republicans must ingratiate themselves with the opposition. (Arizona is normally such a state, and this encourages the view that Senator Goldwater was speaking from what he conceived to be high, disinterested principle.) Nevertheless, such strength as the Right Wing Republicans have is in state organizations, particularly in the Middle West and on the prairies, and the conservative state organizations are now eager to mobilize the forces at their command. For what is apparent to Republicans of all persuasions and to all

The man from Cunningham & Walsh

Getting basic training – The genial salesman is Gene Judd, a copy supervisor in our advertising agency. He's on official leave-of-absence from his own busy typewriter for a furlough of actual, factual selling.

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We believe this sales action in the line of duty keeps our advertising on target.

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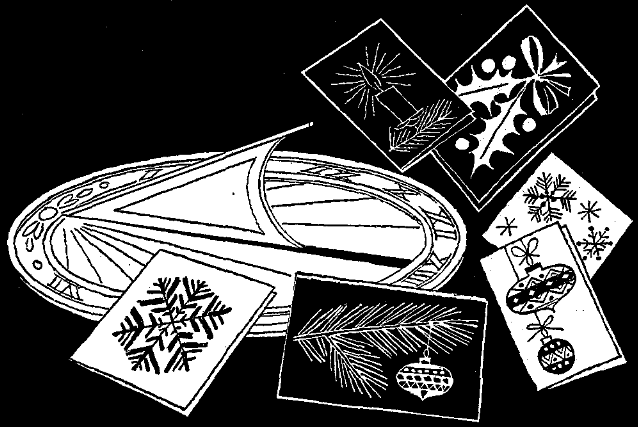
A little time now makes it easy later.



Choosing, personalizing and addressing Christmas cards takes time. Enjoy now the luxury of selecting the Christmas card you'll be proud to send as your holiday ambassador. All cards in the AAG Golden Album are the work of outstanding American artists, yet they cost no more than ordinary Christmas cards.

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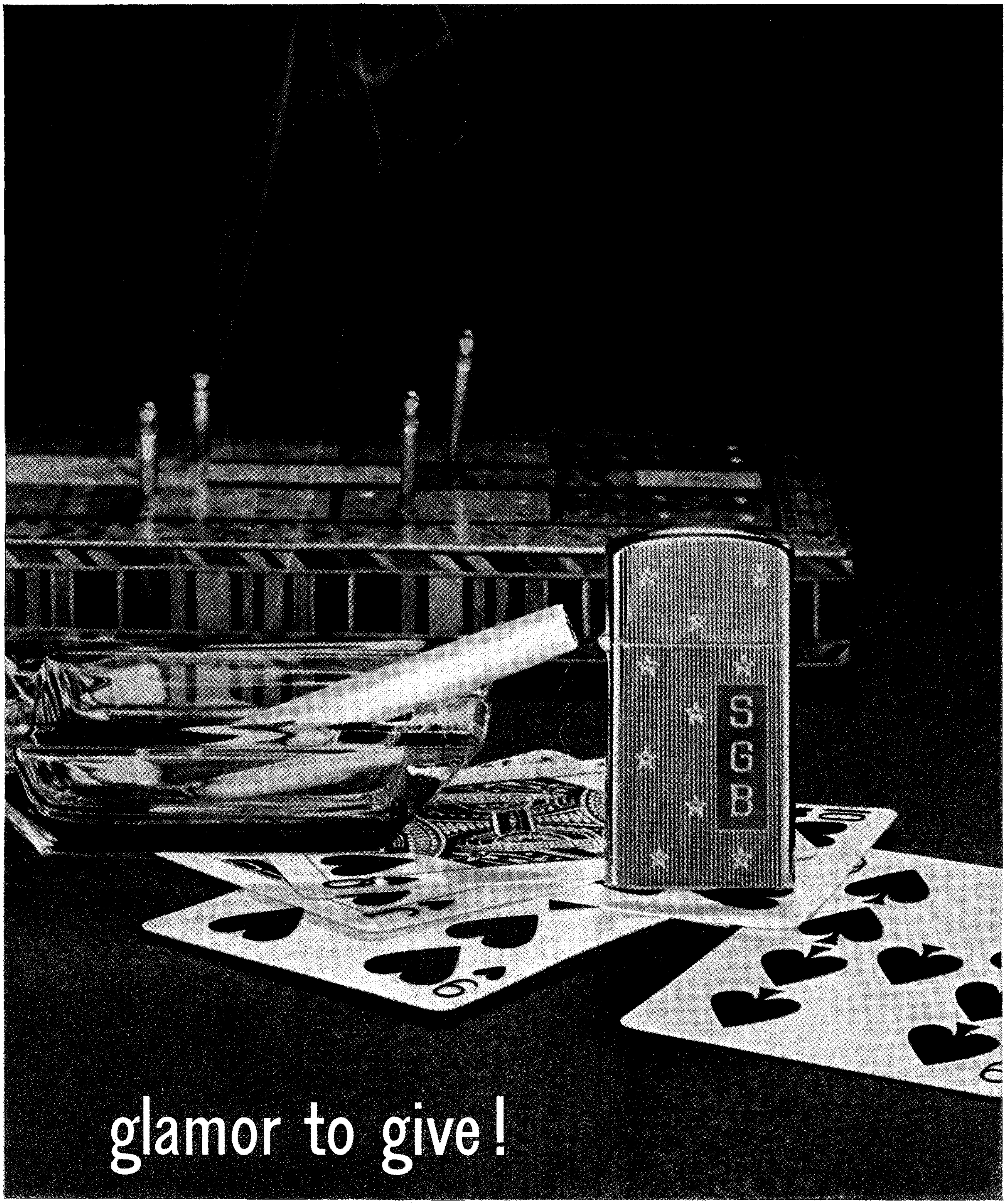

The exciting newness of the ZIPPO® Slim-Lighter

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Created for men and women who prefer a slim, lightweight lighter with all the world-famed Zippo qualities of easy action and sure lights, new *Slim-Lighter* comes in models for every pocketbook. Choose from silver or gold-filled (shown: $20 plus Fed. tax) . . . mirror-bright chrome finish . . . glowingly modern designs for men and women.

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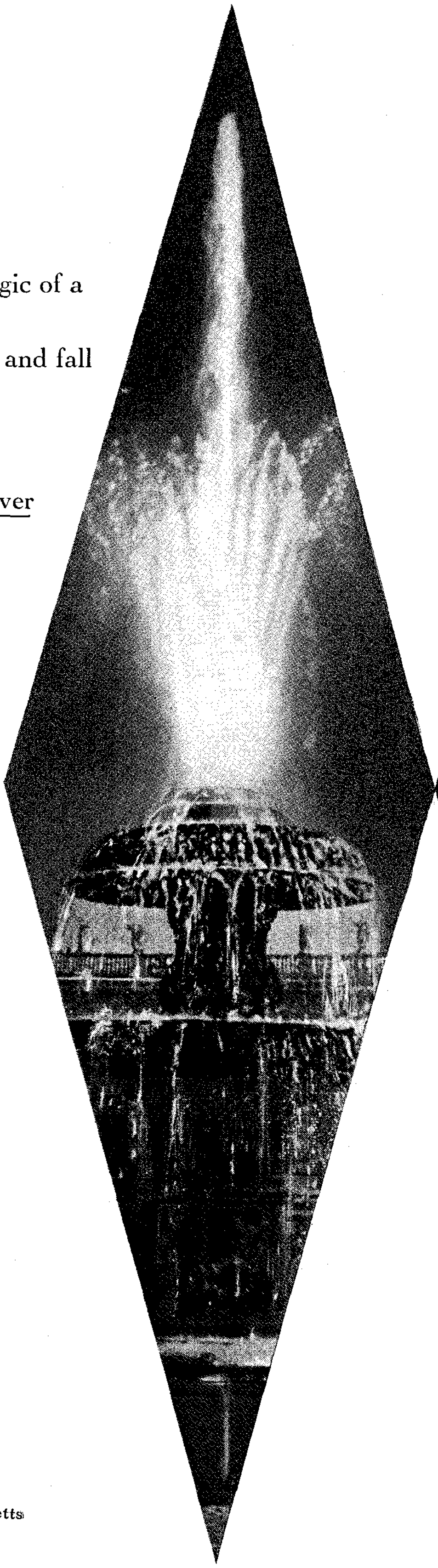
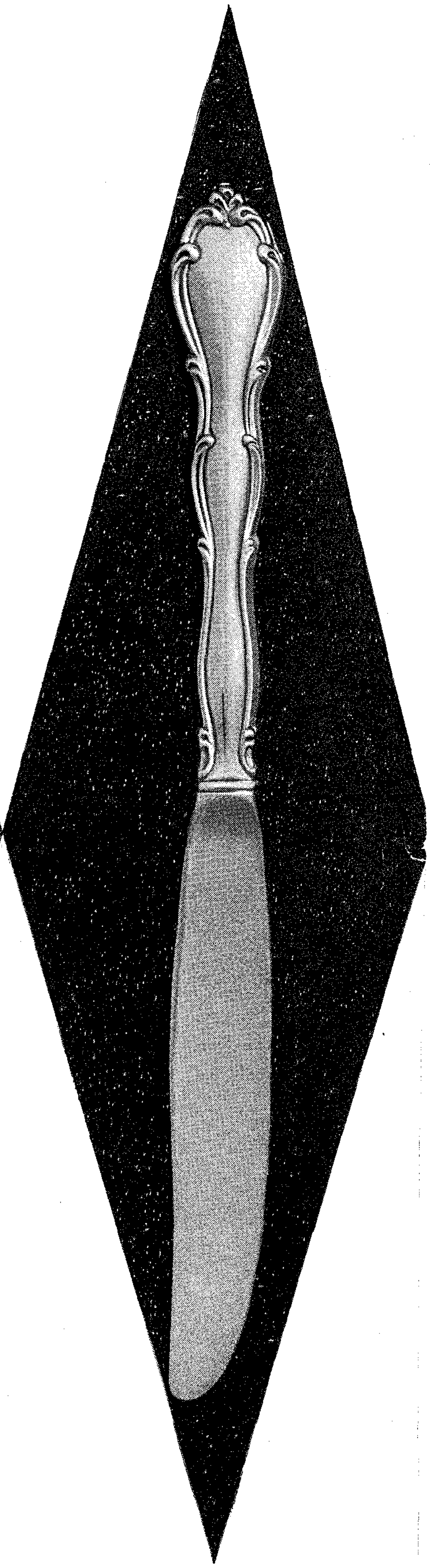
Four-piece service for one $26.75.

Six-piece service for one $38.50.

The Towle Silversmiths, Newburyport, Massachusetts





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observers here is that, regardless of any rhetorical or even legislative victories that the Right Wing may win in the coming months, and regardless of how much Mr. Eisenhower's personal authority may diminish as he moves toward the end of his tenure, the tide is running heavily in favor of the Left Wing. No matter how severely one estimates the inevitable decline of the President's influence, as long as he is in office it will continue to be more formidable than that of any other man in the Party, and there is no reason to doubt that he will continue to exert it in behalf of the Left. He has seen, as so many other Republicans have, that in this epoch, at least, liberalism is the great political success school. Throughout his administration, he has been giving the liberals more and more power. In the Cabinet, and elsewhere in the upper reaches of the administration, there have been remarkably few changes in personnel, but where changes have taken place, the "modern Republicans" have moved in. Marion Folsom sits where Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby sat in 1953. Fred Seaton sits where Douglas McKay sat four years ago. Meyer Kestnbaum has replaced Dean Clarence Manion. Christian Herter has replaced Herbert Hoover, Jr. The Richard Nixon of 1952 and 1953 has been purged and scourged by a Richard Nixon who, if he falls short of being the very model of a modern liberal statesman, does not fall short for lack of trying. The only Rightists who remain in the Cabinet are George Humphrey, Charles E. Wilson, and Ezra Taft Benson. Mr. Wilson is expected to leave soon, and in any case his office provides him with little scope for functioning as a conservative politician. Mr. Benson, though he is widely respected for his integrity, is something of a pariah even in conservative circles, since he is held chiefly responsible for the widespread defections among farmers at the polls. (Even in the farm states where the Party is in conservative hands—indeed, especially there—Mr. Benson's integrity is regarded as a moral luxury the Party can ill afford. It was reported yesterday that the administration is doing all it can to dissociate its new farm program from the name of the Secretary of Agriculture.) As for the unfortunate Secretary Humphrey, he is both pitied and reviled by the "modern Republicans," most of whom feel that the present row over the budget would never have assumed the proportions it has if Mr. Humphrey had not given the lead to the economy bloc within a matter of hours after the President sent his

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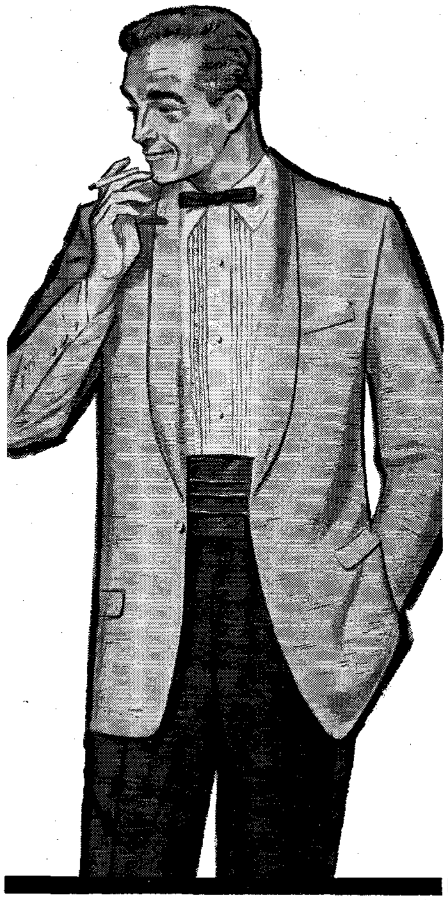

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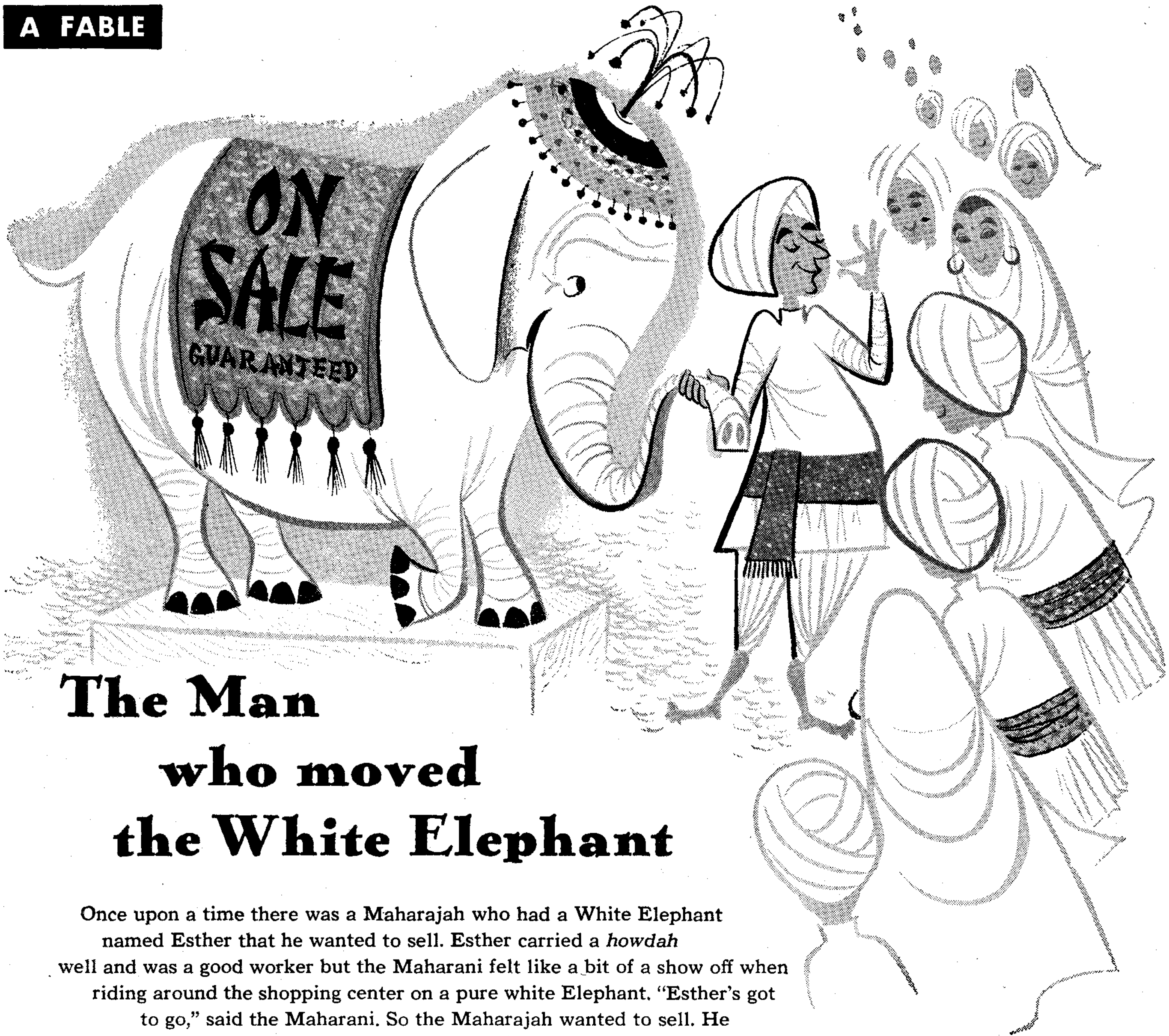
message to Congress. "This fretting over the budget is rot," one member of the modern school said last week. "The voters have never really cared whether one budget was a couple of billion more or less than the last. They care about wasting money and they care about saving money, but they don't keep budget figures in their heads. The truth is that we fouled our own nest, and when I say 'we,' you know who I mean." It would be fairly safe to bet that if Mr. Humphrey were to tender his resignation during this term, as he has said he may do and as many members of the administration devoutly hope he will do, he would in all likelihood be replaced by someone of a rather different tendency.

Business conservatives are still favored for the regulatory commissions, and there is no doubt that the business community is enjoying more favor in Washington than it ever did under the Democrats. But this administration is no longer, in any meaningful political sense, a "business" one. It is an administration of tough, seasoned politicians who are well disposed toward business but recognize that the political power of business is limited and that, with things as they are in this country, business has nowhere to go politically but to the Republicans. Because things are as they are, the Left is in the ascendancy. The disputed budget is itself evidence of this. Clearly, the Left has persuaded the President that what in 1952 he called "the crazy spending programs of the national government" were not so crazy after all—or, at least, that their elements of lunacy disappear when they are put under sound Republican management. The Right can be counted upon to wage quite a ferocious battle, but if the Right should win, it would greatly surprise most observers here, and the victory would, in any case, be only one break in a string of defeats.

RAMADAN, the Islamic holy month, during which believers fast from dawn to dusk and aspire toward blameless lives in the daylight hours, coincides roughly with the cherry-blossom season and the great tourist incursion here. Noting this, the proprietors of the new Islamic Center decided that Ramadan of 1376, which began on April 1, 1957, would be a good time for a preview opening of their handsome building on Massachusetts Avenue—or, more precisely, on that strip of it known as Embassy Row. The Center, which houses a library, a museum, and a lecture hall, as well as the world's first air-conditioned mosque and the world's most up-to-date facilities for Moslem ablution rites, belongs on Embassy Row not simply because most of the five hundred-odd Moslems in Washington are members of the diplomatic community but also because the Center itself has all the attributes of a legation except extraterritoriality. Islam is the state religion in most countries where Moslems are a majority, and in the Moslem world as a whole there does not exist—ideologically, at any rate—the degree of separation of spiritual and temporal power that is to be found even in Western countries that have established official churches. The title to the Islamic Center is held by a foundation whose trustees turn out to be the ambassadors of the Moslem countries. There are fifteen of these now, three more than there were when the project was conceived, in 1945. The money for the building, which cost about $1,500,000, came mainly from the treasuries of the participating nations, and the magnificent décor—rugs, tiles, draperies, carvings, and lights—is mainly largesse from the nations' rulers. Egypt contributed by far the biggest share of money, art, and skills. King Farouk, in happier days, put up a full share of the hundred thousand dollars with which the acre-and-a-half building site was purchased. Under General Naguib and Lieutenant-Colonel Nasser, further appropriations were made. The plans for the building were drawn in the Ministry of Wakfs in Cairo—a bureau of the Egyptian government that attends to the planning, construction, and maintenance of mosques and caravansaries throughout Egypt, and employs many eminent specialists in the design and decoration of buildings to be used for pious purposes. The director of the Center, Dr. Mohamed Bisar, and his assistant, Hosny M. Gaber, are theologians and scholars on leave from Al-Azhar University, an Egyptian state institution, and they draw their pay from Colonel Nasser's government. It is not surprising that visitors to their offices should be led past a table stacked with copies of a publication of the Egyptian Embassy entitled "A Decade of Defiance: Israel and the U.N."

Though the Islamic Center was designed by Egyptians, the style is predominantly Moorish, and, according to Mr. Gaber, the building is to some extent a replica of the Alhambra. The center courtyard resembles the Court of the Lions at Granada, and its fountain is a copy of the famous one there, but without lions. The courtyard is separated from Massachusetts Avenue by a series of five archways, whose supports and decorations resemble those of

A FABLE



The Man who moved the White Elephant

Once upon a time there was a Maharajah who had a White Elephant named Esther that he wanted to sell. Esther carried a *howdah* well and was a good worker but the Maharani felt like a bit of a show off when riding around the shopping center on a pure white Elephant. "Esther's got to go," said the Maharani. So the Maharajah wanted to sell. He was having a difficult time, the market for White Elephants being limited, until one day a nomadic Teller of Tales chanced upon the scene. "Simplicity itself," said the Teller of Tales. "*I'll* sell the White Elephant for you." He told the People about the White Elephant, pointing out that it was on Sale and that no home should be without one because White Elephants were a Symbol of Purity. "Be the first in your block to have one," he urged in his rich, warm, sincere, persuasive manner. And the People trampled all over one another in their rush to buy.

MORAL

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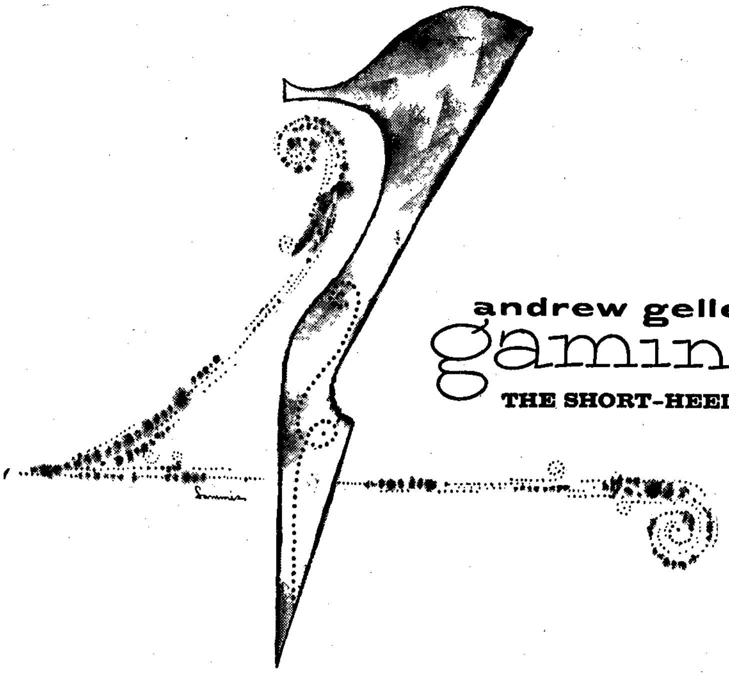

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the Alhambra's peristyle. To the left and right are colonnades leading to the wings, which house the museum, library, lecture hall, and offices, and between these, at the rear of the courtyard, is the prayer room, or mosque itself, topped by a hundred-and-sixty-foot minaret, which in this city of low buildings can be seen from a considerable distance and is almost certainly the loveliest spire in the District. The Wakfs people who worked all this out never visited Washington, according to Mr. Gaber, a frail, bespectacled theologian who looks as if he had not once had occasion to smile in his thirty-odd years on this sinful planet. They worked, in fact, with no information whatever except the over-all dimensions of the building site. Their plans had to be adapted by a firm of Washington engineers and architects and by the contractor, A. Joseph Howar, a local builder who is Syrian by birth and Moslem by faith but who for the most part puts up apartment houses and employs whatever local labor the unions send him. One of the first and knottiest problems was to determine the *kiblah*, or easterly direction, in which the building was required to face, and this brought on a good deal of controversy. The American engineers, drawing a bead on Mecca, decided to point the mosque 56 degrees, 33 minutes, and 15 seconds east of true north. Some Moslem dignitaries visiting the center when it was under construction took out their pocket compasses and were scandalized to find the orientation so far off a magnetic easterly reading of 90 degrees. They said that if their compasses were right, the building should be torn down and begun all over again; some interpretations of Moslem law call for this, and Moslem practice has sometimes called for the beheading of artisans who erred on this crucial matter. The National Geographic Society was called in, and the engineers were upheld. Because of the earth's curvature, if one is to look to Mecca from Washington it is necessary to look toward New York, Newfoundland, and the North Atlantic; the Great Circle route is the direct one, and most Moslems in this part of the country, looking due east from the magnetic pole, have been beaming their prayers toward the Soviet Union five times daily.

The Washington engineers and builders also had to decide on most of the construction materials. The basic stuff is reinforced concrete, the exterior facing is of Alabama limestone, and the pillars supporting the colonnades are of Maine granite. The limestone slabs and granite pillars (along with a few other features, such as flush plywood doors and deeply recessed windows with the latest in brass hardware) give a kind of District Court touch to the otherwise exotic building, and if one observes the Islamic Center from a near perspective that excludes the minaret, which is the one external symbol of its religious and political significance, the structure might seem the work of an American designer of public buildings—an architect with a slight, rather hesitant tendency toward the romantic, born perhaps of overexposure to the Southern California style of a couple of generations back.

Seen as a unit, though, the Islamic Center is a singularly ornamental addition to the city, and the mosque proper is a place of matchless beauty. It is a perfectly square room, like the Holy Kaaba at Mecca, and not particularly large, measuring fifty-seven feet along each wall. The one irregularity is the *mihrab*, or niche, indicating the direction of Mecca. Only a few square feet of any of the room's surfaces are undecorated, and this situation will probably be corrected when some draperies momentarily expected from Pakistan are hung. The thirty-two hundred or so square feet of flooring are completely covered by resplendent Kirman rugs given by the Shah of Iran. All four walls and the *mihrab* are covered, shoulder high, with blue and white glazed tiles contributed by the government of Turkey. To the right, or south, of the *mihrab* is a *mimbar*, or pulpit, consisting of a platform and a steep stairway leading up to it. Both the platform and the balustrade of the stairway are surfaced with wood and ivory mosaics made by Egyptian carvers. The fitted pieces, which must number high in the thousands, are about an inch long and half an inch wide, and the geometric pattern is of a surpassing intricacy. On the wall above the Turkish tile wainscoting and on parts of the ceiling are verses from the Koran, lettered in Arabic in a pale-blue paint, and friezes of ornamental plaster; both the painting and the friezes were done by three Egyptian artisans, who were the only foreign craftsmen brought to this country for work on the mosque. It is extraordinary that the bold, close, riotously colored design, unplanned for any sort of harmony, should please the eye rather than offend it. In the center of the mosque, where the ceiling gives way to a dome, is suspended a great chandelier—still another contribution from Egypt—made of huge tubes of bronze and weighing, Mr.

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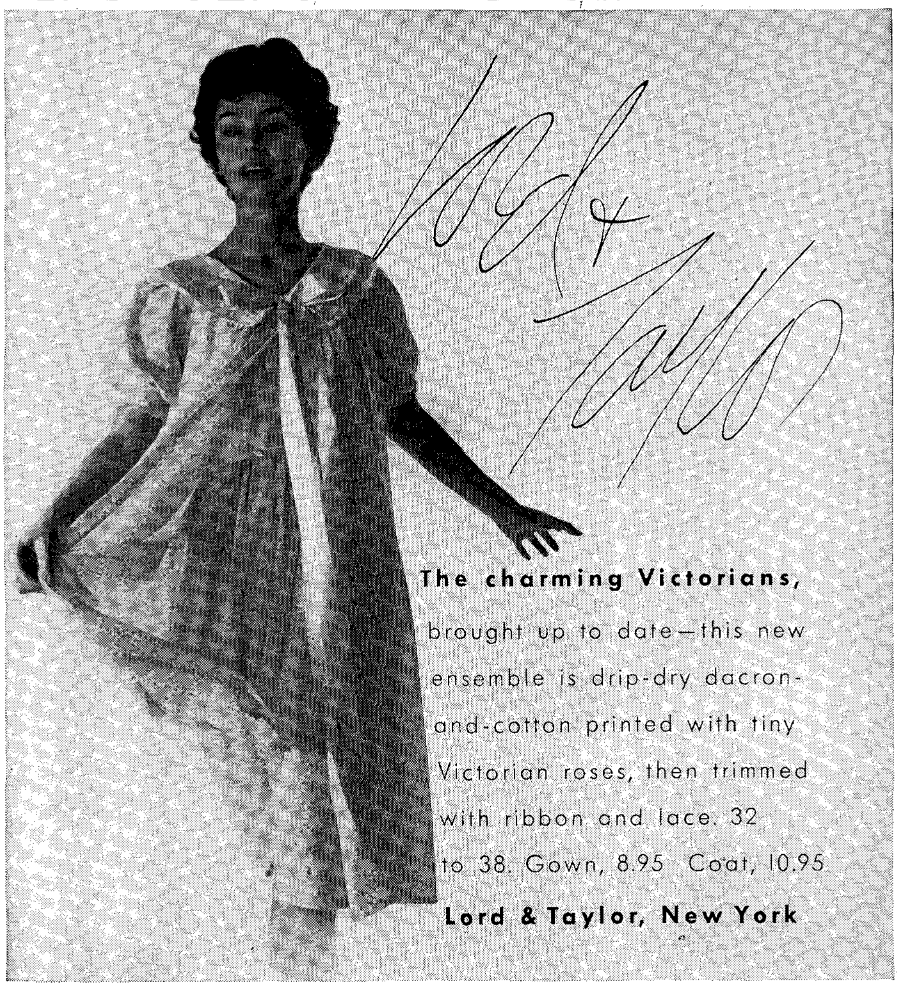

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Gaber says proudly, two long tons. Its light plays over the ornamental plaster and goes up into the dome, where it pierces a series of stained-glass windows that extend around the dome's top. The stained glass, which is the only part of the décor produced by Americans, is patternless, and its purpose—unlike that of the windows of most Christian churches—is not to add to the beauty of the place of worship but to send iridescent light out of the mosque. As for the minaret, it is a lovely sight in daylight and lovelier still by night, when it glows in the radiance of floodlights.

The mosque, though it is open for prayer and though it is playing host to infidel hordes from the tourist buses, is not quite complete. It has a muezzin, Akram Direneyya, to sound the calls to prayer, and it has the permission of the Police Department to broadcast the cries from the minaret. But though Akram Direneyya, according to Dr. Bisar, is a satisfactory muezzin in most respects, he has rather an unfortunate voice, and for the time being a tape recording of the "Allah Illah Allah" of Sheik Mustapha Ismail, reputed to be the Caruso of Egyptian muezzins, is being used. There is nothing sacrilegious, or even unusual, about this, Dr. Bisar says; tape recordings are used for the purpose in many parts of the Moslem world. But it seems desirable to have a live show in this mosque, and in time there will be an assistant muezzin to call the faithful to prayer. (There is now no regular imam, or leader of prayer, either, and Dr. Bisar and Mr. Gaber alternate in this role.) Many further improvements are expected. By no means all the countries that have pledged decorations have come through as yet. King Saud, for example, when he was here negotiating a loan a few months ago, promised to pay for a wall around the Center and for the establishment of a Moslem cemetery in some nearby place, but no more has been heard of these. Still, even in its incomplete state, in the view of Dr. Bisar and Mr. Gaber, this is not only a gem among mosques but an absolutely unique one. Never before have the Moslem nations collaborated as they have on this project, but what particularly impresses the directors is the contributions of American ingenuity. The plumbing contractors designed special washroom facilities of tile and porcelain and chrome for the Moslems' ritual cleansing, and put in each stall an automatic soap dispenser yielding "Luron, with lanolin." "Lanolin is sheep oil," Mr. Gaber said. "How appropriate!"

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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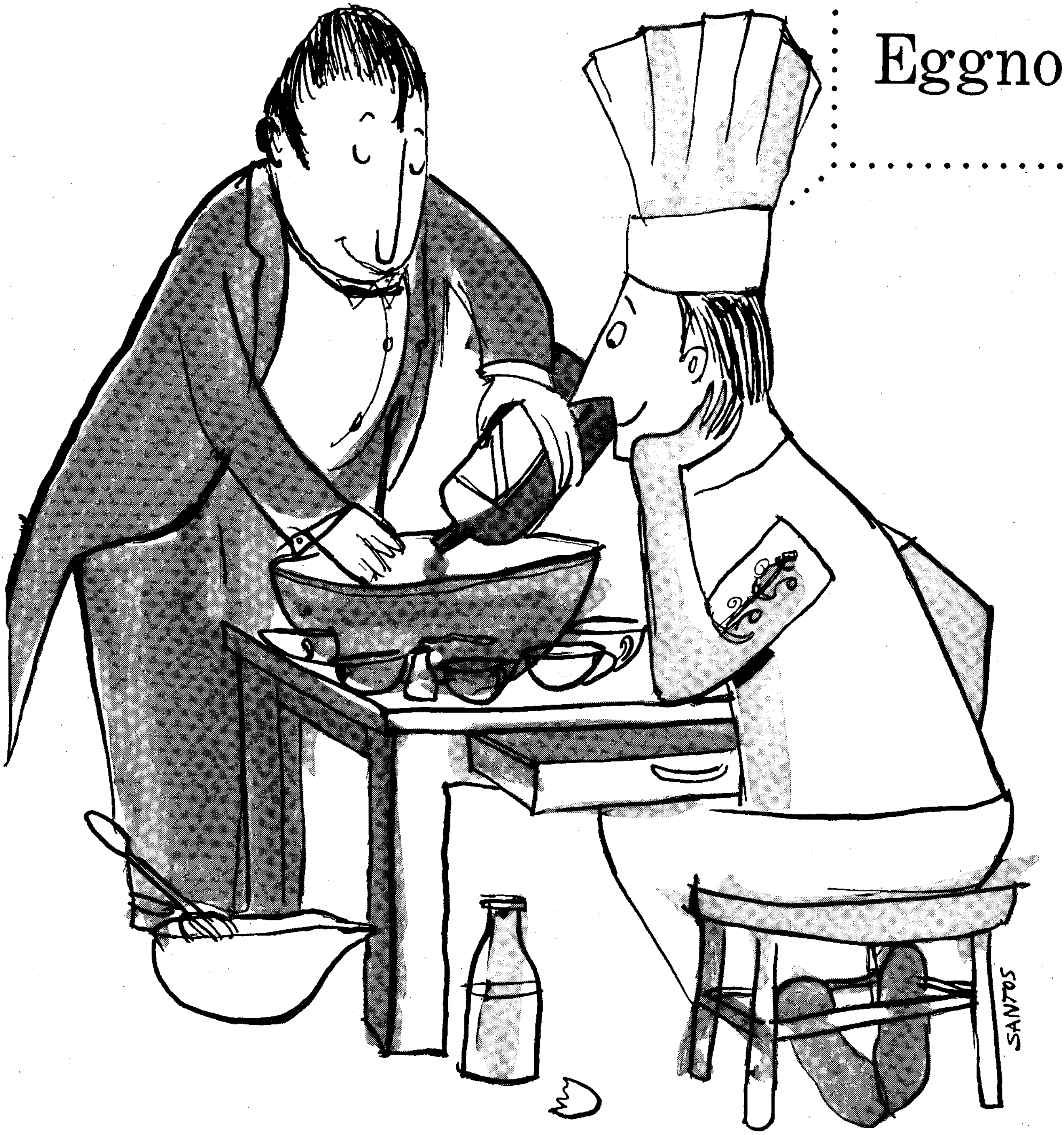

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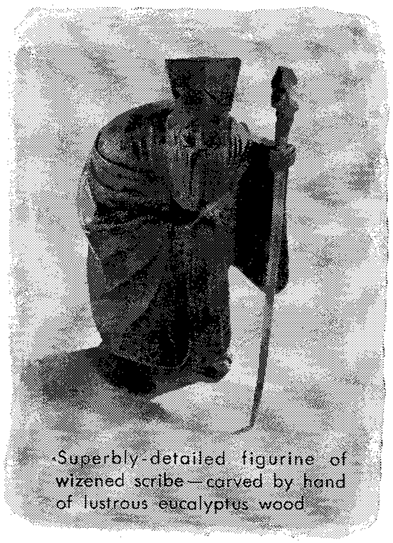

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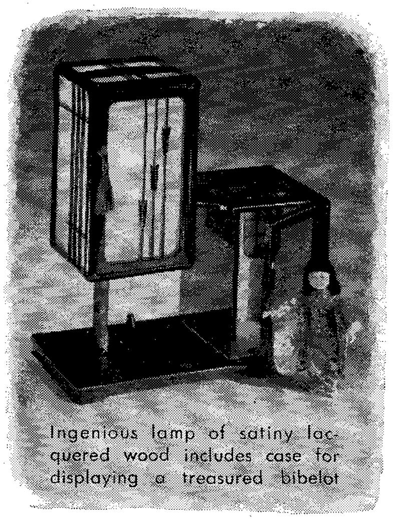

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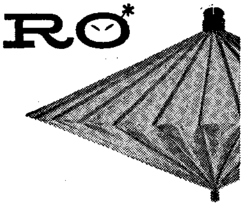

THE ART GALLERIES

Something Old, Something New

WE have a fairly mixed group to consider this week, its components ranging from the first American one-man showing of a young Canadian, William Ronald, to the work of the veteran Max Ernst, and including a revival of that flamboyant figure of the nineteen-twenties, Jules Pascin. Ronald is one of that group of young insurgents—Jean-Paul Riopelle, Paul-Emile Borduas, and so on—who have lately, and surprisingly, arisen in Canada, until now the sternly inviolate home of entrenched academicism. A Torontonian, really young (he is just thirty), and, until he moved to this country a couple of years ago, entirely Canadian-trained, he nevertheless reveals himself, in his show at the Kootz, as a painter of considerable technical adroitness and maturity of feeling. Offhand, his work must be classed as Abstract Expressionist, for he follows that school in his tendency to use the primary image mainly as a basis for coloristic elaboration. But the term is now applied so broadly that it is coming to be a catchall, and Ronald differs from the majority of the American exponents of the style in that his interest in design clearly comes first and is usually anchored firmly to the subject matter, while the color is generally secondary—an adjunct rather than a compositional element in itself.

All this is only to say that he's more Abstract than Expressionist, and the fact works to his advantage, for it gives his canvases a formal rectitude that otherwise they might not have. At times, though, the emphasis on subject becomes a trifle insistent, as in "Gentry" and "The Raven," neither of which is among his best pictures, and at least in one instance, "Requiem," with its streaked lavender mingling jarringly with the predominant blacks and reds, his feeling for color deserts him temporarily. He has also a habit of constructing his compositions a bit too often around a central black area. But for the most part his tonal perceptions are sure and sensitive and the subjective elements are just evident enough to give philosophical depth to the canvases without ever obtruding themselves above the level of true abstraction. I especially liked "Image," with its shadowy blue shape poised above a cliff-like black space; "The Wolf," with its adroit suggestion of blown snow; and the blockily red-and-black "Bastille."

IT was in 1951 that Max Ernst had his last New York exhibition, and it's a pleasure to be able to state that his current collection of sculpture and paintings, at the Iolas, is a truly handsome performance. Ernst, now sixty-six, has been active in many of the modern movements, from his early dabblings in Expressionism, through his Dadaist days (he helped found that short-lived but exuberant movement), to Surrealism, of which he was also one of the instigators. Inevitably, traces of the styles and influences he has passed through in his varied career remain, and, perhaps because he seems now to be striking out again in a new stylistic direction (and hence reassessing his own artistic possessions), these traces are more apparent in this new work than they were heretofore.

African Negro art appears most prominently in the sculptures, particularly in "Moon-Mad" and "The King Playing His Queen." In the paintings, one sees slight suggestions of Miró, Klee, and others. But these occasional references are always used to develop his own designs, and the show is an almost perfect expression of the mixture of playfulness, poetry, technical inventiveness, and wit that is uniquely his. The last previous pieces of his that I recall were a series of "moon pictures" and other finely detailed landscapes, mainly Western in feeling (for some years, he has been spending his winters in Arizona), and there are a few canvases in the show—"Mountain Standard Time," for example—to indicate that he still returns now and then to this technique.

The majority of the paintings, though, are much larger, broader in design, more varied in concept and tonality, and, I think, infinitely more effective. Unpredictability has always been one of Ernst's outstanding qualities, and the subjects on view range from a delightful small study, called "Project for a Monument to W. C. Fields," that goes beyond caricature to catch the spirit of its subject, and another, of a dumpy little square-headed chick, called "What Kind of Bird Are You?," as well as a still playful but neatly organized and more ambitious "Butter-

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fly Chase in Touraine," to such really stunning creations as the tenderly expressive pale-white-and-yellow "In the Sunny Woods," the fluently green and marshy "Song of the Frog," and the richly textured "Woman Freeing a Bird." I liked, too, "The Shriek of the Sea Gull," with its bluebird image aloft in a swirl of white spray, and (perhaps the most directly poetic of all) the painting of a round, indeterminate object, luminously red and suggesting the mouth of a trumpet or— well, the title, "A Rock or a Flower or a Voice," explains it.

PASCIN, a group of whose paintings, water colors, and drawings are on exhibit at the Perls, was not only a figure of the nineteen-twenties; he was almost a symbol of the epoch. Sharp-eyed and shrewd-faced, bowler-hatted and never without a cigar, he was a fixture of Paris café life, and when he died, a suicide, in 1930, the event, not definitive but still significant, was a kind of punctuation mark—like one of the dots that follow a trailing-off sentence—to suggest the beginning of the end of an era. As an artist he was endlessly conscientious, and his work nearly always revealed a high degree of skill and imagination. The collection, a fairly small one, is extremely well selected, and extends in time from a pair of brisk little landscapes with figures, "Scène Cubaine aux Cavaliers" and "Cavalier à Cuba," dating from a visit to the island in 1917, to a couple of pictures he did in 1926. One, a study of a seated nude, "Jeune Fille à la Bouteille de Vin," is remarkable for its masterly treatment of the flesh tones, at once smooth, sensuous, and delicately glowing, and much the same might be said of "Le Torse," done two years earlier. The show, by the way, is supplemented, engagingly, by a group of a dozen paintings by some of his contemporaries of the Paris School, among them a fine early Fauvist Dufy, "Le Port du Havre;" an exceptionally powerful Rouault head of a girl, "Fille du Cirque;" a beautifully balanced Braque still-life, "Le Violoncelle;" and a richly red "Danseuse Orientale," by the almost forgotten Kees Van Dongen.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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Perhaps the sharpest public criticism came from the 1956 n-T etaoin shrdlucmfwypvbgkqj Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate, Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee.—*The Times.*

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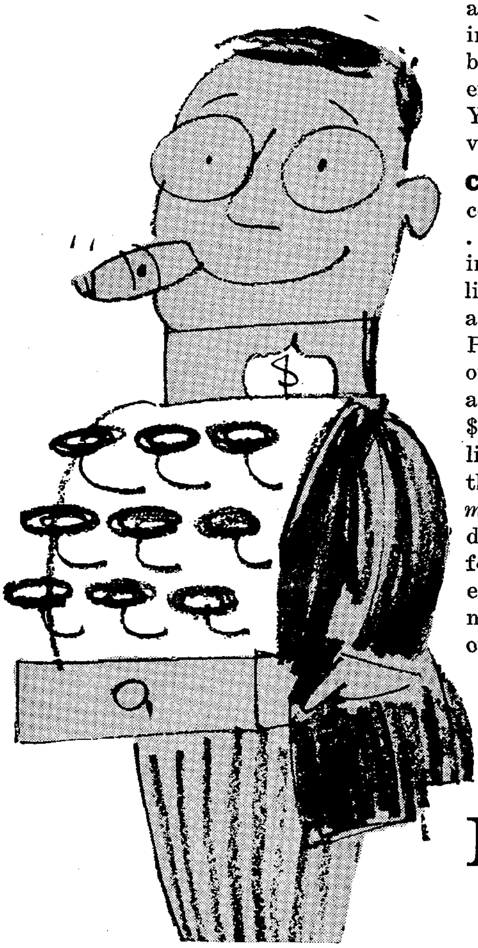

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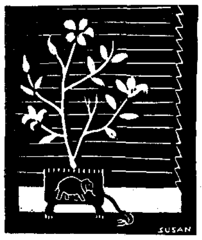
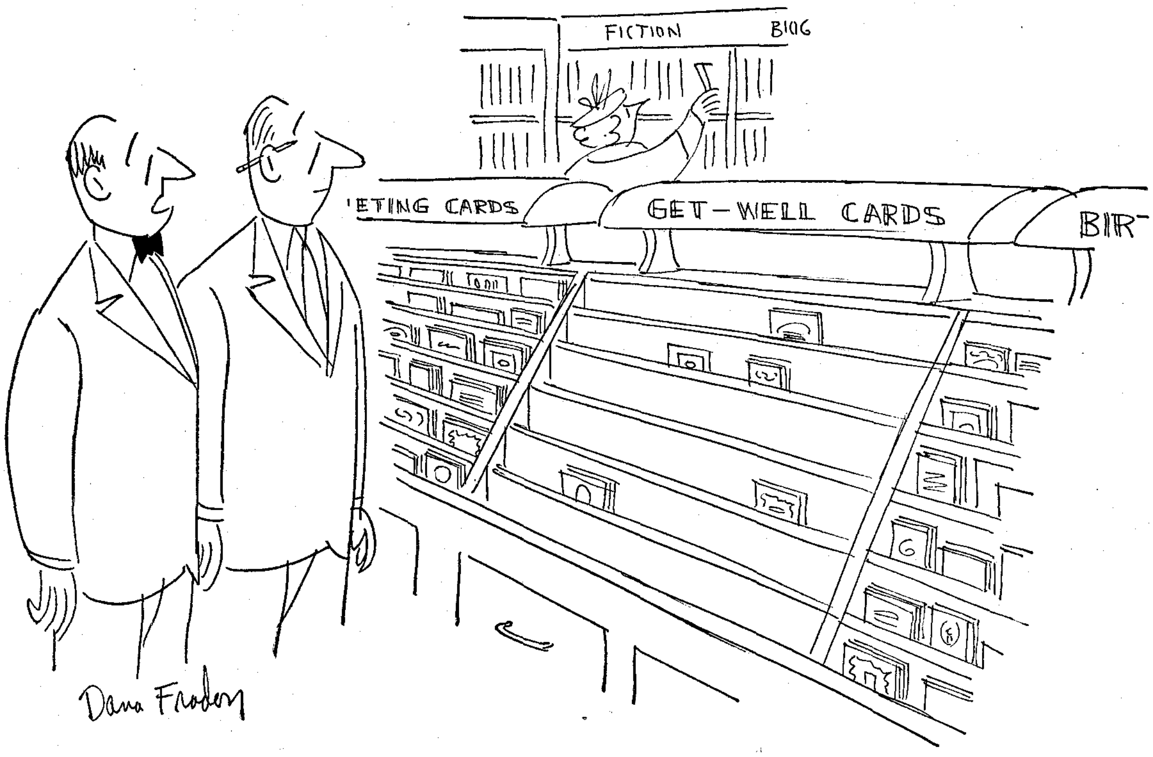


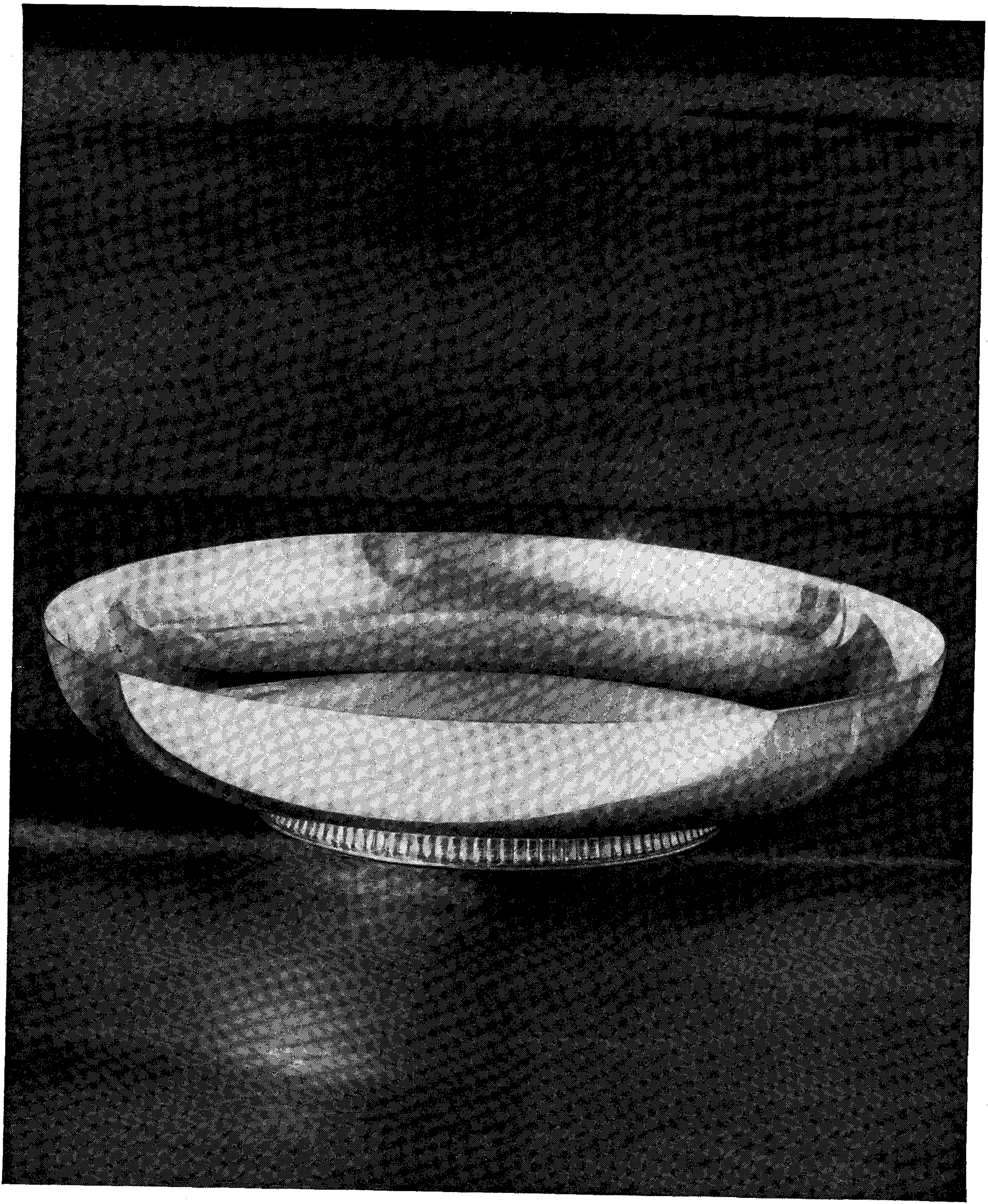
ALTHOUGH I have always been dead set against the adjective "fabulous," no doubt because Madison Avenue has claimed the word for its own with such determined vivacity, after paying a visit to a collection of new hand-woven upholstery and curtain materials at the showroom of Isabel Scott I'm about willing to concede that fabulous is what they are; that is to say, they're more or less incredible—somewhere beyond sober reality. On the other hand, the term so cherished by the copy writers fails to convey any idea of the elegant textures and imaginative designs of the new fabrics, so maybe I had better stay on the conservative side after all, and say simply that some of them are as beautiful as anything of the kind you've ever laid eyes on. Although the entire collection is interesting, my special enthusiasm is reserved for a group of pure-wool tweeds hand-woven by Irishwomen of County Wicklow from their own designs. The fact that these country weavers have achieved complete mastery of their craft is not surprising, but that they have also been able to achieve marvellously subtle color effects and an authentic feeling for modern design somehow upsets one's preconceptions of the simplicity of Irish country life. It's going to be hard to give you an idea of the harmonious charm of these particular weaves, but if you will bear with me for a moment, I'll do my best. One of the most striking things about them is the intelligent use of a wonderful gentian blue, which is employed in a number of the fabrics as a foundation color, with purples, mauves, and pinks superimposed in a variety of ravishing patterns. For example, one is a series of shadowy squares in which, if you examine them closely, you can see that innumerable shades of blue and purple have been used. Another weave (this one would be perfect on a sofa, or on any other piece large enough to show off the repeat design) has broad stripes of the gentian blue edged with warm-beige bands of varying widths. Many small allover patterns are done in delightful shades of green, orange, or yellow, and there are what at first sight look like conventional herringbone patterns in several tones of gray, which turn out to have a delicate, barely visible stripe of mauve. The Irish materials range in price from $20 a fifty-four-inch yard to $36 an eighty-four-inch yard.

Among the domestic hand-weaves are a large and handsome assortment of upholstery and drapery goods designed by Katherine Choy, a Chinese weaver and ceramist who has been living in this country for the past ten years. One of the characteristics of this group is the almost exclusive use of natural fibres; an occasional specimen contains rayon, but most of the fabrics are of wool, raw silk, linen, cotton, goat's hair, or ramie—the last being the Asian plant that had the Technocrats so excited a generation ago, when they were planning to dress us all in cheap and indestructible clothes made of it. Miss Choy has worked up some exceedingly good-looking fabrics in all these mediums, the ones of wool and of raw silk being especially effective. Prices run from $20 to $27 a fifty-inch yard, and there are highly successful power-loomed replicas of her hand-woven patterns for around $8.50, among them some very decorative semi-sheers for casement use. And, to add a lively and colorful touch to the collection, there is a group of gauzy white linens, at $9 a yard, on which is printed an arrangement of stripes so cleverly spaced and of such varied widths as to look like a freehand design. These come in combinations of sky blue and vivid pink on white; blue and purple on white; and a dazzling sunny yellow on an equally dazzling white. The Scott firm, which, as you probably know, is at 515 Madison Avenue (53rd), deals only through decorators or architects.

THE fabrics of Eaglesham Prints, at 123 East 54th Street, are beautiful in such a different way from the fabrics of the Scott group that comparisons, which are unpleasant anyway, are in this case irrelevant. The materials, mostly linen and cotton (there are a few silks, too), are hand-printed to order with designs that are nearly all adapted from classic decorations. One pattern of stylized leaves, reminiscent of Italian



"That virus is certainly making the rounds."



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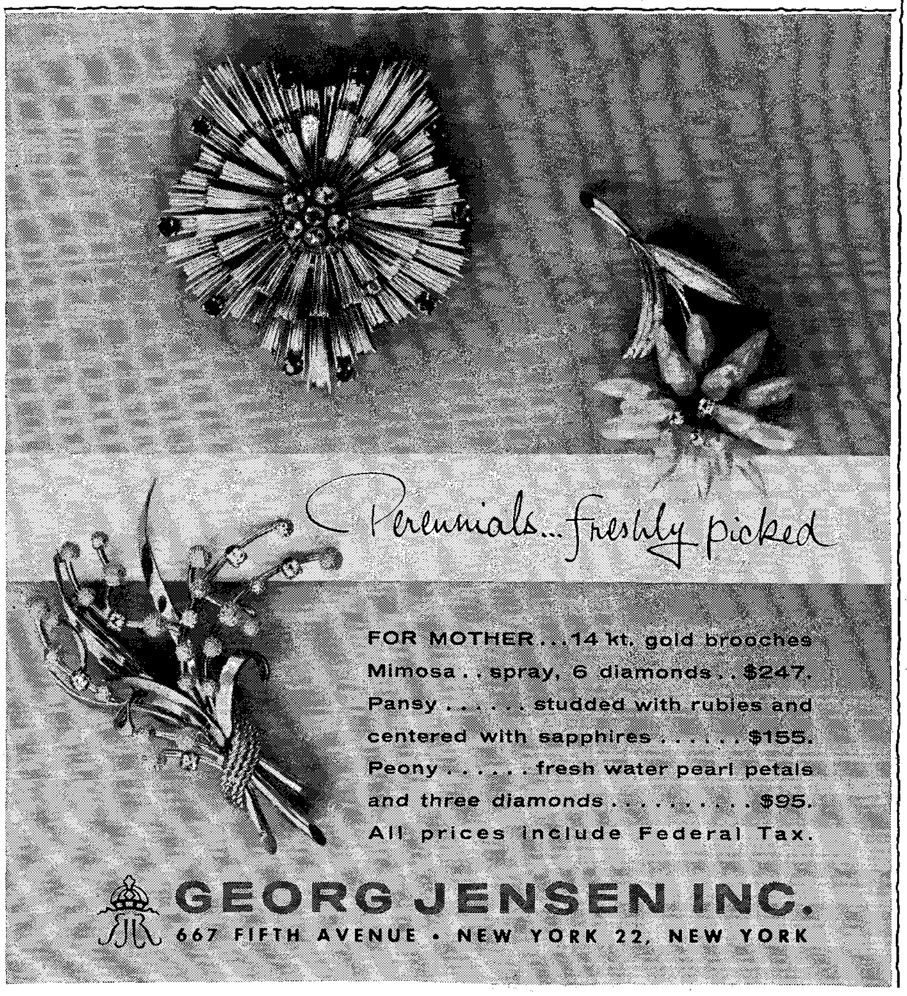

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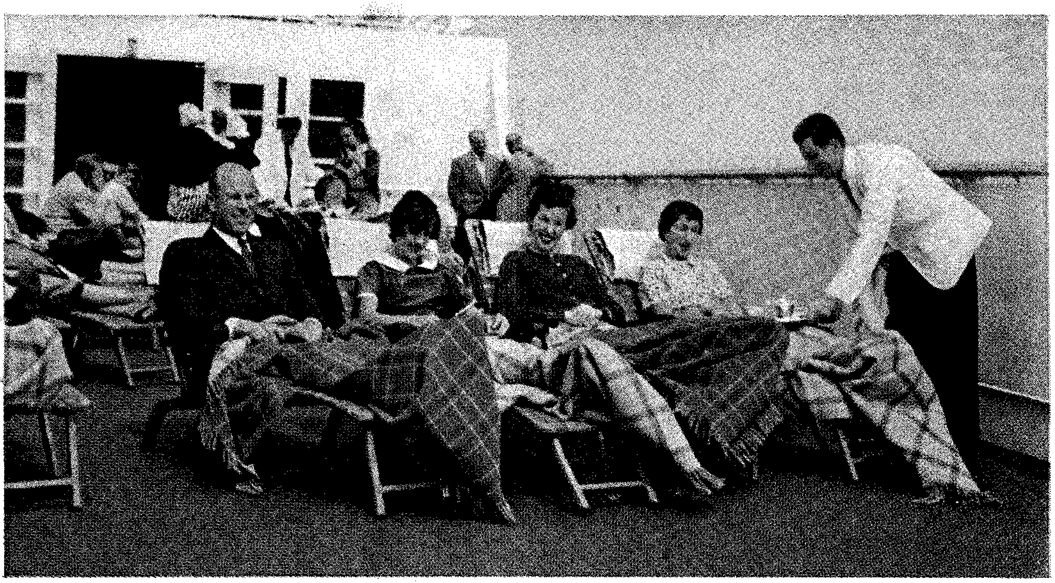
Renaissance brocade, turns up in any number of treatments, sometimes hardly recognizable as itself. For instance, it is shown as a smashing black design on a natural Belgian crash linen as coarse as burlap; in olive green on a more tightly woven blue linen; and in a white pigment on a fine écru linen. The variety of dissimilar arrangements seems endless, and each has an entirely original decorative effect. An écru cotton-and-mohair printed with a Paisleylike design in white pigment has an unhackneyed charm that shows to especial advantage in unlined draperies; a small damask pattern, in white on white linen, has enormous style; and there are numerous allover flower prints that are as refreshingly unlike the usual flower patterns as they well could be. In these floral designs, only the backgrounds are printed (the ones I saw were done in entrancing shades of clear green, pink, and yellow), the flowers, in the dead white of the linen, being silhouetted against them. One splendid material is shown in curtain lengths—a heavy Belgian linen, just off white, bordered with a brown and black design of those Roman fasces that were so effectively revived in French Empire decoration. These hangings have an austere distinction that would be exactly right in a rather sparsely furnished room of that period. Indeed, distinction is the keynote of the collection, in which I cannot recall even one banal design. Except for the white pigment, the color effects are achieved with superb vat dyes, which give the printing an illusion of depth and, in addition, permit the fabrics to be used as wall coverings, since regular wallpaper paste will not discolor or otherwise injure them. Prices run from $9 to $10.50 a forty-eight-inch yard, and the fasces-bordered curtains are $37.50 a length (three yards, also forty-eight inches wide). Because the patterns are all printed to order, the fabrics on view necessarily afford only an incomplete idea of the work that the firm is prepared to execute, but even this relatively small collection will probably convince the customer that she is in precisely the right hands. She had better be warned, though, that she won't be received on the premises unless she is accompanied by an accredited decorator.

It is such a relief to be loved for oneself, regardless of the high-toned decorator company one keeps, that, even though they form a quite small collection, I cannot resist speaking of some new prints at Bonniers, where the usually ill-considered retail customer is wel-

"They really understand the meaning of service on the s.s. UNITED STATES," says Mr. Robert Ingersoll, President of Borg-Warner Corporation. Basking with him in the sun are Mrs. Ingersoll and daughters Nancy and Lynn.



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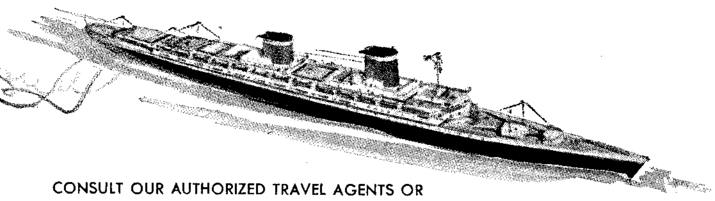
S.S. United States World's fastest liner, completely air-conditioned, sails from N.Y. 12 noon: May 3, 17; June 1, 14, 28; July 12, 25; Aug. 10, 23; Sept. 6, and regularly thereafter. Arrives Havre morning 5th day, Southampton, same afternoon. *First Class $355 up; Cabin $225 up; Tourist $177 up.*

S.S. America . . . second largest American-flag luxury liner. Sails from New York May 18; June 7, June 29; July 19; Aug. 9, Aug. 30; Sept. 20, regularly thereafter. 5½ days to Cobh, 6½ to Havre, 7 to Southampton, 8 to Bremerhaven. *First Class $300 up; Cabin $205 up; Tourist $170 up.*

No finer food and service afloat or ashore



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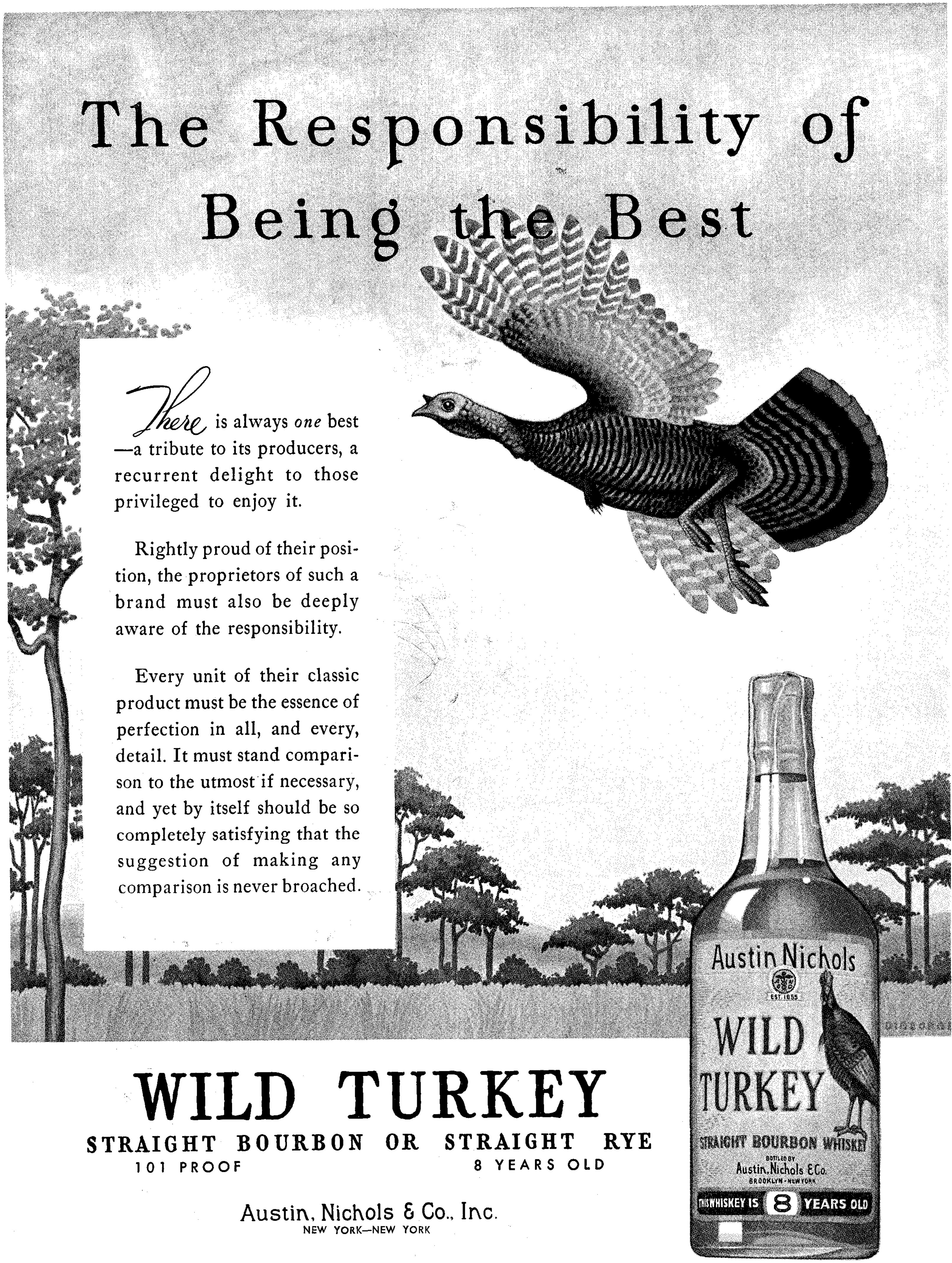
The Responsibility of Being the Best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STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
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THIS WHISKEY IS 8 YEARS OLD

There is always *one* best—a tribute to its producers, a recurrent delight to those privileged to enjoy it.

Rightly proud of their position, the proprietors of such a brand must also be deeply aware of the responsibility.

Every unit of their classic product must be the essence of perfection in all, and every, detail. It must stand comparison to the utmost if necessary, and yet by itself should be so completely satisfying that the suggestion of making any comparison is never broached.

WILD TURKEY

STRAIGHT BOURBON OR STRAIGHT RYE

101 PROOF

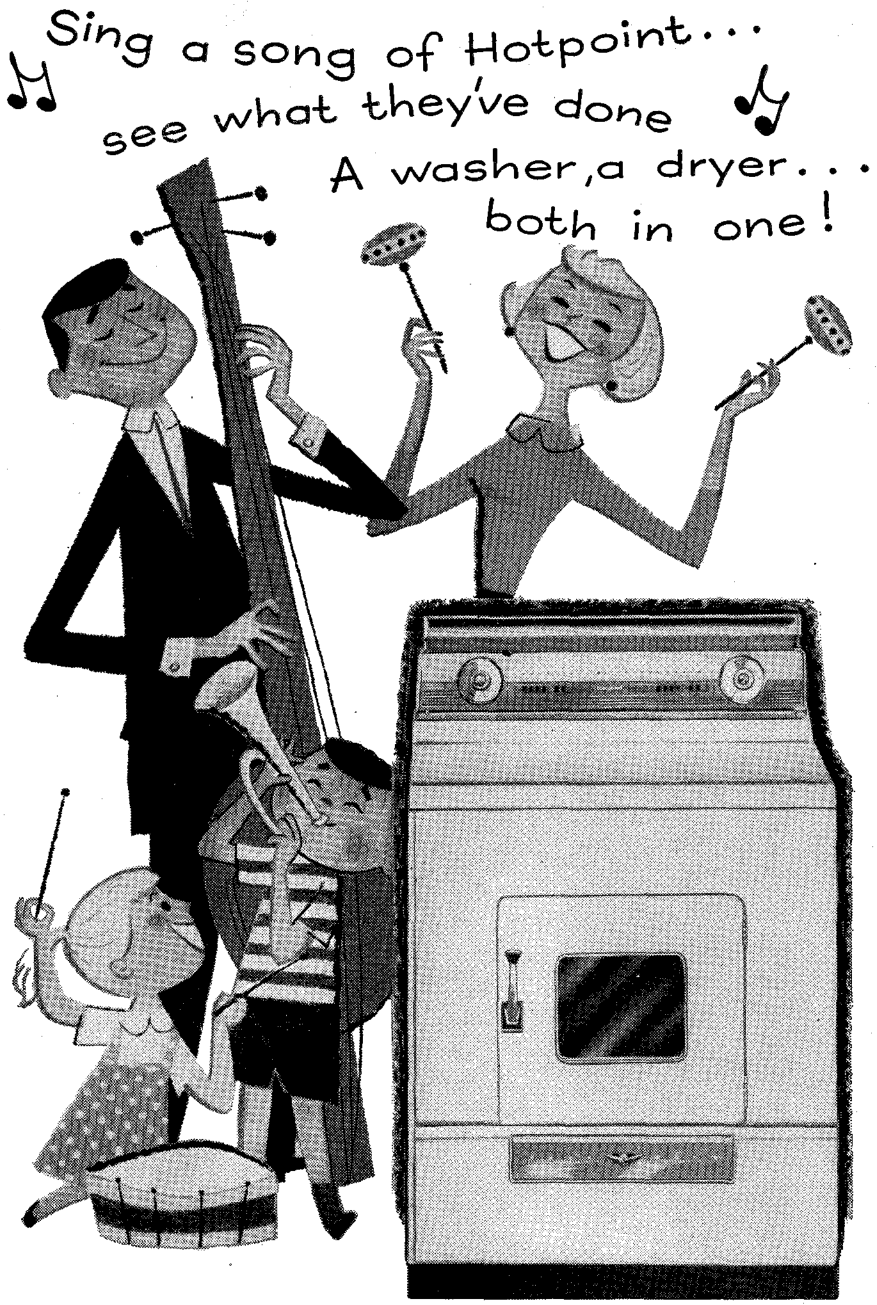
8 YEARS OLD

Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc.
NEW YORK—NEW YORK

comed. Besides the pretty hand-printed perennials of the Swedish family named Jobs, who continue to turn out sweetly romantic work, Bonniers has recently imported some French and Scandinavian linens and cottons that present excellent modern designs in colors of considerable subtlety. Among the most interesting examples are some by the well-known Swedish designer Viola Gråsten, who has devised a series of geometric figures that prove to be surprisingly attractive. Scientific motifs also appear in the work of the Nobel Prize-winning physicist Theodor Svedberg, a newcomer to the field of applied design, who has made a strikingly decorative arrangement of atomic symbols. You certainly won't find anything much more modern than *that.* Handsomer, if less sensational, is a large, sprawly design done in a radiantly clear yellow on white linen—a curiously charming pattern that looks like the shadows cast by latticework, rather than like the lattice itself. From France, there are some extraordinarily heavy cottons whose beguiling designs—gray circles and squares on a background of, say, dull red and bright red, or two shades of green—give the effect of being printed on velveteen. Prices of the Bonniers fabrics run from $8.50 to $12.50 a fifty-inch yard.

THE Manhattan classified telephone directory lists the names of five hundred and three upholsterers, including that of Barning, Tilly, 300 East 34th Street, whose telephone number is Lexington 2-5230. If you think it odd that with such an impressively large company to consider I should elect, as I now do, to discuss the professional abilities of Tilly Barning, I daresay I had better agree right off that it *is* odd, except perhaps for the fact that the lady is the only full-time woman upholsterer in the city. She is also the only completely dedicated craftsman—man or woman—I have come across in this business, but that may well be because of my restricted personal acquaintance with it, so those in the audience who know a lot of other dedicated upholsterers needn't listen to a word of this report.

Although Miss Barning claims to be nothing more than an upholsterer, there is very little that she cannot (and will not) do to an ailing piece of furniture entrusted to her care. As a mere routine matter, she will make whatever small repairs seem indicated for a chair frame sent to her for upholstering, and a wobbly stool for which nothing more than a new cover has been negotiated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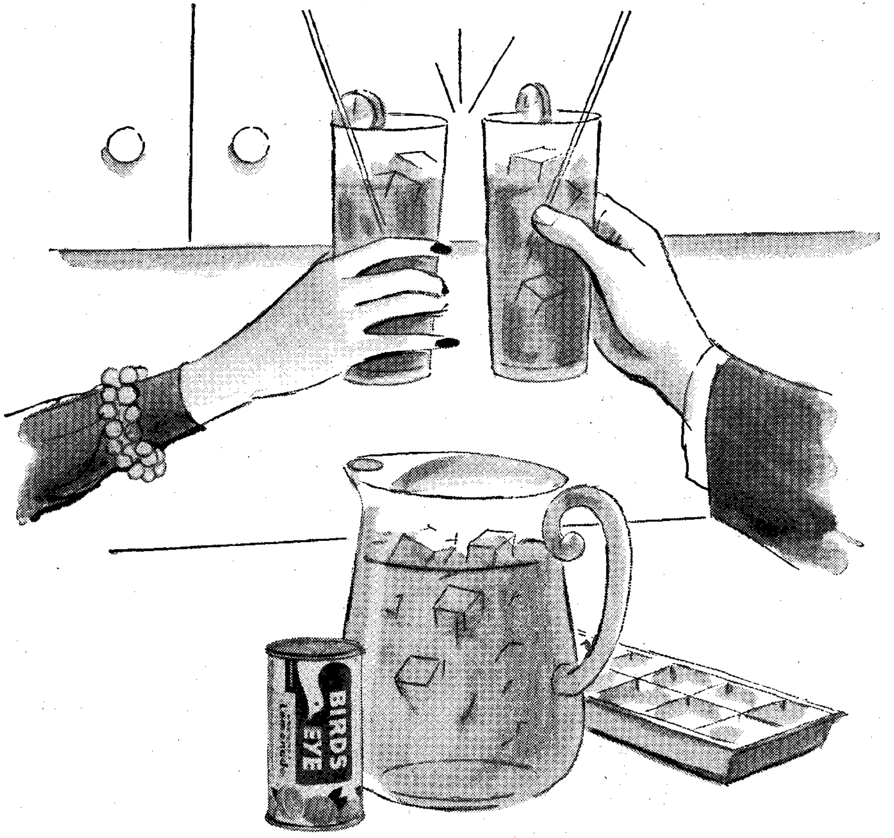

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MINOR MINER

. . . or "the light that failed." There's no need to be in the dark when decorating problems become the big issue in your life. It's a timeless truth: "It takes a professional to do a professional job." Be wise—team up with an expert. A professional interior designer brings a wealth of living ideas to your home. He (or she) knows the trends and the markets . . . invaluable information that means real savings to you.

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Grand Central Station, N. Y. 17

E. C. Carter & Son, Inc., 515 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22
Greeff Fabrics, Inc., 4 East 53rd St., N. Y. 22
S. M. Hexter Co., 509 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22
Jofa, Inc., 45 E. 53rd Street, N. Y. 22
Boris Kroll Fabrics, Inc., 220 E. 51 St., N. Y. 22
F. Schumacher & Co., 60 West 40 St., N. Y. 18
Stroheim & Romann, 35 E. 53 St., N. Y. 22
Morton Sundour Co., Inc., 40 E. 53 St., N. Y. 22
J. H. Thorp & Co., Inc., 250 Park Ave., N. Y. 17
Jack Valentine, Inc., 32 E. 57 St., N. Y. 22
Witcombe, McGeachin & Co., 509 Madison Ave., N. Y. 22

invariably returns home as steady as the Rock of Gibraltar. Some sort of record for personal service, though, must have been achieved recently when this resourceful craftsman upholstered an easy chair that involved three fittings, a change in the angle of the seat, and the making of a paper pattern of the posterior of an elderly gentleman with a weak back, who was to occupy it. Such orders, however, are naturally rather special, and I realize that most householders will be more interested in upholstery jobs of the everyday sort. My own unfamiliarity with the technique of the craft prevents me from reporting much about the practical aspects of Miss Barning's work, except to say that it is executed with great skill and with an almost fanatical absorption in detail. It is her proud boast that nothing but absolutely clean first-quality hair goes into her furniture, and many a customer has blessed her, when the time came for cleaning the fabric on one of the Barning jobs, for the happy fact that only fine white muslin, which will cause no damage to the most delicate upholstery material, is used for linings. Since each upholstery job presents its own problems, it is hardly possible to quote prices, but I had better say right here that they are not cheap. On the other hand, draperies, being more nearly standard in their specifications, are regularly priced at $25 a pair, lined; with these, it is not only the execution but the arrangement at which Miss Barning is exceptionally ingenious and resourceful, supplying suggestions and advice that can turn a group of commonplace windows into a sumptuous bit of decoration.

As you may have heard, Eastman Chemical Products, a subsidiary of the Eastman Kodak Company, has invented a remarkable long-fibred yarn made of cellulose-acetate fibre and described as lofted Chromspun, which Callaway Mills has woven into carpets and rugs. And if you want to know just what "lofted" means (or "Chromspun," for that matter), I'm afraid that as far as I am concerned you will just have to keep on wanting, since all I am doing here is passing along the high-flown talk of the manufacturers. What I can tell you about the new carpeting from my own observation is that it has a heavy, almost rich texture, a certain agreeable resilience, and a perfectly uncanny ability to throw off stain and soil. To test the manufacturers' claim that usually indelible stains can be washed off the carpeting, I poured a large blob of ink on a swatch that had been sent

The problem of fatigue in reducing diets

Why do so many people on diets feel tired... lose mental alertness?

Can energy stay up while pounds go down?

What kind of foods do you need to keep up your energy?

Recent findings show how sugar can help you lose weight with less hunger—less fatigue

Most people who diet want to do it fast.

Do it and get it over with, they say. In their zeal, they often fall prey to one of the unbalanced "wonder" diets. Sometimes they eliminate all sugar, and slash many important foods to a level that wouldn't satisfy the nutritional requirements of a small child.

Soon after, fatigue—both physical and mental fatigue—becomes a daily problem. Science says this is Nature flashing a red light.

Why Do You Get Tired?

Diet or no diet, energy is the first need of the body, even taking precedence over maintenance and repair. Whenever energy reserves fall, Nature signals to the mind and the body to slow down. And so any physical effort becomes tiring and mental performance falls off.

The trouble is, few people can afford to slow down. The businessman keeps on driving himself, growing irritable and hard to please. The tired mother nags at her family, and often finds herself becoming unaccountably depressed over trifles.

It is no wonder these people quit dieting—and go back to their old eating habits.

Is there any real answer? Can you keep your energy up while the pounds go down?

The most authoritative scientific thinking today says the best plan is to continue to eat a normal balance of foods—the foods you are accustomed to. Don't cut them *out*, simply cut down on the portions.

All foods have calories. Calories are the units of energy your body needs for every action, even breathing. However, in normal eating, about two-thirds of these energy calories are in the form of starches and sweets. Easy to understand why cutting out either of these foods can cause the body to send out fatigue warnings.

Easy to understand, too, why the newer reducing diets call for mid-morning or mid-afternoon "energy breaks" in the form of a sugar-sweetened beverage, or a cookie, or a piece of candy. These have been called "Scientific Nibbles."

How Sugar Helps

The reason is simply that sugar supplies Nature's "top priority" calories. Ounce for ounce, no other food supplies energy so fast. (And, of course, calories consumed as energy can never be deposited as fat.)

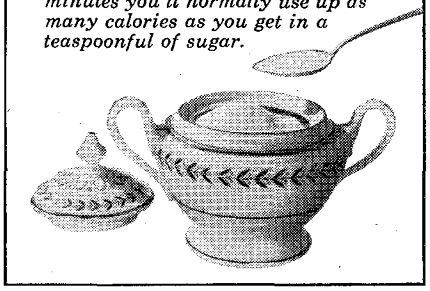
Sugar can help in other important ways, too. It helps keep your appetite satisfied on less food. And it makes what you do eat more enjoyable.

The newer knowledge of nutrition now says there isn't a basic dieting reason why any normal, healthy person should have to use artificial, imitation sweeteners (with no energy value) instead of the natural sweetener, sugar.

These are the facts. In their light, why would anyone with a choice to make—particularly anyone on a reducing diet—shortchange himself on the sugar he needs for vigor and quick energy?

18 CALORIES!

Surprise you that there are only 18 calories in a level teaspoonful of sugar? (Some people we asked guessed as high as 600.) Every 7½ minutes you'll normally use up as many calories as you get in a teaspoonful of sugar.

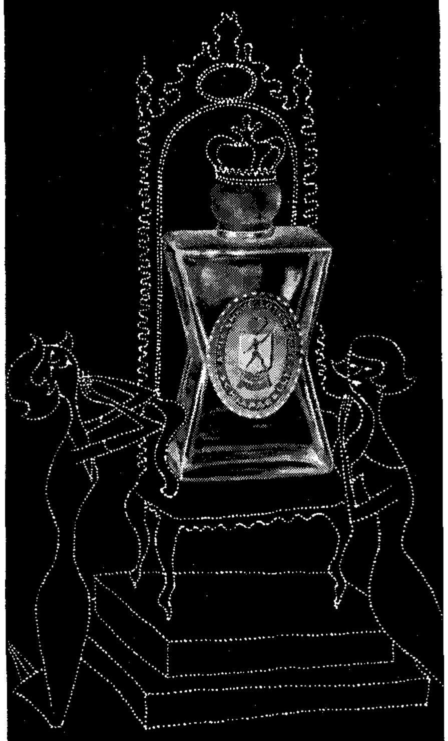


SUGAR INFORMATION, INC.
New York 5, New York

All statements in this message apply to both beet and cane sugar.

IF

you think
it's a man's world...
'Snuff said!



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Snuff After-Shave Lotion $2.50
Snuff Cologne $5 and $9
Emperor Set $15.50 • Imperial Set $12.50
Perfume Pipe $12 (plus tax)

me, and found I was able to remove it completely with soap and water. I also determined that dousing the swatch with Clorox had no effect on the color. The eight tweedy shades in which the carpet is presented (Altman is the New York outlet) have nothing very sensational to recommend them, being, except for a clear light blue, rather neutral mixtures. They do, however, have the advantage of making a nice, unobtrusive background. Other points in the carpeting's favor are that it comes in twelve-foot and fifteen-foot widths, and that it can be cut without binding. Its real trump card, though, is its humane price—less than $7 a square yard—which makes a nine-by-twelve-foot rug cost around $85. —S. H.

•

Making a motion picture attractive to the customer these days is like manufacturing an automobile—you can't put in too many "extras"—according to producer Sam Spiegel, who says he is purposely "loading" the Ceylon filming of his Horizon Pictures' "The Bridge on the River Kwai . . ."

"Putting a No. One boxoffice draw, William Holden, and Britain's top ranking Alec Guinness and Jack Hawkins in the leads turned our serviceable 'business man's coupe' into an attractive town and country model," Spiegel went on. "Technicolor gave us the chrome and white side walls and CinemaScope the stylish lines while the mountains, rivers and flowering jungles of tropical Ceylon gave us the perfect setting for a drive. As a climax of the film we blow up 'The Bridge on the River Kwai,' and we believe that building and blowing up a real bridge the size of ours, longer than a football field and higher than a six story building, gives our 'vehicle' both supercharger and passing gears."

—*Variety.*

Do it right, Sam. Blow up the vehicle itself!

•

UPR 30

MORE TODAY IN SCIENCE XXX PROBLEM."

DR. ALEXANDER SAYS NEUTROTIC SCHOOL TEACHERS, BUSINESS LEADERS, POLITICAINS AND EFPECIALLY PARENTS "CAUSE GREAT HARM IN OUR FOCIETY."

IT IS DR. ALEXANDER'S OPINION THAT—IN HIS WORDF—"NEKROTIC PARENTS FOW THE SEEDS OF NEKROSIS IN THE NEXT GENERATION." BUT FORTKNATELY, HE FAXS, THERE HAS BEEN A CHANGE IN PUBLIC THINKING ABOUT EMOTIONAL PROBLEMS AND PSYCHIATRX.

HE SAXS THAT YEARS AGO PEOPLE WENT TO A PSXCHIATRIFT AS A LAST RESORT BUT NOW MORE AND MORE MILDLX NEKROTIC PEOPLE COME TO PSYCHIATRISTS FOR TREATMENT.

ALEXANDER FAYS PSYCHIATRIC CONCEPTS HAVE CAUSED A GENERAL CHANGE IN THE RAIFING OF CHILDREN. HOWEVER, IT IF HIF OPINION THAT THE "PENDULKM HAS FWKNG TOO FAR."—*U.P. news dispatch.*

It is *our* opinion that the pendulkm has dwopt off.

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set in 14 kt gold
pair earclips $110.00*
ring $120.00*

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(between 55th and 56th Streets)
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*Federal Excise Tax Included

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Our handsome dresser boxes—for her jewelry, his watch, cuff-buttons, and such. Of fine mat calfskin, with removable lid, moire lined—brown, red, black, white. 11½ x 9½". Appropriately compartmented for him or her. Each **17.50**
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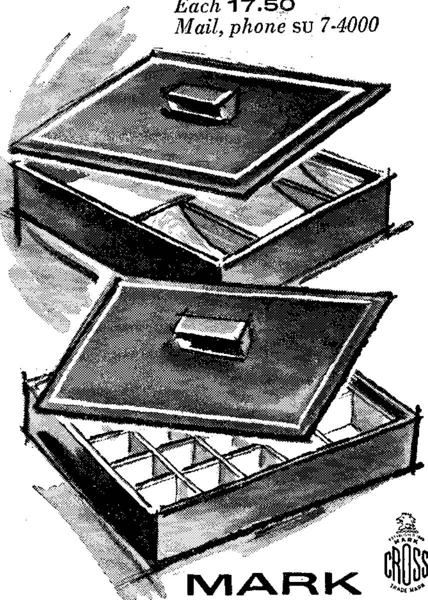
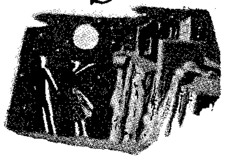
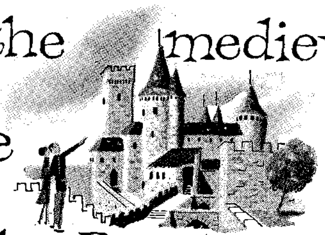


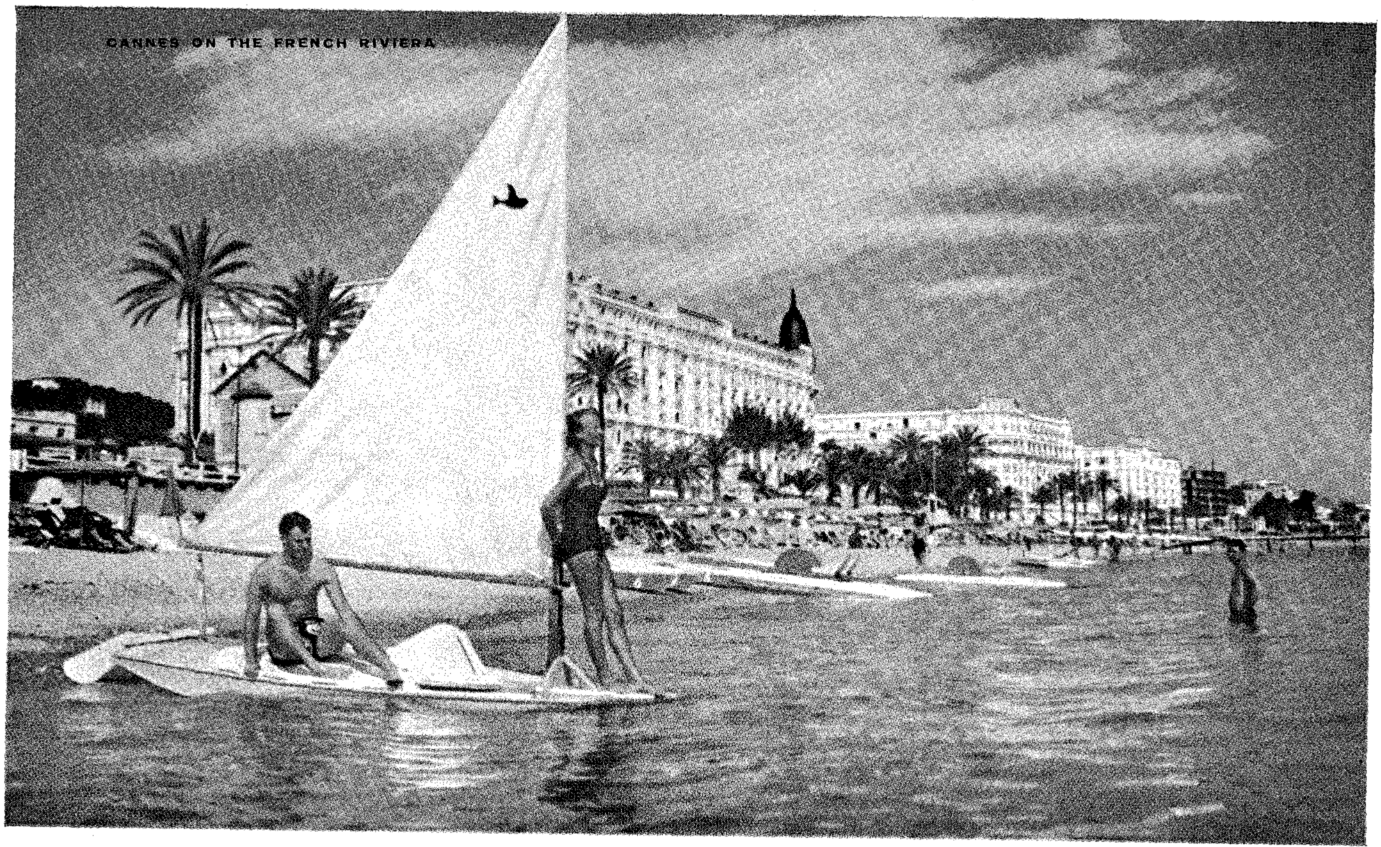
MARK CROSS
5th ave. at 55th, n. y. 22

France in summer

is lazing on the sunlit Riviera

the  romance of Les Baux by moonlight

...exploring the  medieval walled city of Carcassonne the colorful folklore of the Basque coast...dining alfresco in the Bois de Boulogne of Paris and gaiety and glamour everywhere!



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LOVE IN THE MARBLE FOOT

If I hadn't made a fuss about what was called spinach at the *pensione*, I might never have got to know Flavia. The *pensione*, I should explain, was in a narrow, cobbled alley near the Pantheon, called the Street of the Marble Foot, where it occupied one wing of a convent. It was run by the nuns, and had been recommended to my parents as a most suitable hostel for girls studying in Rome. The students shared a dining room with a group of old women who lived on the charity of the convent. This was my first dinner there, and in order to complain about the spinach, I had stopped the Reverend Mother as she passed through. "But you've got a room with two beds," she said irrelevantly. "You ought to pay double!"

I suggested amicably that she either take back one bed or put someone else in it, and that anyway the connection between beds and spinach—

"Well, I've got a very nice girl I'll put in there at once," she said. "It's unhealthy for young people to be alone. To my mind"—her eyes glittered foxlike from the depths of her coif—"a well-brought-up young girl should stay with her mama."

Holding the beads of her rosary to stop it from jingling, she padded off, light as a puppet on her felt slippers. I returned angrily to my spinach, which was, in fact, not spinach at all but spinach beet. "*E un miracolo, Signorina!*" said one of the old women. "There's been spinach for dinner ever since we can remember. Winter and summer! It's the miracle of the Via Piè di Marmo. *Sempre, sempre la bieta!*" She and the rest of them giggled gently as they gobbled it up, pleased with what must have been a very old joke.

When I went upstairs after dinner, the second bed was already piled high with Flavia's clothes, and the high-ceilinged, badly lit room was full of the cozy, useless feminine things Italian girls love to have around them. A huge, gaudy doll in peasant costume sat on the side table, and scattered around the place were a photograph album, a half-dozen summery-looking snapshots in a silver frame, back numbers of *Grazia* and the *Ladies' Home Journal* (it turned out that Flavia was learning English), a bowl of tangerines covered with silver paper, some sweets, a very hairy toy monkey, and a poster saying "Come to Scotland." All this, together with a few jars of makeup, had managed to transform a convent bedroom into something as gaily frivolous as a boudoir. Flavia had lit the gas radiator and was sitting beside it, wrapped in a pink peignoir, brushing her black curls and smelling of talcum powder. A portable radio, on the floor near her, drooled out a slow dance tune.

To make conversation, we talked about her copies of *Grazia*. "Mama pays my subscription," Flavia said. "I'd rather read *La Donna*, myself, but she says it's not suitable for a young girl." She shot a look at me. "Of course, I do draw the line at papers like *Intimità*—though sometimes it's not nearly so daring as the *Ladies' Home Journal*. By the way, there's something in that you must translate for me."

I cautiously admitted having occasionally dipped into *Intimità*, and the first barrier fell. We advanced prudently, gauging each other's frankness. Flavia said she'd got the "Come to Scotland" poster from a *Scozzese* called Ian. "I met him in Florence at some friends of mine—people of very good family," she said. "But he wasn't nice. No, not nice at all. But, really, the British . . ." She paused artfully. I was Irish? Yes, I said, I was Irish. Of course, she said, everyone knew the Irish were different. "We feel great friendship for Ireland—the valiant little Catholic island, *vero*?" I was a Catholic? Yes, I said, I was a Catholic. Of course! "*Tutti gli irlandesi sono cattolici!*" But the British! Didn't I agree?

So, thanks to Ian, the Evil Scot, we had got onto the eternal, essential subject of feminine conversation. "I, *naturalmente*, am a virgin," Flavia stated simply. "And you?"

"*Naturalmente.*"

From there, we could proceed. Confidence for confidence. Half in English, half in Italian. The depraved Scot had mentioned things that had made Flavia shiver. Did I know anything about such things? What was the custom in Ireland? Had I ever been *fidanzata* (betrothed)? "Is it true that in Scotland, if you go to stay with your fiancé's family, all the men come into your room in the middle of the night to see how you look without makeup?"

By the end of the evening, we were sworn friends. She was in love with Beppo. He was a *procuratore*. I ventured a tentative translation. "What? *No!* A lawyer!" she said. Nothing to do with *whatever* I meant! Where did I get such ideas? I withdrew the question nervously. My Italian wasn't very good,

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AND PASTEL ROSÉ
MOST DELICATE OF LIGHT PINKS
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Germaine Monteil

663 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 22

who's thinking? I'm listening to

WPAT!

"The Gaslight Station"

New York New Jersey

I said. Of course a lawyer. And so?

"Well, he and I were *fidanzati* for two years," Flavia said. "Ever since Carlo died. Carlo was my real *grande amore.* He committed suicide because of me. His family are *grandi industriali di Milano.* They wouldn't let him marry me, and he committed suicide. He wrote me a long letter, and then he shot himself!" She produced the letter. "Well, I was brokenhearted—half mad. You can imagine. I had been so much in love with Carlo. He was *so* clever, *so* good, *so* beautiful!"

She brought the photograph album, and I saw pictures of Carlo, and one of Beppo on a beach. "That's where I met Beppo, at Forte dei Marmi," she said. "He wanted to console me, and I wouldn't have anything to do with him. I thought I wanted to die. I was nineteen. But you know how it is. Bit by bit, I started to go around with him. At first, we were just friends. Then we got engaged. Then he passed his exams and transferred to Rome."

There the trouble had begun. Beppo was fickle. She had come to Rome herself—she was Bolognese—to make him finally declare his intentions. "It's very difficult," Flavia said. "My father's dead. *La Mamma* didn't want me to come. In Italy, respectable girls don't leave their mothers. But I promised to stay in a convent."

I was to hear a lot more of Beppo after that. He soon became such an integral part of our life that when Flavia said to me at three in the morning "Giulia, do you think if I told him . . ." I would be able to advise her automatically, without reflection, almost without waking up.

THE next evening, Flavia introduced me to Maria-Pia, the only other girl staying in the *pensione.* By then, I was Flavia's "darling little Irish girl," and thereafter the three of us had great discussions of life and love. These took place in Flavia's and my bedroom, and soon became a nightly affair, for we were expected to be in when the convent doors closed; they closed at nine, and after that there was nothing to do but brush one's hair, wash one's clothes, try on makeup, and talk. Clustering together on my bed—for the convent chairs, ladder-backed, low, and narrow, had the prim discomfort of would-be prie-dieus—we were enticed into confidential indiscretions by the conniving dimness of our mean sherry-colored bulb, and roused to hysterical giggling by the almost palpable presence of the sleeping nuns. Draped in Biblical-looking peignoirs, Flavia and

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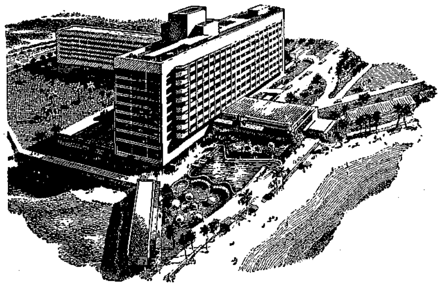

Maria-Pia—neither of whom ever wore anything else indoors, preferring to save their other clothes for the street—would lie languidly, usually with their arms around each other's waist, stuffing themselves and me with advice and sweet biscuits. (Maria-Pia and I had cut out the preliminary caution when we met, for Flavia assured each of us that the other was "*simpatica*, *cattolica*, and *per bene*." "A lot of foreign girls come to Italy to have fun before they get married, though," Maria-Pia then said brightly, and Flavia went for her. But we made it up, with hugs and kisses all around.)

One night, Flavia discovered some chocolates, and we settled down to talk. Maria considered that the best tactic with men was to be maternal. "Tell them to behave. Scold them gently. Say, 'Be good, Paolo!' "

"Paolo!" Flavia dug her elbow into me, contorted with glee at this slip, but Maria-Pia didn't mind.

"Yes, you must stroke their hair and calm them down," Maria-Pia said. "After all, they *do* get excited. It's not their fault."

"Beppo gets *very* excited," said Flavia. "It's a terrible shock to their nervous system. One ought to be patient."

I didn't agree, and said that it was all a myth invented by men to make women give them what they wanted.

"Maybe Nordic men don't suffer," said Flavia contemptuously. "It's not a myth with Italians."

Maria thought that perhaps if Flavia let Beppo compromise himself—"After all, his mother is a friend of your mother's," she said. "He'd have to marry you." She saw that she'd shocked Flavia. "Well, it's only an idea," she said defensively. She told us of the Milanese she wanted to marry herself. "A friend of my father's, before we lost all our money. He still takes me out when he comes to Rome."

"How old is he?" asked Flavia.

"Oh, *cara!*" Maria cried. "He is not young or handsome. He's not the Prince Charming *you* might be looking for. I'm realistic. I know I need money. I always had it until my father died, and I *must* have it. Believe me, love doesn't last very long without money. When one is quarrelling about the gas bill, goodbye romance! Besides, I have such good taste it would be a pity if I should not be able to exercise it. It would be much better for me to have that money than for some fat female whose father made a fortune in beans to have it—or you, who are so romantic you don't notice whether a man is tak-

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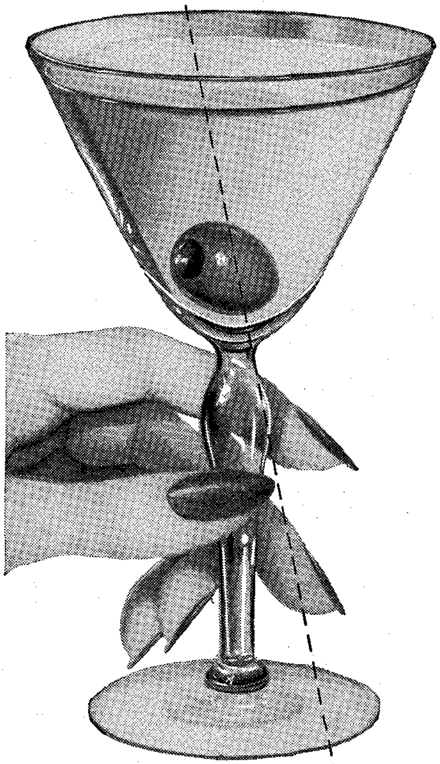

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ing you on a bus or in an Alfa Romeo."

"Yes," said Flavia, brushing her hair languorously. "I *am* romantic."

When Maria-Pia had gone to her own room, Flavia said meditatively, "I'm not sure Maria *is* a virgin!"

SOON after that night, Flavia's mother wrote asking her to come back to Bologna, because, she said, "people were beginning to gossip" and she didn't know what to tell them. Flavia's horoscope in *Grazia* prophesied that in a few weeks her dreams would find "the appointed time for their realization," so there was no question of giving up. She wrote back saying to tell the people that she had an excellent chaperon—"*un irlandesina molto carina e cattolica*." Later, we decided that the only way she could stay in Rome long enough to win back the wandering affections of Beppo without appearing to be there for that purpose was to get a job, and we began to comb the papers for some work for her.

"Look at this—'First-class night club seeks very respectable girls for hostesses,' " I would say.

"It is probably the white-slave traffic," Flavia would reply.

Meanwhile, Maria-Pia had a problem of her own. In a moment of boredom, she had answered an ad in the matrimonial column of a newspaper. She told us, "It said, 'Gentleman between thirty-five and forty, owning banana farm in Libya, would like to meet signorina between twenty and twenty-five. Object marriage. Please enclose photograph.' So I did. I sent a photograph and a letter, just for a joke. Then I forgot all about it. I never thought those ads were real. And now I've got a letter from Naples to say he's on his way from Libya to marry me. He's got this address, and I daren't face him! He's bringing his brother to be best man. He'll be in Rome this week!"

"There's your rich marriage," said Flavia delightedly. "A banana farm! You'd better meet him."

"Oh, *per carità!*" Maria-Pia was not disposed to be amused. "Who knows what he's like? Maybe he's a savage who'll want to kill me for making a fool of him. Southern climates produce strange temperaments."

After much thought, we decided that Maria-Pia should take the convent doorkeeper into her confidence. "If a gentleman from Libya calls for me, tell him I've gone to Scotland for the shooting," Maria-Pia said to the doorkeeper, as if she were already living on her Milanese suitor's wealth.

Presently, our convent seemed to be

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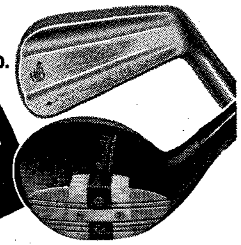

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in rather a state of siege. Maria-Pia's Libyan was due to appear at any moment, and a bearded Sicilian whom I had acquired and had been unable to shake off stood waiting for me persistently outside the convent door. "What harm do I do you?" he would say. "Let me walk behind you. You needn't see me. I won't worry you. I swear by my mother's tomb that you'll be safer with me than with your own father."

The Reverend Mother was greatly annoyed at the sight of him always standing there. Whenever I went out, he followed me, as he had said he would, even in the torrential Roman rain, keeping several paces behind and looking as sinister and bedraggled as a water spaniel. "*Poveretto!*" Flavia would say if she was with me. She had great sympathy for all tragic lovers. "Don't you think we ought to offer him a bit of the umbrella?"

He wrote long letters, which the three of us deciphered together. "It's very messy-looking," Flavia might say. "Do you think these are tearstains?"

"More likely the rain," Maria-Pia would answer. "Listen to this—'All night I have prayed to San Pietro to soften your heart!' Why San Pietro?"

"Because *la Giulia* has a heart of stone. See? '*Un cuore di pietra!*'" Flavia would say. "I think that's rather nice. Perhaps I'll copy it out and send it to Beppo."

"Ah, Sicilians are terrible!" Maria-Pia would cry with fervor. "All fire!"

So we would fall to comparing the *ars amoris* of the different nationalities we knew. There was Flavia's Scot, and Maria-Pia had worked in the Egyptian Embassy and knew something of Arabs. I had, as well as the Sicilian, an Irish admirer, whose timidity was the joy of both girls. "*Allora!*" they would say every time I saw him. "Has he got round to kissing you yet?"

"No, not once," I would answer. "We walked up and down the Tiber for hours. He talks and talks."

"About art?" Maria-Pia would say. "Why does he want to talk to *you* about that? Hasn't he any men friends?"

"Maybe he's afraid of the Sicilian," Flavia would say. "It's very damp by the Tiber. You'll catch pneumonia if you don't do something to warm yourself."

But our comparisons of foreign men never lasted very long, for Flavia's relations with Beppo were now reaching the stage of total crisis, and all our attention was absorbed by the attempt to comfort and counsel her. Maria and I would wind our arms around her waist and feed her tangerines as we

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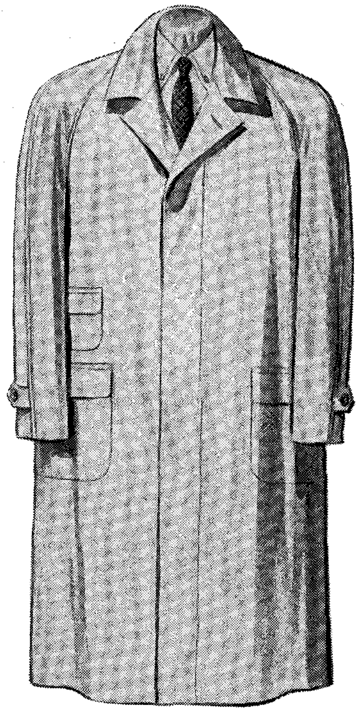

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considered the problem. Beppo was now accusing her of frigidity.

"Take no notice, *cara!*" Maria said once. "All unattractive men think women are frigid. What else *can* they think?"

"Beppo's not unattractive," Flavia insisted.

"Well, then, he's just trying to provoke you," I said. "Sometimes they flatter you, and then, if that doesn't work, they try to provoke you."

"But foaming at the mouth, Giulia?" Flavia said. "And no talk of marriage at all? He says now he's not made for marriage."

"Well, you must keep on tempting him until he isn't able to do without you," Maria-Pia declared. "You can see that he's passionate—not like Giulia's Irishman. But you must be prudent. Don't give him a chance to say afterward that you led him on."

"After what?" Flavia asked.

"After you're married," said Maria-Pia carefully. "He can't expect to get a nice girl without marrying her. Now, you must let him see you as often as possible but without letting him think you're running after him. Visit his sister when you think he'll be there, but keep putting him off whenever he wants to see you alone."

FLAVIA tried the tactics recommended by Maria-Pia for a while, but they had no discernible effect on Beppo. Meantime, Paolo, Maria's Milanese, was not behaving well, either. "He's taking a rich, snobbish little bitch to the Cavalry Ball," she told us. "Maybe he thinks I'm Cinderella—that I've no dress, or that I don't know how to hold myself in public. Well, I'll show him. I'll get tickets for that ball and I'll get the Libyan to take me. He might as well be some use to me, since I'm going to be no use to him. I will go and tell the doorkeeper the message is changed. Flavia, you'd better come as my sister. It will take you out of yourself, and the Libyan will expect to meet someone of my family. His brother can escort you."

But Flavia was too miserable to think of going to a ball.

"Well, I must have someone," Maria said. "Giulia, will you come? Don't talk much, and they won't notice your accent. I'll borrow dresses for us both."

I agreed. We told the Reverend Mother we were going to a Retreat, and crept out the back way to avoid my Sicilian. The evening was going to be complicated enough without him.

The Libyan and his brother met us

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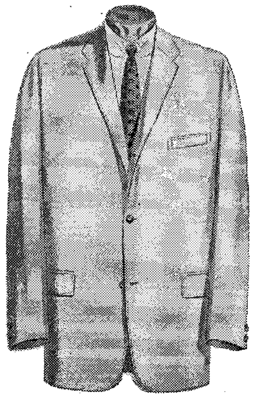

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at the ball. They both turned out to be remarkably good-looking. "Who'd have thought a man like that would have to advertise for a wife?" I whispered to Maria-Pia in the cloakroom. "How can you be sure he's not in the white-slave traffic?"

"There just aren't enough women in those countries, that's all," she said. "Anyway, I won't see him after tonight. I'll go to Milan. Paolo is going back there tomorrow. He only stayed here for this dance."

The Libyans were very gay, and, sitting at our table in the ballroom, we all drank spumante. "To the beautiful girls of Rome!" said the prospective bridegroom, and stared shyly at Maria-Pia.

She put her hand on his sleeve and smiled seductively up at him. Paolo, the Milanese, had just come into the room. After a few waltzes and more spumante, the Libyans became expansive. Maria-Pia smiled now and then at Paolo with elegant reserve. "*Per me*," announced one of them (What delicacy! It was the brother!), "for me, woman is an ideal, something religious and remote."

Paolo was lumbering through a samba with his snob. He looked stout and a little sweaty. I decided I would rather have the Libyans. "My wife will be up on an altar," the brother explained to me. "There is nothing I will not do for her, within the limits of my capabilities. Some more spumante, Signorina? But, on her side, I shall expect her to stay up on the altar—you understand? That is a fair bargain, *vero?*" He emptied his glass with satisfaction.

"Mightn't it be a bit of a strain?" My head was light from the spumante and the effort not to giggle, and I imagined Maria-Pia dangling her legs from one of the tiny altars that perch over the doors of Irish peasant kitchens. "How high is your altar?"

"What does your sister say?" I heard the Libyan ask Maria-Pia. "Does she speak a trifle oddly?"

"Oh, *la Giulia* was brought up in *Piemonte* with my father's people," Maria-Pia said hastily. "We're orphans, you see, and I'm Roman and she's *Piemontese*."

"Ah, I understand now—the accent," said the brother, who had listened with interest. "How are the women of *Piemonte?*" he asked me then. "Are they very emancipated?" He pronounced the word slowly, with distaste.

Paolo was coming toward us. "Here's my cousin," said Maria quickly. "I wasn't sure he would be here. Paolo!

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The Libyan stood up solemnly. "It is a great honor for me to meet a member of my future family," he said.

Paolo looked at him bewilderedly. "*Ah, si?*"

"Paolo, shall we dance?" Maria-Pia said.

They danced out of hearing, and as far as the Libyans and I were concerned, they danced out of our lives. She did not come back to the table, or to the *pensione*, that night or ever again.

The next Flavia and I heard from her was a letter she sent from Milan about a month later. She had become officially engaged to Paolo, who had given her an enormous and beautiful diamond ring in an antique setting. Flavia read the letter with gloomy admiration, and growled with hoarse and hoary envy, "I still think, Giulia, that she is *not* a virgin."

WITHOUT Maria-Pia's advice, the tactics Flavia and I employed on Beppo were unimaginative, and things went from bad to worse. One night, when Flavia woke me up at three o'clock, she said, "Listen, Giulia! Will you do something for me? Here's Beppo's number. Go downstairs and ring up his mother. Say, 'I am the *amica irlandese* of Flavia, and as you're the only friend of hers that I know of, I am calling to tell you that Flavia has just thrown herself in the Tiber.' "

"You're crazy!" I said.

"Maybe he'll feel remorse for his neglect when he hears it," said Flavia.

"But what will you do tomorrow?"

"Well, then, say that I've got a fever. Say I'm delirious and calling his name. He won't be able to get into the convent, so he won't know if it's true."

I did it. At three in the morning, I did it, standing shivering in the hall, terrified for fear the night nun would hear me. "Yes, delirious! . . . No, no doctor. . . . I don't . . ."

But remorse did not work. Flavia staged a quick recovery, and then we began to feel that the problem was beyond our control. We discussed it even at dinner now, and the old women wagged their heads wisely over it between spoonfuls of spinach beet. "*Ah! Gli uomini!*—Ah! Men!" they would say to one another, and recall similar memories from their youth. Unanimously, they advised an appeal to God.

Flavia was ready to try anything. But, she asked the old women, how? How should she go about it? Well, they said, the surest way of getting God's attention was to apply through Padre

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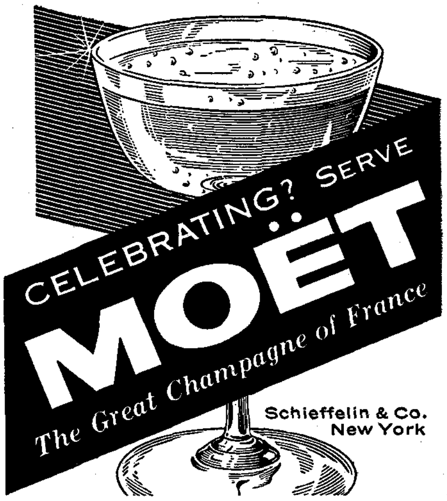

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Flavia went off at once to buy a mantilla, and for days I saw her only in the evenings, for she had started to queue to see Padre Cappello. One had to spend several days in the queue, and numbered tickets were issued to the penitents who had to leave, so that they might find their places on their return.

But, alas, Padre Cappello didn't work a miracle for Flavia when she got to him. All that happened was that he reproved her severely for her loose behavior and exhorted her to go back to Bologna to her mother. "How can any girl expect to get a husband who does not conform to the most elementary rules of fitting and modest behavior?" he asked her.

DUTIFUL and defeated, Flavia went back to Bologna, and now my room again had an empty bed, though not for long. Three nights after she left, I went upstairs to find a new roommate installed—a girl from Naples, called Caterina. She was wearing a lilac peignoir. There on the side table, beside Flavia's doll (she'd left it as a souvenir), was a furry white dog, as well as new bottles of makeup, new holiday snapshots, and several back numbers of *Grazia.* Caterina's radio was swooning out a soft Neapolitan song about moonlight and roses. Having introduced ourselves, we sat on the beds surveying each other and smiling. I fingered a copy of *Grazia.*

"Do you ever read *Intimità?*" I asked cautiously. "Of course, for myself I find it interesting. But just a little daring? No?"

She admitted that she had dipped into it. Within ten minutes, we were exchanging snapshots. Within an hour, we were sitting side by side, our arms about each other's shoulders, sighing and saying, "*Ah! Gli uomini! Gli uomini!*—Ah! Men! Men!"

—JULIE O'FAOLAIN

•

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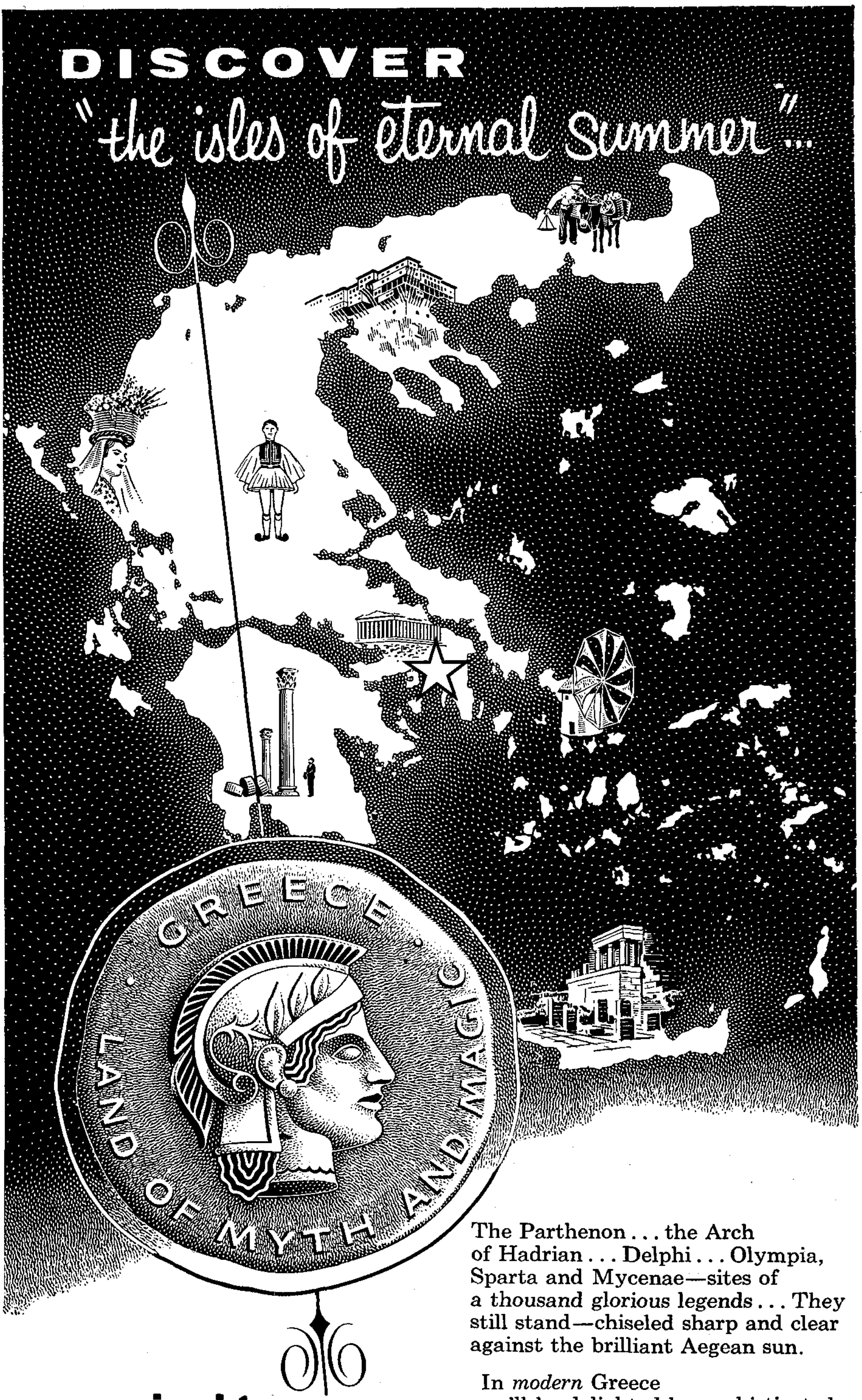
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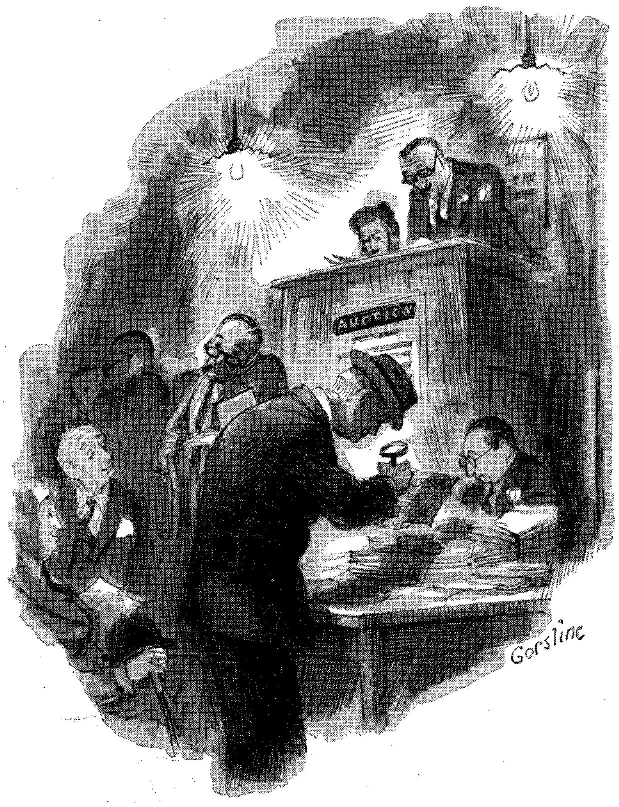

IF the most ceremonious way of offering stocks or bonds for sale is to hire a leading investment-banking house to do the job, with the aid of majestic financial-page advertisements and popping flash bulbs—in the style of the Ford Motor Company's celebrated stock issue early last year—undoubtedly the least ceremonious way is to put them on the public auction block. This way is so unceremonious, indeed, that most New Yorkers are probably not aware that one can buy securities at auction in the city at all, yet the fact is that last year about a quarter of a million shares of stock were auctioned off here, along with a few dozen bonds that had a face value of close to a million dollars. This volume of trade, of course, is not impressive compared to that of the New York Stock Exchange, where a quarter of a million shares often change hands in an hour, nor is it impressive compared to the rate at which securities went under the hammer during the depression, when the local securities-auction business was easily twenty times as brisk as it is now. What is rather impressive to those who know their way around this backwater of high finance, however, is that for more than a century practically all the auctioning of securities in this city has been done by a single firm—Adrian H. Muller & Son, a small but self-assured enterprise that is currently housed at 103 Park Avenue, having moved there in 1954, after a hundred and seventeen years in the financial district. Among other distinctions, Muller & Son can claim the unnerving one of having sold swarms of stocks and bonds at such tiny fractions of their original worth as to make something of a mockery of the very word "securities."

Regrettably, various forms of double-dealing have flowered in the auctioneering profession over the years—including the relatively simple device of conniving to accept fictitious high bids, in order to make offerings appear more valuable than they are—and the average auctioneer unquestionably has a better opportunity than most other types of merchant to turn a dishonest dollar. But, lush as the hawker's temptations may be in the course of an auction of chipped delft pottery, end tables, and the like, whose value is more or less apparent as they rest there on the block, the temptations faced by a securities auctioneer are even lusher, for, except in rare instances, he deals in stocks and bonds that are of obscure origin or highly dubious value, or both, and by and large his customers have only the remotest idea what they are bidding on. In the securities auctioneer, therefore, integrity is at a special premium, and it is chiefly by establishing a reputation for this virtue that Muller & Son has acquired and held on to a near corner in its field. Although anyone may conduct a securities auction in New York City—anyone, that is, who is registered with the Securities and Exchange Commission as a securities broker and is licensed by the City as an auctioneer—hardly anyone except Muller & Son ever does, or did even back in the thirties. When a Wall Street man hears the word "auction," his free-association response is almost certain to be "Adrian H. Muller & Son." And when banks, brokers, or executors of estates have securities that they wish to offer for sale at auction, it is Muller & Son that they almost always call in to do the job.

In 1837, when a spade-bearded man named Adrian H. Muller came here from Geneva, New York, and opened an office at what is now 111 Broadway, auctioneers of all sorts were a powerful force in the city's commercial life—so powerful, in fact, that there was at least one auctioneer on the board of directors of practically every bank in the city. (It is safe to say that in the present century no auctioneer has served as a director of any local bank.) For all their power, though, they were widely regarded as avaricious men who would stop at nothing in their efforts to accumulate wealth, and one contemporary observer denounced all auction rooms impartially as "academies of trick and chicanery." In such a Gomorrah did Muller build his reputation as a puritan. He built it largely as an auctioneer of real estate—an occupation that the firm he founded still engages in, and one in which it enjoys no monopoly whatever. There weren't many American securities to trade in at the time, but Muller took up securities auctioneering as a sideline, and after the Civil War, when the nation's increasing industrialization brought about a corresponding increase in the number of corporate securities, this came to constitute a larger and larger part of his business. By 1870, some of his securities auctions were running into what in those days was very big money; in February of that year, for example, he conducted a sale at which the securities in the estate of a certain Lyman Allyn were knocked down for a total of $245,132.85. It remained, though, for two twentieth-century phenomena—the income tax and the worst economic depression in the nation's history—to give Muller & Son its hour of glory.

UNDER ordinary conditions, obviously, the auction block is a chancy and awkward avenue for disposing of stocks and bonds, but there are situations, as Muller & Son's experience abundantly demonstrates, in which it is both convenient and safe. If importunate heirs are pestering the executor of an estate, for instance, he may well conclude that the best way to liquidate a mixed bag of stocks and bonds in a hurry is to put them up at auction; if a creditor finds himself stuck with a motley array of depreciated securities, an auctioneer can often do just as well for him as a broker; and if an individual is eager to dispose of a large block of stock but fears that putting it on the open market will bring a disastrous slump in its price, he would probably be wise to auction it off, for auctions entail considerably less risk of confusion and panic. By far the commonest reason for auctioning securities, however, is that the seller believes his holdings to have so little value, real or potential, as to be all but unsalable by any other means. With the advent of the income tax, the loss of money in a securities transaction ceased to be an unmixed catastrophe, since such losses, in one way or another, are deductible, but the hitch is that the taxpayer cannot claim a deduction, even on securities whose value has dropped to practically nothing, unless he actually sells them. Auctions, with their well-known magnetism for chronic bargain hunters in every field, are the ideal medium for unloading such dismal holdings.

Like the steel and rubber industries, the securities-auction business is cyclical, but its cycle tends to run counter to the economy's; that is, the securities auctioneer is likely to flourish during depressions and to stagnate during booms. The thirties, which brought trouble to everybody else, as depreciated securities floated around like driftwood and the income tax grew ever more ravenous, brought unprecedented prosperity to Muller & Son. By then, of course, the founder was long gone. He had died in 1885, predeceased by his son and partner, and had been succeeded by two of his employees—William F. Redmond and Henry J. Leake. On Leake's death, in March, 1933, his place as a partner was filled by Helen M. Collins, who had also come up through the ranks. Then, in December, 1934, Redmond died, leaving her in sole charge. It was Miss Collins, a stout, firm, fair-minded lady with strong convictions about how auctions should be conducted, who led the securities-auction business during the period of its greatest success and then, until her death, in 1951, nursed it through the twilight years of national prosperity.

Although Miss Collins is remembered by students of the auction as one of its truly great practitioners, she seldom wielded the hammer herself; she pre-

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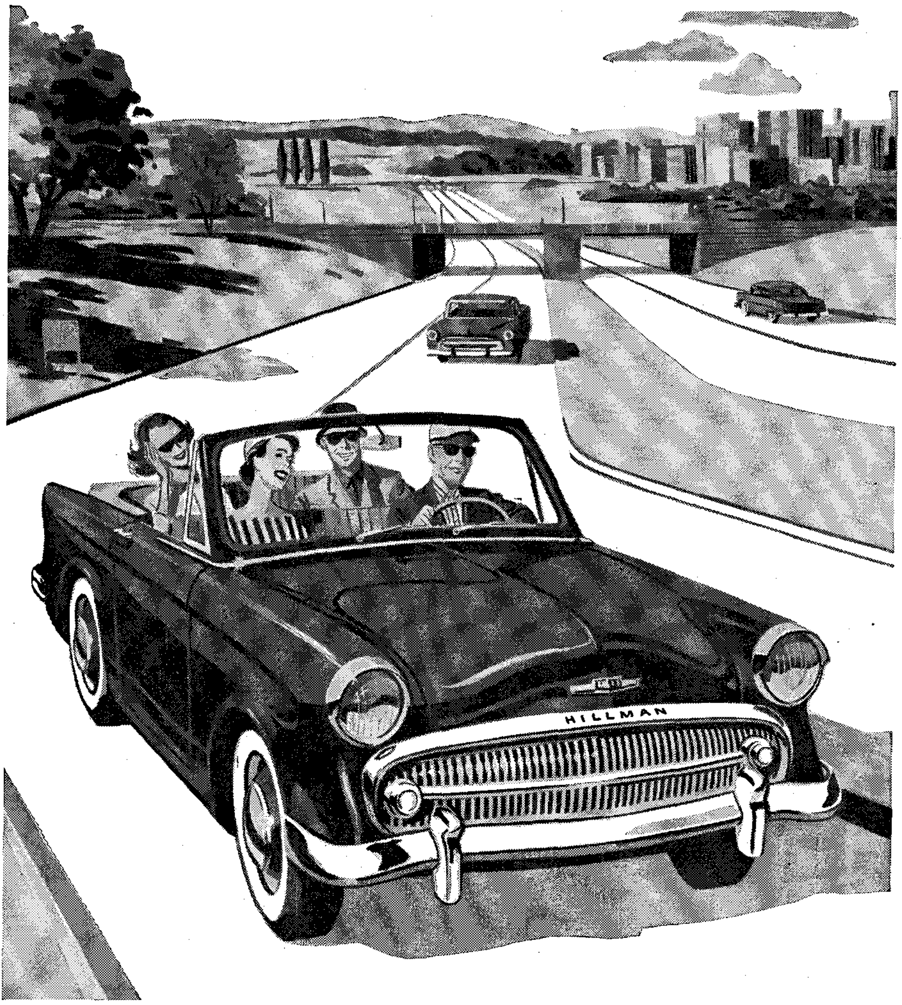

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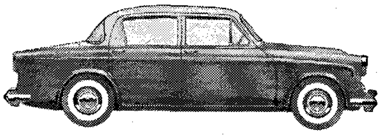
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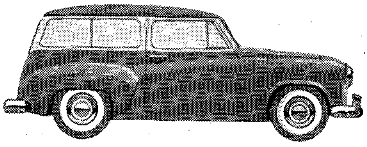
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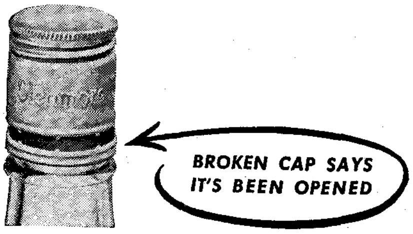

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ferred to leave that to her assistant, Frank W. Kingston—a large, bespectacled man, who went about his work with a pleasing tenor delivery—while she sat beside him on the platform, keeping the records and preserving an atmosphere of decorum. Throughout the year, Miss Collins held securities auctions in the Exchange Salesroom, at 18 Vesey Street, every Wednesday, and in Muller's own salesroom, at 75 Montgomery Street, Jersey City, every Friday. (The Jersey salesroom was run, as it still is, for the benefit of sellers who wanted to duck the New York State stock-transfer tax, which amounts to only a few cents a share but can be fairly staggering when, say, a hundred thousand shares are involved.) In late autumn and early winter, as the new year approached, sellers became so wildly impatient to establish deductible losses for the old one that Miss Collins was often obliged to run off two or three extra sessions a week. At every auction, big or small, the first two or three rows of folding chairs in the salesrooms were occupied by a little group of men who were bound together by a common devotion to the philosophy of eternal optimism—specifically, by the seductive belief that they could buy a piece of paper for a few dollars and later sell it for hundreds of thousands. Now, twenty years later, in the thick of what Carl Sandburg has called the nation's "fat, dripping prosperity," the few survivors of this group are probably the only living traders in securities who look back fondly on the depression. "How can I operate in the auction market any more?" one of them asked the other day, a trifle querulously. "Where can I find a chance to steal ten thousand shares of *anything* for five dollars? Oh, to be back in 1935, sitting down there on Vesey Street and waiting to put in my bid for a lot that I liked the looks of! Well, I won't say liked the looks of—that's putting it too strong. I'll say a lot that I had a certain hope for. Oh, to be playing the game of wits, with Helen Collins sitting up front as referee! Nowadays, no matter what kind of cats and dogs they put up at auction, there's always somebody that'll bid them up out of my reach."

As referee, the bidders she presided over say, Miss Collins was a strict disciplinarian—a vigilant game warden who saw to it that there was no poaching among the bargain hunters. To eliminate as nearly as possible the element of human error, she insisted that all bids be audible, in bold defiance of the traditional auction technique, whereby buyers resort to small, eccentric gestures to indicate their bids, hoping in this way to make it seem that they don't really want what they are bidding for; the theory is that a booming, articulate bid would have the effect of arousing opposition interest, while the mere tweaking of a nose or fondling of an ear lobe is likely to lull the enemy into a false sense of security. (One exotic technique of non-audible bidding—imported from the Orient and still used occasionally in the tight little world of jewelry auctioneering—requires the buyers, who gather closely around the auctioneer, to take a firm grip on some portion of his trousers and indicate their offers by an intricate system of tugs.) Miss Collins' insistence on audible bids was based on her conviction that if a man, by virtue of having mitigated an untimely itch on his nose or ear, finds that he has accidentally bought a piano or an oil painting, he may be none the worse for it, but that if a similar involuntary gesture makes him the owner of a catch-as-catch-can gold-mining company in Madagascar, he may be in for serious trouble. "What I liked about the auctions Miss Collins ran was that they were like playing a slot machine," one of the habitués has recalled affectionately. "You knew the odds were against you, but you could be sure the machine was impartial. She never let us horse around, and so none of us ever got very clubby with each other. We'd nod when we came in, and then we'd bid, and that was about all the communication we had."

The Exchange Salesroom on Vesey Street, the scene of so many of Miss Collins' staid auctions, was a long ground-floor room whose yellow walls were decorated with admonitions, in stern legalistic prose, against bribery and collusive bidding. The room was rented by the New York Real Estate Auctioneers Association, and along its east and west walls were rows of auction stands belonging to its members, among them Muller & Son, the only firm that held securities as well as real-estate auctions there. Ingloriously lighted by bare electric bulbs, the room was dingy and cheerless, and visitors often remarked on the stark contrast that it presented to the plush offices of bankers and brokers a few blocks to the south. Because of the Exchange Salesroom's doleful aspect, and because it was directly across Vesey Street from the cemetery of St. Paul's Chapel, it was frequently referred to as "the securities graveyard." Not all the securities sold there in the thirties were dead or moribund, though, and not all the buyers were shoestring speculators. Muller & Son is proud to point out that it auctioned off a block of bank stock for Wendell L. Willkie in December, 1931; performed a similar service for John Foster Dulles four years later; and, in 1938, sold some shares in the Alexander Smith Carpet Company that showed themselves to be very much alive by bringing a resounding two thousand and fifteen dollars apiece. The firm is also proud of its behavior during the financial crisis of 1933, when the nation's securities exchanges were closed. Muller & Son was naturally swamped with entreaties to auction off deteriorating stocks and bonds, but before snapping at this opportunity to do a land-office business, the firm consulted various government and banking authorities and learned that it would not be in the best interests of the economy for any securities auctions to be held as long as the exchanges remained closed. Gallantly, Muller & Son proclaimed its activities at a standstill until further notice. In recognition of this altruistic gesture, Richard Whitney, then president of the New York Stock Exchange, wrote the firm a letter conveying his "deep appreciation and very real gratitude." The fact that Whitney ultimately landed in jail for speculating with his customers' money does not detract in the least from the pleasure that the current officials of Muller & Son take in this letter; today it is prominently displayed in the offices of the firm, where the feeling is that pillars of Wall Street were toppling on every side in those years and it was a rare man who was able to keep his head.

Willkie, Dulles, and Alexander Smith Carpet notwithstanding, the great majority of the Muller auctions during the thirties offered extremely depressed securities—the sort that were a particular delight to the firm's steady customers. Most of the surviving members of this fanatic band are living in retirement, but they still talk indefatigably, if cagily, about the old days. (For reasons difficult to fathom, it seems to be a universal trait of former securities-auction habitués to insist upon anonymity; like the hummingbird, they are shy by nature, and consequently the names given here of those still alive are not their real ones.) One of the veterans, Edward Morrel, of Brooklyn, is a short, heavyset, friendly man who describes himself simply as an "investor," and he is apparently a still more or less active one, though no longer in auctioned se-

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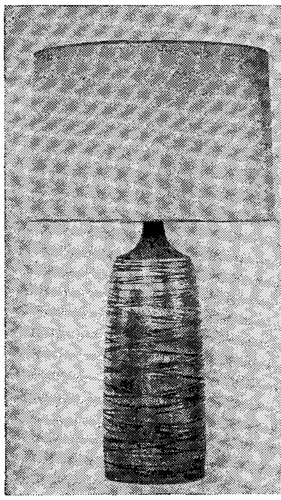

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curities. Before each auction, Morrel would study Muller & Son's advertised list of the securities to be offered and then, by a secret system ("I'm what you call a research man" is the only clue to it that he will give), analyze their potential value, and decide upon his maximum bid. Morrel is probably the most romantically inclined of the remaining members of the old crowd. "Buying stock at auction is like prospecting for oil," he said recently. "A million-to-one shot. Most of what you buy you've eventually got to tear up. I've torn up more than half the securities I bought at auction, and I bought plenty. Hundreds of lots—maybe thousands. All the world is looking for a bargain, and that includes me. But the man who sticks to securities auctions over a long period—he's got to have something more than a desire to make money. He's got to have faith, hope, and charity. He's got to love auctions for themselves. And he's got to be a student of human acquisitiveness as well as a victim of it."

Possibly the shrewdest of the old-timers is Leonard Goldsmith. Now in his seventies, he has white hair and hard yet twinkling eyes that give him a certain resemblance to another businessman who made good in the depression—Sewell Avery, the recently retired chairman of the board of Montgomery Ward. Goldsmith, a mining engineer by profession, believes he attended every Muller securities auction from about 1920 up until eight years ago, when he retired; since then, his auction-going has been only sporadic. Being systematic of mind, he kept a running file of every sale made during his tour of duty at the Exchange Salesroom and 75 Montgomery Street—the date, the volume, the price, and so on—and over the years this ready-reference record came to have considerable value for anyone wanting to buy, sell, or appraise obscure securities. In fact, Goldsmith's file was so much more complete and better indexed than anything in Muller & Son's offices that he was eventually able to sell it to the firm—at a price that neither party cares to disclose. This was a typical accomplishment for Goldsmith, a man known for his ability to find a market for any piece of paper whatever.

Another of the regulars has disappeared without leaving a trace, and his former colleagues have forgotten his name, although they do remember certain of his habits, such as wearing spats, carrying a cane, and giving his address to anyone who asked—and to many

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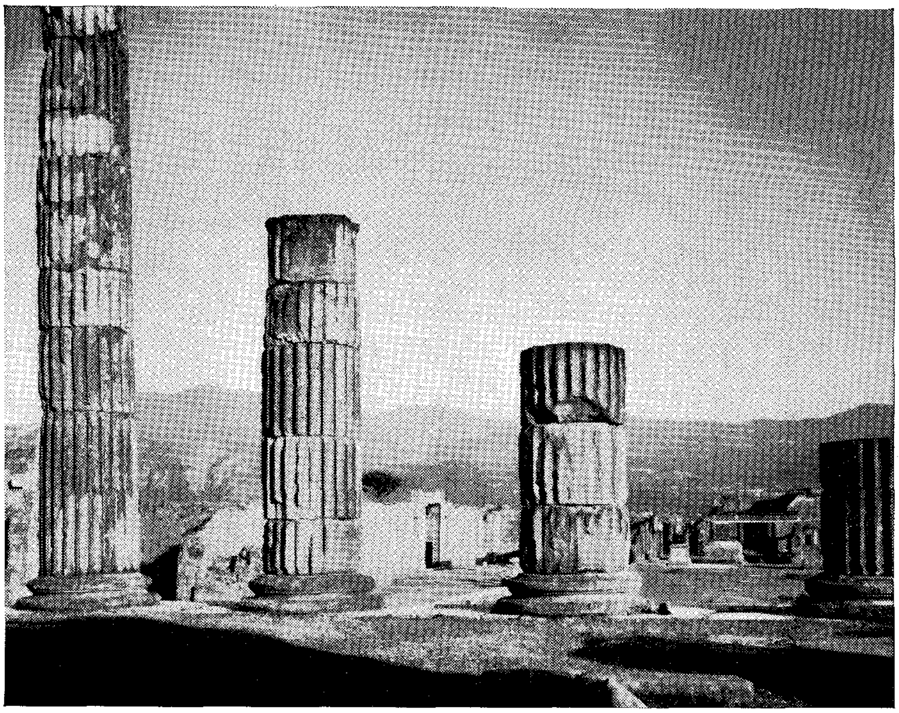
who did not—as the Waldorf. He seldom bid, though, and in Morrel's opinion, he was something of a fraud. "He just liked to show up looking as if he was some millionaire banker," Morrel says, not unkindly. "It was a dream life for him." In sharp contrast to this dandified fourflusher was a man named Charles Tilley, now dead, whose appearance was not notably elegant but who bid steadily and, by bargain-hunting standards, heavily all through the late twenties and early thirties, and is remembered for having pulled off an epic coup in connection with some five-per-cent bonds issued by an enterprise known as the Cuchuras Land & Water Corporation. In the opinion of the investing community, this firm owned more water than land, and although the bonds had a total face value of fifty thousand dollars, Tilley got the lot with a bid of six. A week later, acting on nobody knows what impulse or hunch, he handed the bonds back to Muller for re-auction. As it happened, a Cuchuras official, who had belatedly grown apprehensive about leaving such a slew of bonds in the hands of any one person, showed up at the second auction and, to Tilley's amazement, bought the bonds with a bid of a thousand dollars. This transaction gave Tilley a profit of sixteen thousand six hundred and sixty-seven per cent.

Certainly the Muller addict with the greatest flair for the dramatic was an accountant named Harold Deighton, now vanished, and believed by his fellow-bidders to be dead. His nationality was unknown to them, but since he had a Cockney accent, he was often called the Englishman. Deighton still lingers in the memory of the rest of the crowd as a sharp trader and a dangerous antagonist, always out for "eighths and quarters"—that is, a fractional profit on a quick turnover. He is remembered best, though, for his habit of bidding a dollar on every lot offered. According to Kingston, Miss Collins' auctioneer, Deighton invariably showed up at 18 Vesey wearing a battered brown fedora and a double-breasted blue suit, and carrying a small magnifying glass. Shortly before the start of each auction, the securities to be sold were laid out for inspection on a table just in front of the auctioneer's stand, and Deighton would step forward, finger each certificate separately, and scrutinize it through his magnifying glass. (This examination, Kingston has pointed out, must have been purely for effect, since prospective bidders have always been privileged to look at securities at Muller's office a few



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days before a sale, and Deighton never failed to inspect them there, too.) After the Englishman had finished his scrutiny, he would put his magnifying glass away and indicate by an expression of disgust that the securities were of no value whatever, and on the way back to his seat he would emphasize this judgment by vigorously shaking his head. A child can be made to want an object by an adult's bogus display of wanting it himself, and so can bidders at securities auctions; in showing his disdain for the securities, Deighton, it would appear, was trying to apply this principle in reverse. As soon as Kingston asked for bids, Deighton would pipe up, "One dollar for the lot." If there was a competitive bid, he usually dropped out immediately. Sometimes, however, his little pantomime was successful, and he would hand over his dollar and walk off with his purchase. "We tolerated the Englishman for twenty years, even though we realized he was not a good influence on our business," Kingston says. "After all, our job, as auctioneers, was to get as high a price as we could for the sellers, and it didn't help any to have that fellow constantly running down the securities we were offering. But if we'd tried to get rid of him, it could have been construed as an attempt to restrain bidding. Anyway, it got so that he wasn't fooling anybody. Most of the time, the absurdity of his dollar bids was evident to everyone."

Evident or not, on only one occasion, as far as the old auction crowd can recall, did Deighton himself show any awareness of the absurdity of his dollar bid. That was at a sale in the early forties, when some bank stock with solid assets behind it was put on the block. Deighton went through his customary magnifying-glass-and-headshaking charade, and then Kingston called for bids.

"One dollar for the lot," said Deighton briskly.

After a momentary pause came a second bid, from a representative of a well-heeled brokerage firm. "Seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars," he said.

"Oh, my God!" cried Deighton, and at once tottered out of the auction room. The following Wednesday, though, he was back—magnifying glass, look of disgust, dollar bid, and all.

Most of the old-timers are inclined to be evasive about their success, or lack of it, during the palmy days of securities auctioneering. Morrel, who is probably the frankest of them, says, "I never made a decent living at it, but if I had it to do over again, I'd still go

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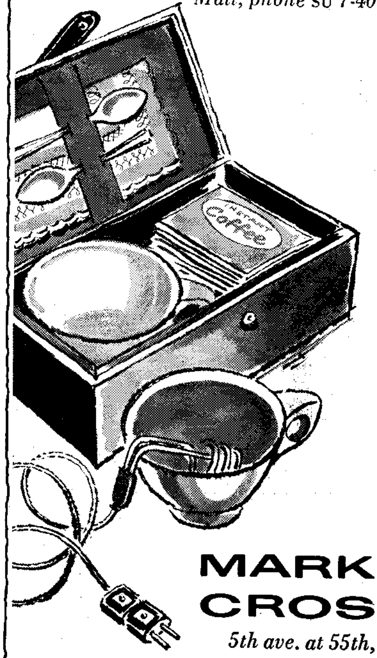

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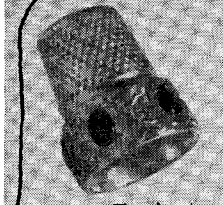

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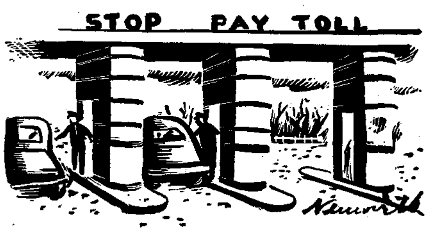
to all the auctions.” Deighton, who rarely, if ever, said anything to anybody about his finances, was believed—perhaps simply because of his reticence—to have a great deal of money, but the general assumption was that he had accumulated it by some means other than following the auctions. When Goldsmith is asked if he will say how he made out over the long haul, he replies with a candid “No,” yet at the same time an unmistakably prosperous gleam appears in his steely eyes. A source of mental anguish to all Vesey Street regulars was deciding when to give up on securities that, dubious enough at the time they were bought, went from bad to worse, until, in many cases, the issuing company announced that it was bankrupt. The late Mr. Tilley—possibly haunted by the memory of his Cuchuras coup—could apparently never bring himself to call in the junkman when such calamities occurred, and is said to have left a trunkful of impressively embossed stock certificates representing a part interest in a great number of corporate voids. Morrel, for his part, approached the problem in a more hardheaded fashion. “After a company’s final bankruptcy proceedings,” he explains, “I’d write to one of its officers asking whether there seemed to be any possibility of promise for the stock. If he answered that there didn’t, I’d tear up my certificates—reluctantly, mind you. Even that, of course, didn’t end my theoretical equity in the company; it just saved storage space. If some assets turned up later, I was still, as a matter of record, entitled to my share of them, whether I could produce my certificates or not. Just in case something like that *should* happen—which it never did—I always kept a list of exactly what I’d torn up, complete with serial numbers.” Goldsmith, characteristically, found a way of disposing of his supposedly worthless securities for cash—an undisclosed amount, naturally. It occurred to him that these beautifully inscribed documents had what he calls “object-lesson value.” When it comes to the element of risk, he reasoned, buying life insurance is the exact antithesis of buying stocks; the man out for a big killing has no use



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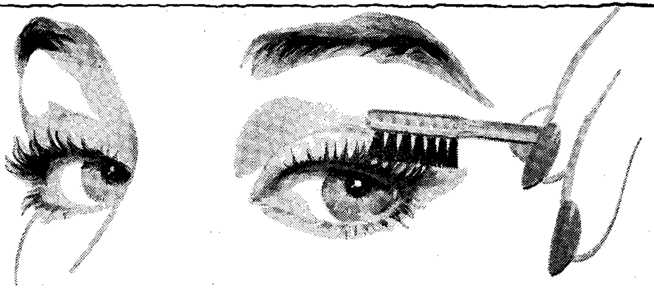

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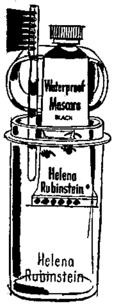

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for insurance. Accordingly, Goldsmith went to see an up-and-coming young insurance salesman and persuaded him that if the walls of his reception room were papered with worthless securities, he would be presenting a silent but dramatic sales argument in favor of insurance and against buying stock. The young man was easily won over. He bought a whole stack of Goldsmith's certificates, called in a paperhanger, and has prospered to this day.

An instance of the sort of thing that kept the followers faithful—and so impressive an instance as to make Tilley's in-and-out-again with Cuchuras seem like finding a dime in the coin-return slot of a pay phone—concerns a block of 44,309 shares of common stock in the Mesabi Iron Company, which Muller & Son auctioned off on May 3, 1935, on behalf of the brokerage house of Hayden, Stone & Co. In 1919, the Mesabi Iron Company had begun mining some land, in the Mesabi mountain range, in Minnesota, that contained low-grade iron ore, but the process was fairly expensive, and in 1924 the company saw fit to suspend operations. They were still suspended in 1935, so Hayden, Stone was quite satisfied when the lot was knocked down to a bidder named Marie Feder for five hundred dollars—a trifle more than a penny a share. By 1950, iron ore of all grades was in heavy demand, and the company resumed operations, whereupon the stock became a hot prospect. It has yet to pay a dividend, but it is currently selling at around forty dollars a share. If Marie Feder has kept her block of stock intact over twenty-one years, her investment of five hundred dollars has netted her a profit of $1,771,860. "When Muller auctioned off that stock for us, the whole lot wasn't worth a nickel," the Hayden, Stone man who arranged the sale stoutly assured a caller not long ago, in a voice that may have had a slight edge of hysteria. "If it had been worth five hundred, I'd have bought it myself. It was worthless, and we were well out of it. Worthless, I tell you! I don't care *what* it will bring now, five hundred dollars was too much for that block of stock when we sold it."

THE most celebrated securities auction that Muller & Son, or anybody else, has ever staged was that of the Van Sweringen railroad empire, which in its day made the earlier railroad domains of James J. Hill, E. H. Harriman, and Collis P. Huntington seem like mere duchies. In September, 1935, when the auction was held, the Van Sweringen properties included six major railroad companies—the Chesapeake & Ohio, the Missouri Pacific, the Wheeling & Lake Erie, the Pere Marquette, the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, and the New York, Chicago & St. Louis—with some twenty-eight thousand miles of track, ranging as far north as upper Michigan, as far south as Brownsville, Texas, as far west as Santa Fe and Salt Lake City, and as far east as New York City and Norfolk, Virginia. The theoretical value of the holdings was about three billion dollars, and Matthew Josephson has described their sale at auction as "an event unequalled in all the history of American finance." It was also a grotesquely magnified composite of the auction followers' daily small-change dealings and of the sort of corporate dishevelment that had made those dealings possible.

Laconic, secretive, and inseparable, the Van Sweringens—two bachelor brothers, Oris P. and Mantis J.—were Cleveland real-estate operators, who found themselves in the railroad business almost by accident when, in 1920, with the aim of souping up property values in the suburb of Shaker Heights, they built a rapid-transit railway line to the center of the city. This involved them in some complex negotiations over the right of way, which they concluded by the grandiose expedient of buying control—mostly with borrowed money—of the New York, Chicago & St. Louis. The brothers soon discovered that they liked running railroads, and began expanding their operations in the field, relying heavily on the device known as the holding company, which they brought to a degree of refinement that has never been matched. To a layman, at least, a holding company has rather the look of a parasitic growth; it neither toils nor spins but exists solely to hold a controlling interest in the stock of other companies. As often as not, in the Van Sweringens' setup, the companies that their holding companies controlled were other holding companies—an arrangement far less lunatic than it may sound. Since a company can obviously be controlled by anyone owning fifty-one per cent of its stock—and in practice considerably less than that is sufficient—the Van Sweringens, at the peak of their power, were able to control a vast network of enterprises by having only a relatively small personal investment in a master holding company, balanced on top of a pyramid. The Van Sweringen pyramid eventually consisted of dozens of holding companies—so many, in fact, that the brothers became hard put to it to think up names for them, and finally had to repeat a bit. They started out diversely enough, with, for example, the Shaker Company, Metropolitan Utilities, Inc., the Chesapeake Corporation, the Huron Fourth Company, and the Higbee Company, but then, as they tired, came the Cleveland Terminals Building Company, the Terminal Building Company, the Terminal Hotels Company, the Van Sweringen Corporation, the Van Sweringen Company, and the Vaness Company. The brothers' initial outlay is reputed to have been no more than about half a million dollars.

The keystone of the whole bewildering structure was the Alleghany Corporation, which the Van Sweringens created in the last of the big boom years, with the help of the banking firm of J. P. Morgan & Co. As the *Times* remarked at the time of the auction, Alleghany represented "the holding-company device pushed to its uttermost limits." When Alleghany stock was issued, in January, 1929, it was in great demand, and in eight months its price shot up from twenty dollars a share to fifty-six. But the whole edifice, supported, as it was, by a multitude of rickety props, was badly prepared to weather the crash, and, bit by bit, down it came. By 1934, two of the Van Sweringen railroads—the Missouri Pacific and the Chicago & Eastern Illinois—were in bankruptcy, and Alleghany common stock was selling at around a dollar a share. That autumn, Alleghany itself went into receivership. The brothers, however, had no intention of going down without a fight. Back in the fall of 1930, they had made their first big attempt to shore up their crumbling colossus. At the time, they owed the brokerage firm of Paine, Webber & Co. about nineteen million dollars that it had advanced to them

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from time to time while they were expanding, and they needed at least fifteen million more to get things really going again. J. P. Morgan & Co., together with a banking syndicate consisting of the Chase National Bank, the Guaranty Trust Company, the National City Bank, the Bankers Trust Company, the New York Trust Company, the Midland Bank of Cleveland, and George F. Baker, who acted as a one-man bank, was prevailed upon to lend them thirty-nine and a half million dollars for a period of just under five years. The formal recipients of the loan were the Cleveland Terminals Building Company, which got twenty-three and a half million, and the Vaness Company, which got the rest, but once these outfits had the money, the Van Sweringens were in a position to dispose of it pretty much as they wished. As collateral, Cleveland Terminals and Vaness pledged a bagful of holdings, including securities of Metropolitan Utilities, Terminal Building, Terminal Hotels, Shaker, Chesapeake, Huron Fourth, Long Lake, Higbee, the Van Sweringen Corporation, and the Van Sweringen Company. Also, and most important, the bag included 2,064,492 common shares of Alleghany, which amounted to forty-four per cent of the common stock outstanding, or more than enough to convey effective control of the whole Van Sweringen empire.

As George Whitney, a Morgan partner, declared several years later, with impeccable Morgan understatement, the bankers' investment proved to be "not profitable." The Van Sweringens paid interest on the loan for the first six months, and thereafter defaulted consistently. In May of 1935, when the brothers were supposed to repay the principal, the accrued interest brought their total indebtedness to forty-eight million dollars. They could not even begin to pay it. Meanwhile, the value of the pledged securities had, of course, depreciated tremendously. Morgan & Co. and the associated bankers had two alternatives: they could take title to the securities and inherit the Van Sweringen empire, or they could put everything up at auction. Partly because they were bearish on the future prospects of the securities and partly because they thought it would be unsound, both politically and economically, for a group of Wall Street banks to operate the biggest railroad combination ever assembled, they decided in favor of an auction.

Miss Collins, on being approached by representatives of Morgan & Co. with a request that she conduct the mammoth

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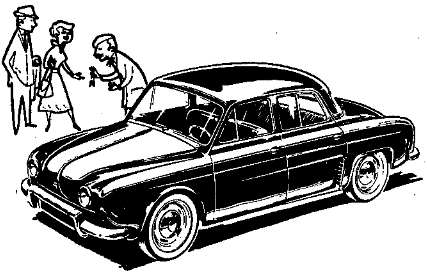

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sale at the Exchange Salesroom, had no trouble keeping her head. After all, Muller & Son had conducted big securities auctions before; to cite just a couple, it had sold the bulk of the assets of Cyrus B. Eaton's holding company, Continental Shares, Inc., for $23,240,000 in June, 1933, and six months later it had sold a block of 660,900 shares of common stock in Loew's, Inc., for $18,604,335. As far as Miss Collins was concerned, preparing for this auction was about the same as preparing for any other, except that she had to make special arrangements to accommodate the press and to preserve order in the big crowd of curious onlookers that was expected to show up. Accordingly, two hundred extra folding chairs were rounded up and arrayed in front of the Muller platform in the salesroom, and two armed guards were engaged—a precaution never previously taken at a Muller auction.

The auction was set for September 30th at 3:30 P.M.; the bankers settled on this hour because by then the New York Stock Exchange would have closed for the day and impulsive traders would have a night in which to mull over any distressing omens they might discern in the outcome of the sale. On the morning of the thirtieth, the Muller offices, which were then at 40 Wall Street, were besieged by reporters eager to find out who the successful bidder was likely to be. Miss Collins told them, truthfully, that she hadn't the slightest idea; anyone planning to bid was required to make an advance deposit with Morgan & Co., but she wouldn't be given the names of the qualified bidders until a few minutes before the sale. At about two-thirty, Miss Collins and Kingston left their offices and walked along Wall Street to Broadway, and then up to Vesey Street and the Exchange Salesroom. There they found the armed guards, and some Muller men who were to serve as ushers and bid spotters, already on hand. At about three, the first qualified bidder checked in—Frederick A. O. Schwarz, of the law firm of Davis, Polk, Wardwell, Gardiner & Reed, attorneys for the creditor banks. Schwarz, a tall, handsome, blond man who is now chairman of the board of the famous toy company, approached the table in front of the auctioneer's stand and produced his letter of qualification from Morgan & Co., signifying that he had made his deposit and was entitled to bid for the creditors on all lots; presumably he was prepared to enter what are called protecting bids, which would prevent any-

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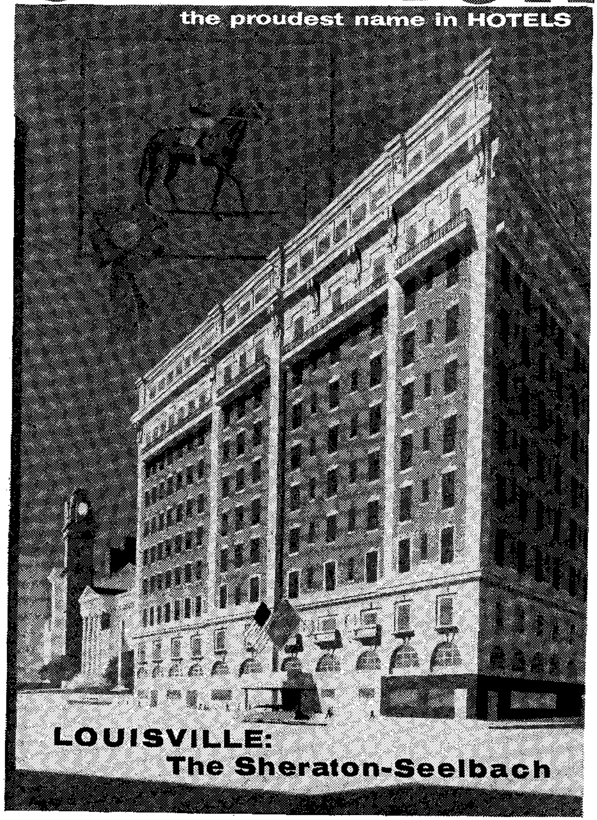
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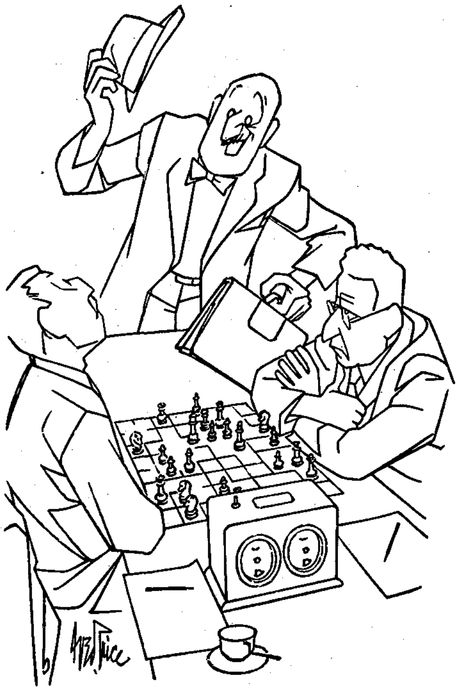

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one from getting the securities at an outrageously low price. Then he plunked down two large leather portfolios containing the securities themselves, and made way for other prospective bidders—most of them representatives of Wall Street brokerage houses—who were now pressing forward to display their letters of qualification.

A crowd was gathering rapidly. Soon it extended from wall to wall across the salesroom, and almost the only seats left were on a platform ordinarily used by another auctioneer, opposite the Muller stand. On this eminence a group of Midwesterners now congregated, including Colonel Leonard P. Ayres, a director of the Alleghany Corporation and vice-president of the Cleveland Trust Company; George A. Ball, of Muncie, Indiana, the Mason-jar king; and George A. Tomlinson, a Great Lakes shipping magnate. "They were a group as clearly marked in type as the Wall Streeters," the *Herald Tribune* reported the next day. "Chunky, elderly, independent men, very neat, but without the English smartness which flourishes in Wall Street's higher reaches." Presently, a small man, looking unnaturally pale, shuffled in and found a seat near the rear of the crowd but at some distance from the visitors on the platform. Whispers went around the room that this was none other than Oris P. Van Sweringen. It was.

There had been rumors that the Van Sweringens would try for a comeback at the auction, but hardly anybody knew how they would go about it. Obviously, they could not bid in person on collateral they themselves had put up on a bad loan, and anyway they didn't have the money to do so. Locating a stand-in bidder presented no difficulties, of course, but digging up a backer was something else again; indeed, it might seem to be a really overwhelming order for two men who had just involved some of the shrewdest of all Wall Street bankers in a spectacular fiasco. But, as was later revealed, the Van Sweringens had once again put their extraordinary powers of persuasion to work, and had got Ball and Tomlinson to put up the cash that would probably be needed at the auction. On September 28th, just two days before the crowd gathered at 18 Vesey, the brothers, possibly as an automatic reflex, had crowned their careers by organizing one final holding company, to outhold all the others. It was called the Midamerica Corporation, and Ball and Tomlinson were its major stockholders. These two men had agreed to turn over the control of

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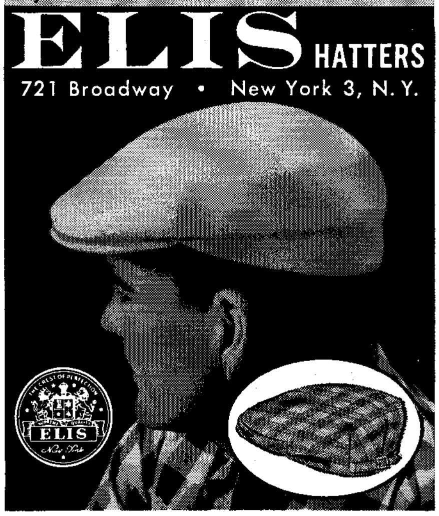

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Midamerica to the Van Sweringens if they managed to pay off all their creditors within ten years. Colonel Ayres, a long-time associate of the Van Sweringens, had been chosen to call out Midamerica's bids at the auction.

Most of Muller & Son's regular clientele was on hand and having a high time, but none of its surviving members can recall seeing Deighton, the Englishman, there; if he was present, nothing can be said of his activities except that he must have been so awed by it all that he muffed the glorious opportunity to start things off with his customary dollar bid. His colleagues, however, happily inspected the securities that were about to go on the block, and returned to their seats telling one another that they wouldn't take those bankrupt-railroad shares as a gift. When the clock on the steeple of St. Paul's Chapel struck the half-hour, Kingston, at a nod from Miss Collins, opened the auction. "You conduct a big sale like that with all the dignity you can muster," Kingston has since explained. "I didn't just say, 'Now, folks, I've got here twenty-eight thousand miles of railroad, slightly used, and with a few little liens outstanding against them, but still a nice item. What am I offered?' First of all, the terms of the sale had to be read, and they were so long and technical that, even at top speed, they took me nearly an hour. For complicated legal reasons, the securities were to be offered first in fifty-eight parcels, and bids heard on the individual parcels. Then the parcels were to be divided into four groups. If anyone made a bid for a group that exceeded the total of the top bids for the individual parcels in the group, his bid would be the winner. The terms were so involved that I don't believe ten per cent of the people in the room really understood them."

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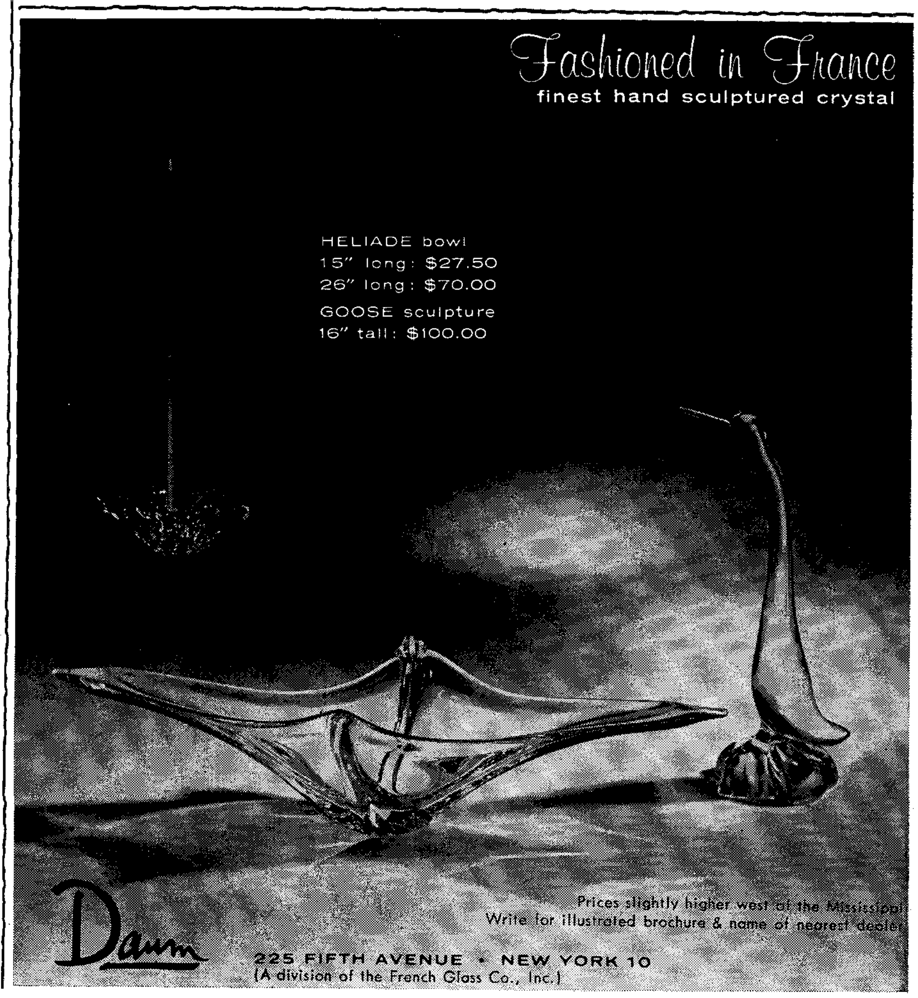

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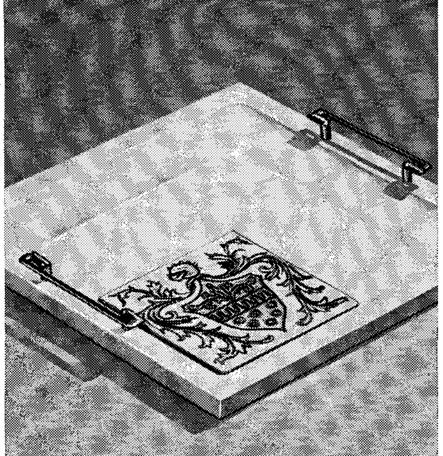

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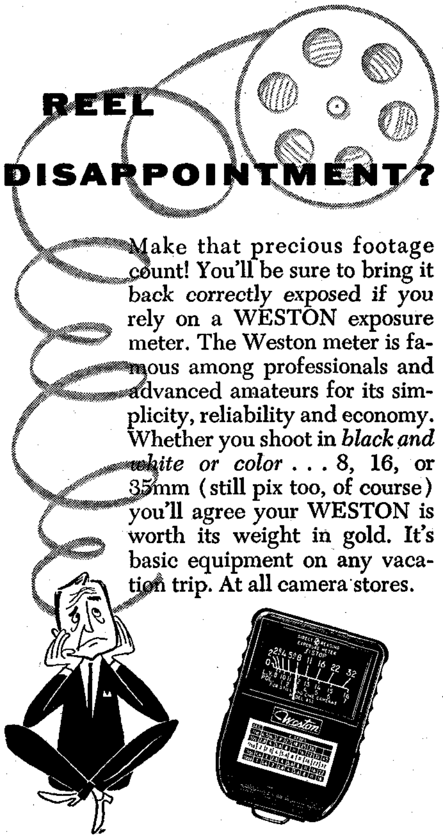

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Vesey Street regulars could enjoy the Van Sweringen auction. What most of them did manage to grasp, as an elderly lady might grasp the significance of a fourth-down touchdown run, was that the key offering was Group 1, which included, along with some miscellaneous Van Sweringen holdings, a sizable chunk of the Alleghany Corporation. As each parcel in Group 1 came up, Schwarz bid on it, on behalf of the sellers, and Colonel Ayres sat by without saying a word. When the time came to auction off the group as a unit, Miss Collins totted up the amounts of Schwarz's bids, and then Kingston said, "I am bid two million eight hundred and two thousand one hundred and one dollars. Does anyone else wish to bid? Going once—"

He got no farther. "Two million eight hundred and three thousand," Colonel Ayres called from his platform across the room.

Kingston noted the bid. "Going once at two million eight hundred and three thousand," he droned, looking intently at Schwarz. "Going twice. Going—third and last call. Fair warning. Any more? The bid of two million eight hundred and three thousand dollars stands."

"Where are your credentials?" cried Miss Collins, ever the stickler, to Colonel Ayres. There were cackles of delight from the auction buffs at this homely question. The Colonel had naturally presented his credentials before the auction started, but he indulgently refreshed Miss Collins' memory by waving his letter of qualification over his head, and she nodded, satisfied. Oris Van Sweringen was well on the way to getting his trains back, and his pale face flushed with pleasure. Later, when the formality of selling the three remaining groups was over (the total realized by the auction was $4,703,000), and the crowd was milling around discussing the outcome, the battered but still undefeated Oris Van Sweringen engaged in a stagy backslapping exchange with George Whitney, the Morgan partner, who had sat through the auction chain smoking, exuding English smartness, and smiling with a suavity that observers considered remarkable in view of the fact that, even after the auction, the creditors would be out some forty-three million dollars. Oris Van Sweringen is reported to have said to Whitney, "I would rather have paid the bill."

It was perhaps a fitting enough epitaph for the last of the big-time holding-company operators. Mantis J. Van

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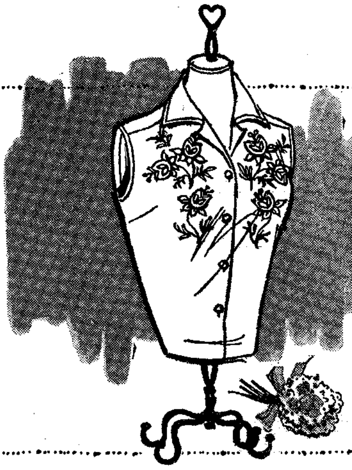

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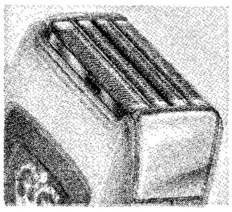

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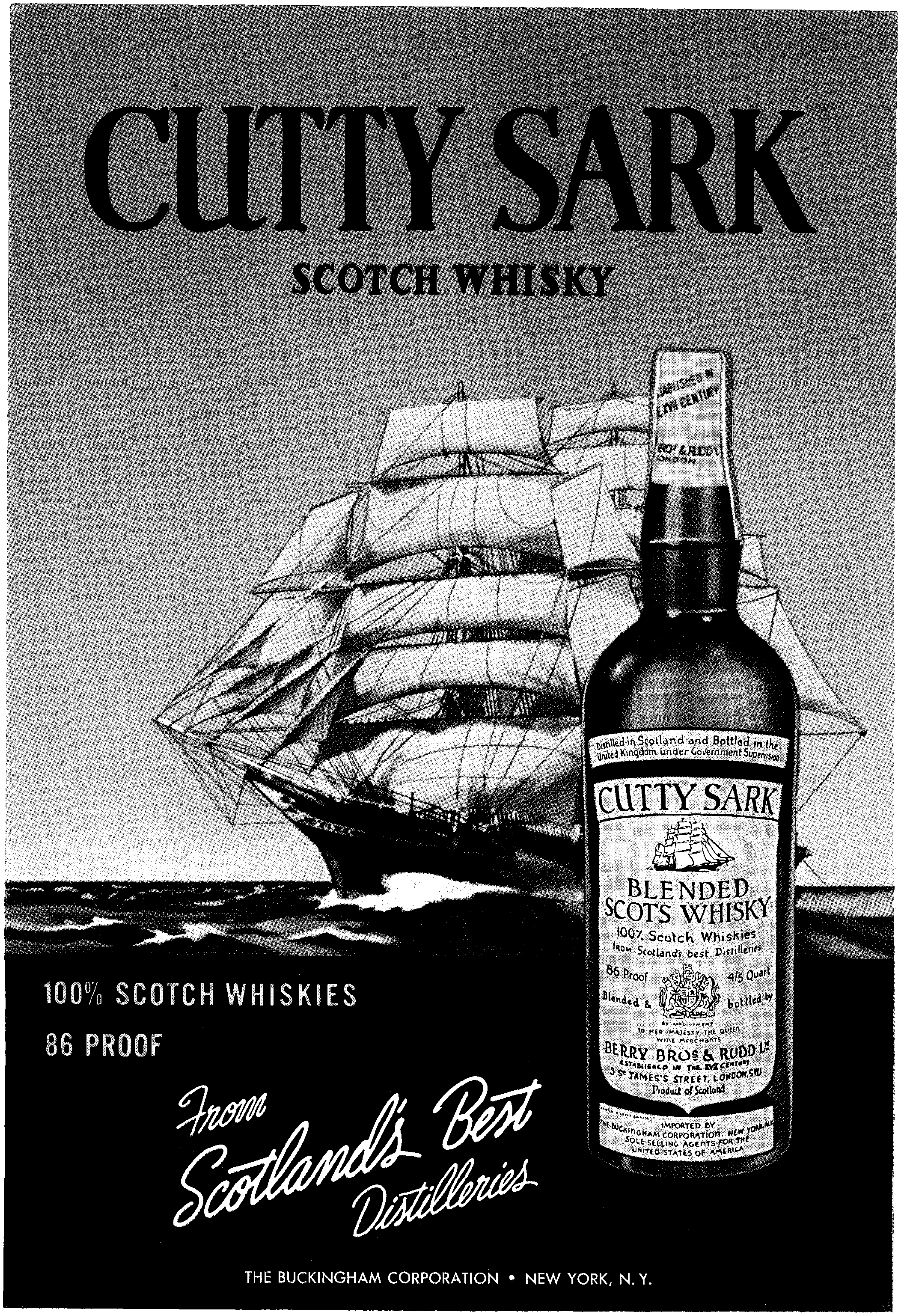
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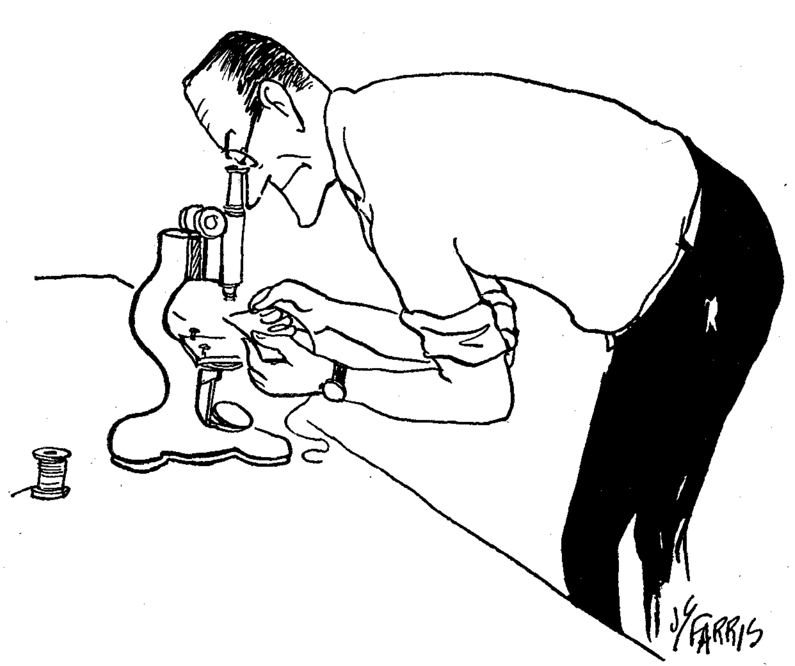
Sweringen died three months later, and Oris P. the following year. That left Ball and Tomlinson holding the bag—by no means an empty one, as it happened. The clouds of the depression were lifting, and by December, 1936, the former Van Sweringen railroads were doing so much better that Alleghany was able to emerge from receivership. The following year, a group of entrepreneurs headed by Robert R. Young bought the whole kit and caboodle for something in the neighborhood of six million dollars. Young became, and still is, chairman of the board of the Alleghany Corporation. Like all holding companies, Alleghany has been shorn of much of its power by laws and taxes, and the only part of the Van Sweringen empire it retains is the Missouri Pacific. But under Young's direction it has had one great triumph—taking over effective control of the New York Central after a tempestuous proxy battle three years ago.

THE economic upturn that proved so beneficial to Alleghany made the going rough for Muller & Son. As times got better, the quantity of securities in sorry straits decreased. In 1938 came the first of a series of changes in the tax laws that decreased the advantages of establishing short-term losses on securities, and this seriously reduced the incentive to unload at auction. Gradually, the old Vesey Street band began to disperse. In 1949, the Real Estate Auctioneers Association allowed its lease on the Exchange Salesroom to lapse (Benanti's Luncheonette now occupies the place), so the setting as well as the excitement of the great days was gone. Muller & Son took to holding such securities auctions as came its way in its own offices or in its Jersey City salesroom, which it still maintains—locked up and gathering dust except for two or three times a year, when a client comes along with a large enough batch of stocks to make it advisable to avoid New York State's stock-transfer tax.

Despite the hardships attendant on government action and an unprecedented boom in stocks and bonds, Muller & Son is doing all right these days. In 1951, after Miss Collins' death, Kingston retired, and the company was bought from her estate by H. Louis Hollander, who for the previous twenty-two years had been an auctioneer specializing in real estate. Under Hollander, a stocky, squarish man who conducts auctions in a ponderous, nasal tone, the firm has reverted pretty much to the ways of old Adrian Muller and



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is going in heavily for real-estate auctions. He conducts the smaller of these in the company's headquarters, a four-room suite at 103 Park Avenue. There is no auction stand, and Hollander officiates at an ordinary desk, beneath a portrait of the bearded founder and a framed scroll proclaiming Muller & Son's membership in the Hundred Year Association of New York—a distinction that Hollander, a come-lately antiquarian, is quick to point out, adding that it is one his company shares with such venerable institutions as the New York *Times*, Black, Starr & Gorham, the New York Central Railroad, Steinway & Sons, and the New York Stock Exchange. When Hollander has a big auction coming up, he rents a suitable hall and augments his staff of one assistant and a secretary with sundry relatives, who serve as bid spotters. Unlike Miss Collins, Hollander does not insist on audible bids; he'll accept an ear tweak, provided it is unmistakable. He has an exceptionally heavy gavel hand, frequently denting auction tables and sometimes breaking the gavel itself.

But though Hollander is making out all right in the real-estate line, these truly are times to try the souls of securities-auction devotees. Indeed, they consider most of the current sales so pale and unpromising in comparison to those of the thirties that they seldom bother to show up. When they do, they are generally disappointed. A typical securities auction at 103 Park is attended by no more than half a dozen bidders, all of whom have an excellent idea of the value of the securities on the block and no intention of wasting time on small bids; thus bargain hunters are cut out right at the start. Goldsmith and Morrel drop in now and then for old times' sake, sitting in glum silence while a twenty-five-thousand-dollar income bond goes for $12,530, or some other such uninteresting transaction is consummated; then they slouch out muttering about the good old days. Things have come to such a pass, they say, that a man has absolutely no hope of ever making a decent killing, no matter how promising an auction may seem, and as proof they cite one that took place in the Muller & Son Jersey City salesroom on the morning of December 30, 1953. The seller on this occasion was one of the Rockefeller brothers (Hollander prefers not to say which one), who had taken a flyer in some South American mining stock and had subsequently had reason to regret his investment so deeply that he decided to

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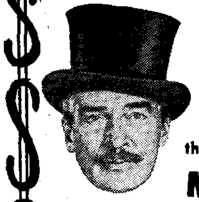

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unload it at auction and establish a tax loss. He understandably chose Jersey City for the auction, since the block of stock he wanted to sell consisted of two hundred and fifty thousand shares. On the appointed morning, Hollander and his assistant went over to Jersey City, opened up the salesroom and dusted off its chairs, spread out the Rockefeller securities for inspection, and awaited the arrival of the bidders. To their dismay, at 11 A.M., when the auction was scheduled to begin, only one bidder had shown up—a man named Woodster, who, in this fat, dripping era, still gamely haunts the salesrooms in the hope of coming upon a Golconda in penny stocks. Poor Woodster, it turned out, was in for a harrowing morning, during which a particularly plummy bargain was handed him on a silver platter only to be snatched, nightmarishly, from his jaws.

Finding himself alone in the auction room with his assistant and Woodster, Hollander sent the former out into the streets of Jersey City to find out what had gone wrong. The assistant returned in a couple of minutes with the information that there was a tieup in the Hudson Tubes. No doubt any number of avid bidders were stalled beneath the river, and Hollander suggested mildly to Woodster that, in view of the unusual circumstances, it might be a good idea to delay the sale for an hour or two. Not on your life, retorted Woodster, seeing himself on the threshold of the bargain hunter's heaven, where there is but one bidder at every auction. The public notice of the sale, Woodster pointed out, had said 11 A.M., and 11 A.M. it had to be. Hollander nodded in resigned agreement, and declared the floor open for bids.

"Ten dollars," said Woodster.

"Ten dollars!" exclaimed Hollander, who had picked up enough background information about the stock to realize that the two hundred and fifty thousand shares, however depreciated, were worth a great deal more than that. "Come on, now, what about a respectable bid? How about one hundred dollars?"

"Ten dollars," Woodster repeated firmly.

The only way to get a better price for his client, Hollander could see, was to stall until competition arrived, and the only way to stall was to go through the motions of asking for further bids, even though this put him in the ridiculous position of suggesting that Woodster bid against himself. "All right, I am bid ten dollars," Hollander

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said. "Do I hear any further bids? Will someone give me fifty dollars for this block of stock?"

"Ten dollars," said Woodster.

"I am bid ten dollars. Do I hear twenty-five?"

"You hear ten," said Woodster, gloating.

At last, Hollander was ready to concede defeat. "Very well," he said. "The bid is ten dollars for the lot. Going once at ten dollars. Going twice. Fair warning . . ."

As Hollander stood with his gavel in the air and his lips already forming the sibilant that would make the stock Woodster's, a newcomer entered the room at a dogtrot, huffing and puffing after having run from the Tubes, which had been reactivated in the nick of time, and flopped down in a chair next to Woodster. Hopefully, Hollander repeated, "The bid is ten dollars for the lot. Going once . . ."

The stranger stood up and gasped out, "Five hundred dollars!"

Woodster shook his head in disgust, but he quickly recovered and began to counterbid, his advance researches having evidently convinced him that even at five hundred the block was a bargain. It soon became plain, however, that the newcomer was going to top any bid he made, and when the price had gone up to nine hundred dollars, Woodster decided to write the day's activities off as one more quirk of a cruel and capricious fate, and bowed out. Under the terms of the auction, the successful bidder was required to pay ten per cent of the sale price on the spot, and Woodster saw the buyer produce a certified check for five hundred dollars. Obviously, that meant he had been prepared to bid as much as five thousand for the stock.

"So you would have gone a bit higher," Woodster remarked ruefully.

The buyer looked at Woodster pityingly, then dug into his wallet and exhibited, one by one, four more certified checks, each for five hundred dollars. Woodster stared at them a moment, shrugged, and left to take the Tubes back to Manhattan, cursing them roundly for being in operation at all. By the margin of a second or two, he had been deprived of getting for ten dollars a block of stock that another man had been willing to pay twenty-five thousand for. The dark age of the securities-auction devotee had indeed arrived.

—JOHN BROOKS

• •

DISASTERS OF WAR: GOYA AT THE MUSEUM

Streets opening like wounds: Madrid's. The thresh
Of resistance ends before a tumbled wall;
The coward and the cursing sprawl
Brotherly, one white heap of flesh
Char-mouthed and boneyard black.
A woman, dragged off, howls—a lively sack
Of loot. An infant, fallen on its back,
Scowls from the stones at the Herodian lark.
Light is the monster fattening on this dark.

If shadow takes cadavers for her chair,
Where fresh fires glare life lifts a wolfish snout.
Bruised and abused by hope, the rout,
Turning, is gunned across the square
And scattered. Rope, knife, lead
Slice prayer short. A lolling head
Grins, as with toothache. Stubbornly, the dead
Thrust forward like a beggar's senseless claw.
What is scrawled there in acid? THIS I SAW.

Beyond the Madonnas and marbles, Goya's brute
Testament pits itself against the hush
Of the blond halls, the urbane crush—
Against the slat-eyed, the astute,
Craning, against the guard, who yawns.
And pits itself in vain: this dark, these dawns,
Vomit of an old war, things the nightmare spawns
Are pictures at an exhibition. We
Look, having viewed too much, and cannot see.

—BABETTE DEUTSCH

THE RACE TRACK

Stout Fellow

THE way Bold Ruler won the thirty-third Wood Memorial Stakes at Jamaica last weekend proved what a thoroughly game colt he is. Headed by Gallant Man in the stretch, he wouldn't give up but came on again, under strong handling by Arcaro, to win by a nod. It was as dramatic a struggle as the one his former stablemate, Nashua, had with Summer Tan in the Wood two years ago, and you couldn't ask for anything better than that. Bold Ruler ran fast, too, doing the mile and a furlong in 1:48⅘—a new record for the course. He was the eighth winner Jim Fitzsimmons has saddled for the Wood, and I'd like to suggest that the race be renamed the Mr. Fitz Stakes. I'm sure that Gene Wood, the fellow it was named for, would be delighted to second the motion, if he were still alive. He loved to bet on horses trained by Fitzsimmons—especially those of the Quincy Stable, which old-timers will remember.

Only seven runners went to the post this year for the Wood, which is Jamaica's big event for three-year-olds, and Bold Ruler was the pick on looks as well as in the betting. (He's a medium-sized colt, not much bigger than he was when he raced here last autumn; his general outline is symmetrical; and he has a beautiful, intelligent-looking head.) The start was smooth for everybody except Ambehaving, who struck his right stifle (that's a joint in the hind leg) and knocked it out of place as he came out of the gate; he played no further part in the proceedings. By the time the runners reached the first turn, Bold Ruler had taken the lead, and he held it easily, despite the challenge of the speedy Mister Jive. Then, on the far turn, Gallant Man started his run, and I must say it was a good try, even if it wasn't quite good enough. At any rate, it earned him a trip to Churchill Downs for the Kentucky Derby. Promised Land, who came in third, was the best of the others, which isn't saying much.

There's no accounting for horseplayers. Before the Wood, there were whisperings in the paddock that Bold Ruler hadn't been training well, that he'd had a touch of the back trouble that put him on the sidelines last spring, and that he'd be lucky to be in the money. In the early part of the afternoon, he was as good as 4–5 in the betting; in fact, it wasn't until he came on the race-course and the crowd saw him that his odds began to drop. (He wound up at 1–2.) Within minutes after the Wood was over, the same talebearers were declaring that Bold Ruler would win the Kentucky Derby in a gallop. I don't see how they were able to decide so quickly. As for me, I'll have to ponder the question a few days more. One thing I can tell you about Bold Ruler is that he has a sweet tooth. His special delight is peppermint Life Savers, and he's eaten as many as three packages in a day. I expect the Easter bunny brought him a basketful.

THE big news from Kentucky is that Calumet Farm's Barbizon has been declared out of the Derby. It seems that he contracted a virus infection in Florida, and the cold weather at Keeneland didn't help it. So that's that. I also see in the papers that Gen. Duke, Calumet's best three-year-old, ran in a betless race out there the other afternoon and had nothing more than a good gallop behind Iron Liege, his stablemate, and Cain Hoy's One-Eyed King, who really has only one eye but is by no means a king—at least, not in my book. My spies report that those who watched the race thought it was loads of fun.

The Chesapeake Stakes at Laurel on Saturday shed no light on the Derby, either. Inswept, Gannet, and Cannon Fire, who were the first three runners home, aren't entered for it.

TO get back to Jamaica, most of the racing there last week was like the weather, and the less said about that the better. Everybody did get pretty excited, though, over Wednesday's daily double, brought off by Prideful and O.K. Bud, which paid $3,409.90—the biggest ever at Jamaica. For days thereafter one heard stories from race-trackers who said they had had the tip but got touted off it, or something.

WHAT with one thing and another, last week was an unusually active one for this department, which even managed to inspect the new Roosevelt Raceway, which will be a headquarters for trotters and pacers and

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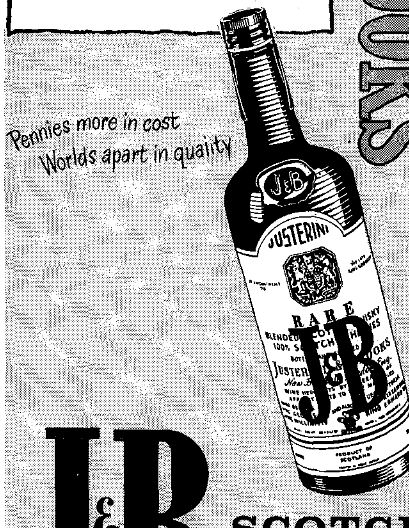

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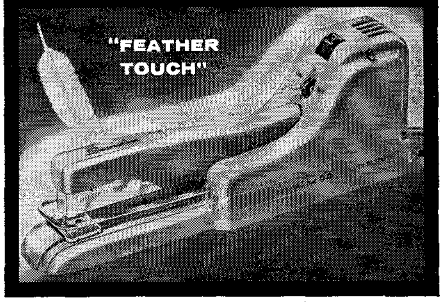

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their aficionados. Though it may seem premature to say so, since a great deal of work remains to be done on the grandstand and grounds before the grand opening, on August 1st, the track is likely to become one of the show places on Long Island. At first sight, as you come up to the main entrance, the grandstand (especially the clubhouse end) reminds you of nothing so much as Hollywood Park, and from the racing strip itself the five-decker cantilevered stand is the New Woodbine in Toronto all over again, but on a much larger scale. Neither resemblance is surprising, because the Roosevelt Raceway architect is Arthur Froehlich, who designed the California track and had more than a finger in the job of making the Canadian plant the best one up there. The Raceway stand is eight hundred feet long and two hundred feet deep (the Belmont stand is about a hundred feet longer but less than half as deep), and my favorite photographer tells me it is a hundred and twenty feet from the photo-finish booth on the roof to the ground. While any talk of being close to the ground in a stand of that size is nonsense, the architect has managed to create a remarkable illusion of nearness to the track, even from the most distant seats. There are half a dozen elevators and a dozen escalators, and there'll be a glassed-in portion of the stand that is air-conditioned in the summer and heated in the autumn; the meeting will run till the end of November, and the nights get rather chilly then, so it will be nice to have a warm retreat to go to. In the upper tiers of the clubhouse section, there will be a fancy restaurant called the Cloud Casino, which can seat a thousand people and give them a view of miles and miles of Long Island, as well as of the track. In addition, there'll be the Promenade Café, also in the clubhouse, and a vast cafeteria for the grandstand customers. Harry M. Stevens will do the catering, as you might expect. Also as you might expect, there will be numerous mutuel windows, all conveniently placed. A new stand is also planned for Aqueduct, you know. I wonder when we'll be able to see that one. —AUDAX MINOR

•

INTERVIEW

11:00 (5) Mike Wallace's Night Beat: Guests: Stan Getz, who is a Metronome poll winner, has fought the drug addiction battle and will talk about why so many musicians are plagued with the drug problem and Tennessee Williams.—*Newsday.*

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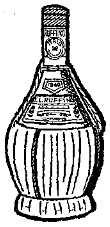

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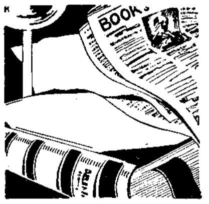
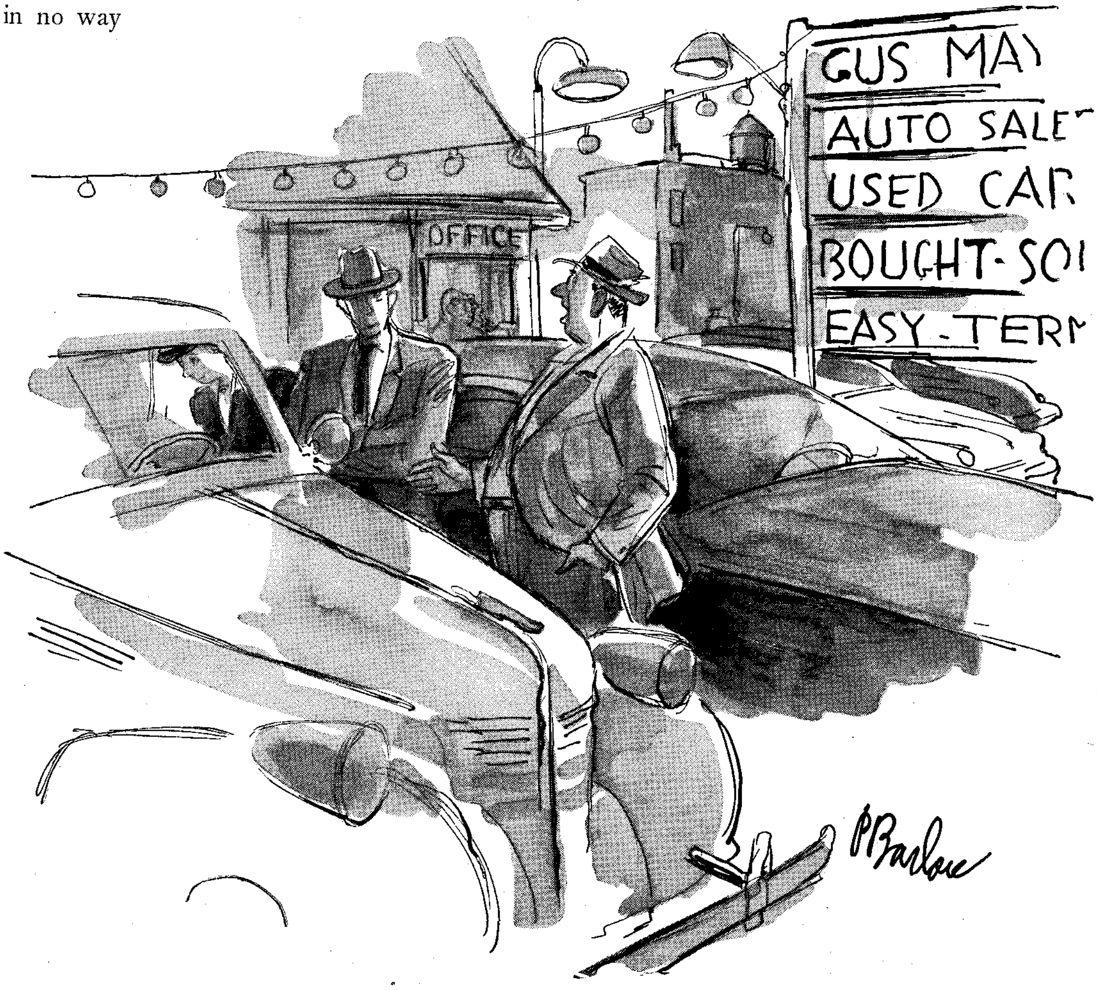
Yesterday's World



MRS. SYBILLE BEDFORD, in her first novel, "A Legacy" (Simon & Schuster), is a seasoned, brilliant stylist and a practiced portraitist—as though a small library of her special product were already piled, in printed authority, behind her, instead of lying in wait ahead. For her book displays the power of a genuinely gifted English novelist, with a rare plenitude of intelligence, sensibility, and critical wit, who, obviously, through experience and brains, has collected a great deal to say about some of the civilization of yesterday's world and its most privileged inhabitants, and the complications of human character generally. Originally published last year in London, it is the most interesting, entertaining, and illuminating novel about high-class, old-fashioned Germans since Thomas Mann's "Buddenbrooks," which it in no way resembles. "A Legacy" is unsentimentally humorous, despite its tragedies of decline; it is cosmopolitan, ironic, penetrating; it is bold in scale, yet elegant; it is alive with the sense of remembrance and of frustration in love that conjures up the romantic; and it is fresh with the sudden melodramas of private lives in a changing society. The scene is laid before and at the turn of the twentieth century, on two picturesque and costly social levels of a Germany that the Western world was little familiar with, and so later helped pay for, when that Germany collapsed. On one level are the von Feldens and the von Bernins—two ennobled old Roman Catholic families, one of which has relapsed into liberality—in provincial Baden, engrossed in their leftover Biedermeier elegance or their Church intrigues but still resisting the Prussianized, bustling new Teutonic empire that has already been Bismarck's triumph over them. On the other level are the Merzes—an equally démodé hierarchy of upper-bourgeois, millionaire Jews in the militarized Berlin of young Kaiser Wilhelm, which he is changing into the capital of the dangerous, modern *Deutschland über alles*, and to which these disparate but connected families pay no attention.

Still nestling, variously, in their opulence or their cultural habits, these are families and individuals magnificently unprepared for change. The von Feldens speak only French to each other in their Baden mansion, German being considered too crass a tongue for polite conversation. (The cultivated old Baron is forced to talk Latin at his dinner table to the curate, who is so local that he knows no French.) The second son, the middle-aged, handsome Baron Julius, marries the Merzes' delicate girl Melanie for nearly no reason except that she is in love with him. The confusion through which Melanie gets herself turned into a Protestant, instead of a Catholic, because she doesn't know the difference between the two Christian faiths, makes one of the funniest stories in the book. When Melanie contracts a fatal illness and dies, old Herr Geheimrat and Frau Merz—housebound creatures given to superb overeating, among their many other unbreakable habits—continue to treat Julius as their son-in-law, big allowance and all, even when he marries a beautiful, alert young Englishwoman, Caroline, with whom he has fallen in love at first sight, with the acquisitive passion he otherwise reserves only for the choice objets d'art that he constantly collects in his favorite domiciles—France and Spain. Francesca, the daughter of Caroline and Julius, is the narrator of the story. Born "in a flat rented for the occasion in the [Berlin] suburb of Charlottenburg," she grows



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up into a lonely, observant child familiar with three languages. She speaks German to her foster grandparents, the Merzes, in their Voss Strasse mansion, where she is parked in over-upholstered luxury; she speaks English to her nanny, and to her attractive mother when they meet, between Caroline's travels; and she speaks French in her long, revelatory conversations with her old father after Caroline abandons him during a final rebellion of her British conscience. Knee-high to the troubling events that surround her, and to the adults' recollections of their past and worries about what might happen next, the child operates like a palimpsest—half current record, half old impressions—which becomes the basis for the summing up of the European legacies that form the book. Thanks to Mrs. Bedford's choice documentation—sidelights on German politics, the education of the nobles, South German Catholicism, the rising Berlin Socialism, and other timely topics—her novel reads like a startling, clarifying semi-history of the final nineteenth-century decades in Germany.

The portraits are full-length. Julius is an elegant, egotistical eccentric who at one period voyages with three pet monkeys, which raise hob in the hotels. A Baden neighbor of the Frenchified von Feldens (who all have a passion for animals, love their mortgaged vineyards and visiting scientists, have never accepted the German Empire, and loathe priests and mesmerists, then the vogue as house guests) is the even wealthier old Count Bernin, who is high in governmental foreign affairs, has never accepted the Reformation, and is full of Church intrigues and a casuist's dream of an Apostolic hegemony of all Europe. The two families, who have known each other for centuries, are now uneasily yoked by a love match between Gustavus, Julius's older brother, and Clara von Bernin, a bigoted Jansenist. Julius's younger brother, Johannes, has gone mad, brutalized in a military school for young nobles. Through Julius has come the far uneasier connection, for both families, with his perpetual parents-in-law, the super-rich Merzes (the old man's fortune derives from phosphates), who never leave their mansion except to take a spa liver cure, travelling "in a private railway carriage and taking their own sheets"—a mansion without books or any of the new Corot landscapes, or even any pets ("No truffled nose had ever snuffed the still hot air"), where the amazing butler, Gottlieb, a good Lutheran, manages their lives and excessive spending money, and serves the daily Gargantuan dinners to a dozen or more assembled relatives (for the Merzes do not bother with friends). One Merz son, Eduard, is declared bankrupt when his wife finally refuses to pay his gambling debts again; this scandalizes both the Kaiser and the Socialists. She is Sarah, an intelligent aniline heiress from Frankfurt—the new, worldly, rich German woman, who buys pictures by Monet, which are considered daubs; owns a motorcar; and has vainly loved Julius. Another Merz son, Friedrich, devotedly keeps a mature French modiste in a discreet flat, since his parents had "managed to prevent marriage but they prevented nothing else." All the sons of all three families have been vaguely educated for minor diplomatic or other governmental posts in an effete struggle to maintain position in Bismarck's ambitious upstart empire.

The education of Julius, at Bonn, is significant. He does no night studying, an activity that he thinks pedantic, and is supplied with a servant and a horse from home, and weekly hampers of game, which, as a gourmet, he learns to cook himself, *à la française*, in his tutor's house, where the main diet is dumplings. He makes the correct grand tour of Spain, Italy, and Greece, and later has an apartment in Paris. When he is an old father communicating the family traditions and the story of his youth to his little daughter, he depicts a Germany made up of civilized European gentlemen who mixed their culture with the culture at the fountainhead—France—and suffered a double loss in the beginning of the French decline and in Berlin's victory in the Franco-Prussian War. It is the military clique, covering its own stupefying earlier bungling, that finally wrecks all three families, in the so-called Felden Scandal—an obvious borrowing from the scandals exposed by the anti-militarist Berlin journalist Maximilian Harden back in the Kaiser's days. Johannes von Felden is rediscovered as a sequestered, insane full-pay captain, in mufti, and is accidentally shot; a wave of anti-Semitism assails the now senile Merzes, whose fortune has dribbled away; a Socialist tide of anti-Catholicism rises against the conniving von Bernins; the honor of the von Feldens is lost in the public outcry over the Felden Scandal.

It is a dramatic, intricate novel, whose style, tragedies, and baroque humor demand and reward intelligent readers. Mrs. Bedford's talents as a writer, and as a mind to be relished,

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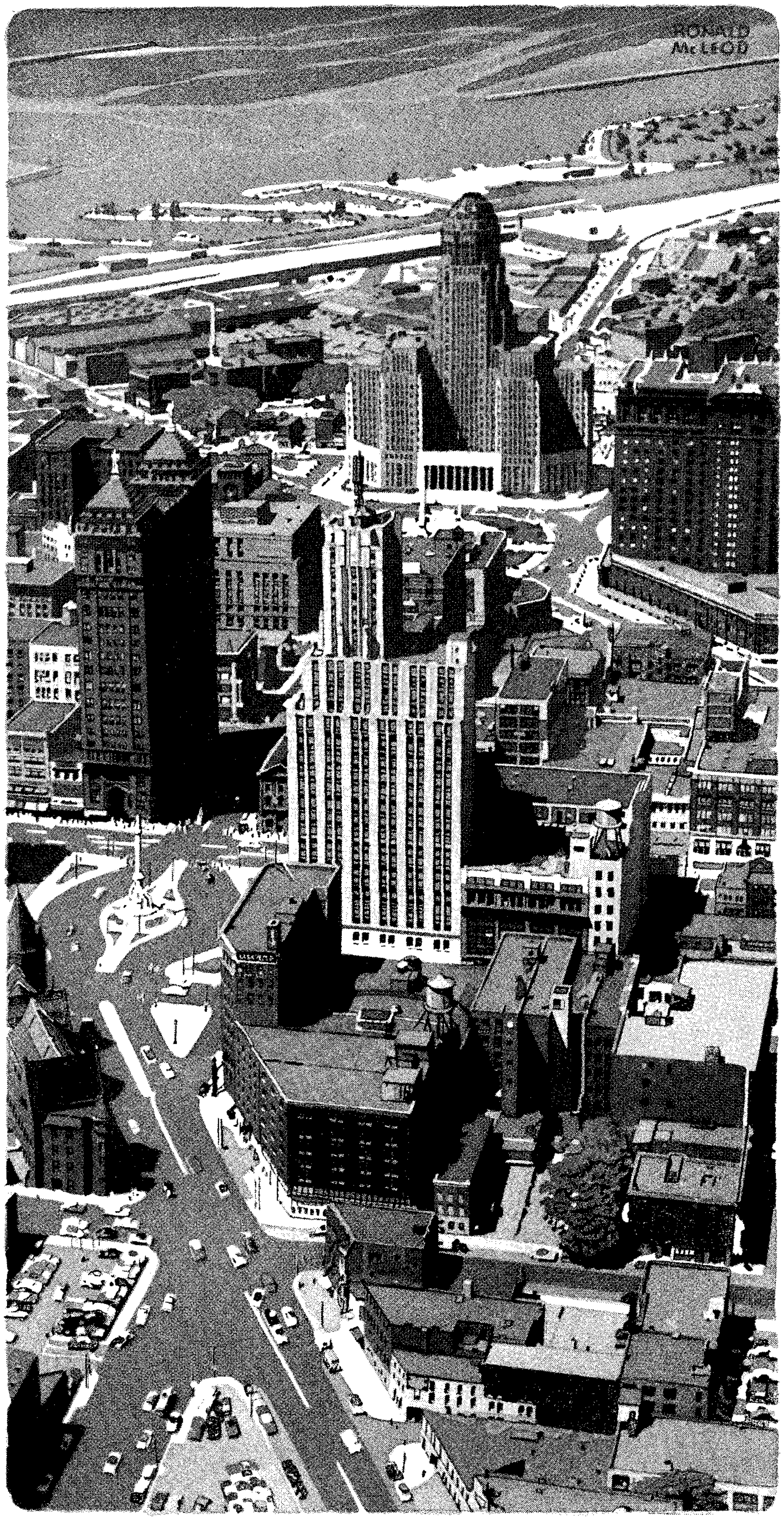

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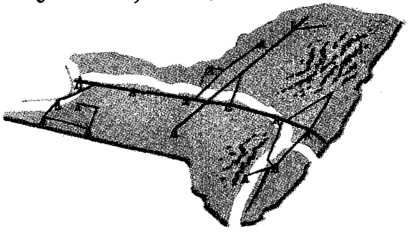

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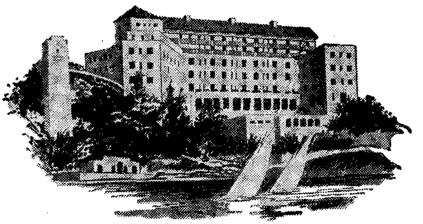

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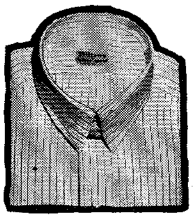

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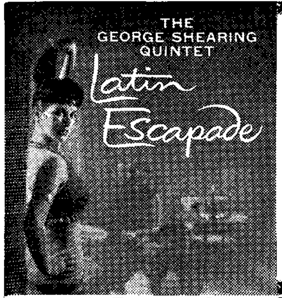

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were already evident in her first, too little appreciated book, of a few years ago—"The Sudden View," a witty book about Mexico. In "A Legacy," her high manner (which she adopts in dealing with the eccentrics, the rich, the aristocratic, and the fashionable of yesterday) and, still more, her use of scathing comedy identify Mrs. Bedford, who was born in a flat rented for the occasion in the suburb of Charlottenburg, as belonging in part to that special, worldly writing group in England, where she lives—the brilliant, unsentimental school of Evelyn Waugh, Aldous Huxley, and Miss Nancy Mitford. She also has kinship with Miss Ivy Compton-Burnett, whose fatally sure sense of the flaws in adult character Mrs. Bedford shares, on a more elaborate scale (along with a reliance on subtly written conversations, which sometimes seem overly elliptical to the American eye). As an exceptional newcomer novelist, she is an all-round anomaly, being now forty-six years old; thus her first novel is mature. It is a contribution to superior English fiction. —JANET FLANNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE TRUMPET SHALL SOUND, by H. M. Tomlinson (Random House). The Gale family—Sir Anthony Gale and his wife; their children, Lucy and Stephen; and Lady Gale's brother, Dr. Nicholas Tregarthan—live in the Gale family home, White Stacks, a Queen Anne house in Surrey. White Stacks, surrounded by lovely old gardens and guarded from inquisitive eyes by trees and brick walls and high iron gates, became easily accessible from London when the railroad reached in its direction, and now, in 1939, it is besieged by a growing army of tiny, ugly working-class houses, a turn of events that Sir Anthony detests. He claims that after the war he will give the place away as an orphanage or something, not guessing that after the war there will be no White Stacks, and no sign that it ever existed. Like most of the other people in England, the Gales work away at their different efforts to win the war, and wonder every evening whether they will be alive in the morning. They are intelligent, complicated, upper-class people, and two of them—Stephen and his Uncle Nicholas—are made contemplative by the catastrophe. Lucy Gale, emotional and serious and angry, is also thoughtful. Lady

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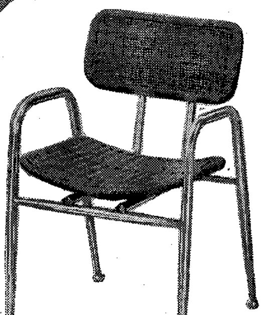
THE UNDEFEATED, by I. A. R. Wylie (Random House). In 1953, after eight years in prison, a German officer returns to the French village—a citadel village built high over the waters of the Mediterranean—where he was Occupation chief during the war. He comes back to get the riches he looted and cached in his days of power, and also to blackmail the inhabitants of the village with the secrets he tore from them when they were helpless. It is an episodic, changing story, more interesting in some situations than in others, but generally alive with color and the vagaries of character.

TO MAKE A WORLD, by Theodore Morrison (Viking). Mr. Morrison writes about the effect that a salary from a philanthropic organization has on the life of a youngish married man whose chronic worry is money—or, rather, the scarcity of it. Sam Norris, the man in question, is assistant to the president of a college in a small city, and lives in uneasy, somewhat spiky happiness with his wife Mary, his son Sam, and his daughter Bitsy. The abundance of realistic incident and the authority with which Mr. Morrison writes make the scene and attitude and atmosphere of his story memorable, although his characters have no more life in the memory than if we had come across them in the newspaper on one of those days when we read all the pages—front, back, middle, financial, and racing.

THE FRUIT TRAMP, by Vinnie Williams (Harper). An honest, home-



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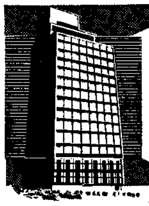

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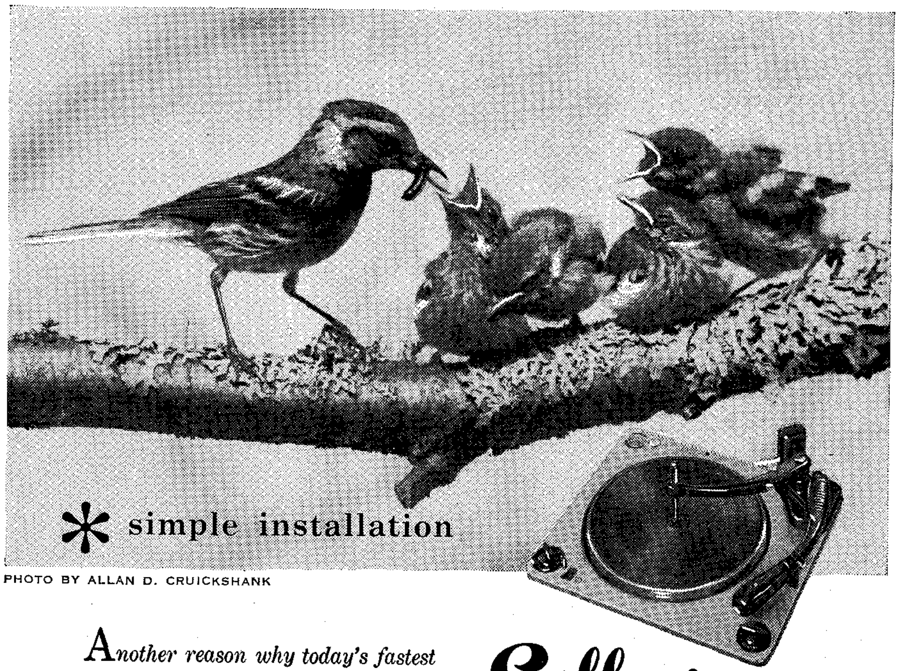
NOTE: "Heaven and Hardpan Farm," a novel by Nancy Hale about a sanitarium and the women patients there, has been published by Scribner. All the episodes in the book first appeared in this magazine. . . . Houghton Mifflin has issued, under the title "A Pause in the Desert," a volume of sixteen short stories by Oliver La Farge. Eight of them were originally printed in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

FOUR WORTHIES, by Wallace Notestein (Yale). Four biographical essays, the graceful work of the Sterling Professor Emeritus of English History at Yale, which nicely demonstrate that solemnity is not an essential accompaniment to serious scholarship. The subjects, chosen for the light that their letters, journals, and other personal papers cast on the less swashbuckling side of life in post-Elizabethan England, are John Chamberlain, a long-lived London bachelor and gossipmonger; Anne, Countess of Pembroke, an iron-willed perpetuator of feudalism; John Taylor, a Thames ferryman turned popular versifier; and Oliver Heywood, a pioneer Nonconformist mesmerizer. Of these, Taylor, with his tart eulogies, and Heywood, a master of metaphor, are especially entertaining company. Contemporary portraits.

JOURNEY OF AN AMERICAN, by Albion Ross (Bobbs-Merrill). The autobiography of a veteran foreign correspondent of the New York *Times*. Mr. Ross, who was born in Ohio, went to Germany in the early nineteen-thirties; got a job as assistant to the redoubtable H. R. Knickerbocker, then the New York *Evening Post's* correspondent in Berlin; and eventually became head of the *Post's* bureau there—a vantage point from which he saw the Nazis come to power. Subsequently, he reported to the *Times* from the Balkans, Africa, the Middle East, and much of Western Europe. Mr. Ross, by his own portrayal a restless, lonely man who has never had a feeling of belonging any-



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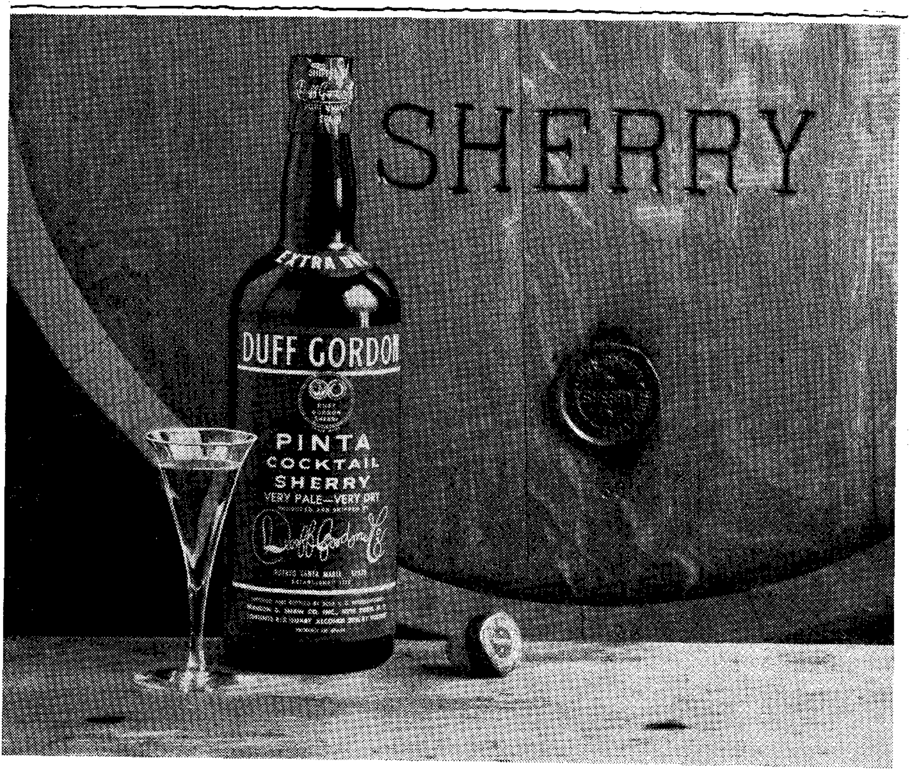

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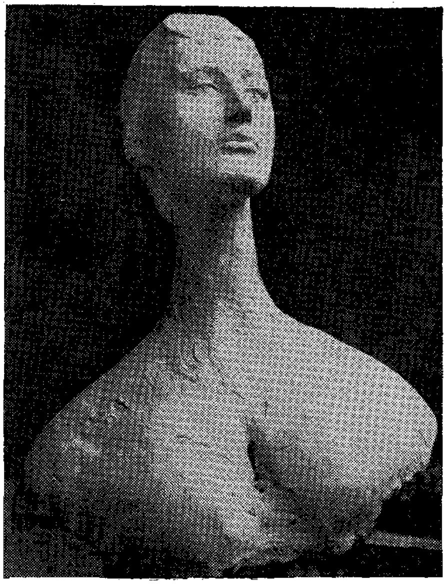

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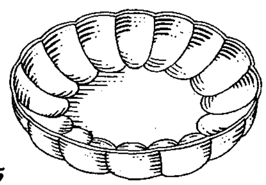

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where, writes, "I have been searching all my life to escape from the twentieth century, to escape from the predicament of modern mankind. . . . In that I am not alone. So many want to go home again into the lost past even if they do not know that that is what they seek. They want, as I want, a place to hide in." Mr. Ross hasn't found that place, but it seems that he has found something better—a feeling that common humanity is what counts more than anything else.

THE LIVING SEA, by John Crompton (Doubleday). A bright, brisk, no-nonsense oceanography. Mr. Crompton discusses the probable origin of the sea, its role in the miracle of creation, and the nature of its chief inhabitants. His style is his own, and full of flavor: "Sharks are generally hungry. They were born hungry. Why do they not eat the pilot fishes [which often accompany them]? Because, it has been suggested, the pilot fishes are too agile for them. But would pilot fishes journey with sharks for months if they were in constant danger of being snapped up? Because they are too small for the shark's consideration, say others. They are nearly a foot long, and I doubt if any fish is too small for a hungry shark's consideration. Nor are pilot fishes poisonous to eat. Those who have tried them say they are very good—like mackerel, which is not surprising, for they are of the mackerel tribe. . . . No, there is some mysterious association between the great sharks and these small fish." Illustrated with drawings by Denys Ovenden.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON: YOUTH TO MATURITY, by Broadus Mitchell (Macmillan). The first volume of a two-volume biography that is plainly intended to be definitive. This book takes Hamilton from his birth in the West Indies, through his apprenticeship in the counting house of Nicholas Cruger's export-import firm on the island of St. Croix, to his triumphant struggle to persuade the State of New York to ratify the federal Constitution, which it did in 1788. The work is solid and heavily documented (there are a hundred and seventy-eight pages of notes), and it renders Hamilton the great service of quoting him generously. Although Professor Mitchell keeps his interpretive writing at a minimum, he naturally has his own ideas about Hamilton, whom he sees less as a conservative than as a creator, and less as a

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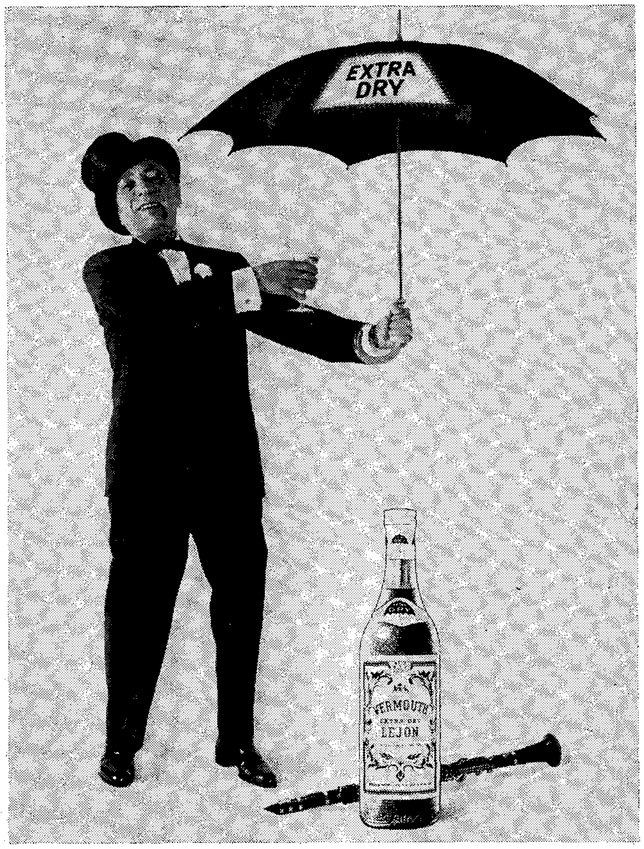
defender of privilege than as a defender of the whole country. Professor Mitchell, in fact, makes Hamilton out to be a liberal, and this, one feels, is simply playing tricks with words. Alexander Hamilton, who was hard as nails, himself said that he was no democrat. He was a genius, but he was no liberal.

THE LION'S SHARE, by Bosley Crowther (Dutton). A biography of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, by the film critic of the New York *Times*. The tale begins one night in 1915, when, in a presumably smoke-filled room at the Hotel Claridge, on Broadway, an outfit known as the Metro Pictures Corporation was born, and comes down through the star-studded years to the present day, when the lion's roar has been muted; in a way, the book constitutes a history of motion pictures in America. The individual who receives the fullest attention, and rightly, is the late Irving Thalberg, whose genius as a producer was responsible for Metro's great lustre in the nineteen-thirties, but Mr. Crowther is lavish with all sorts of detail—about picture-making and picture-financing, about the private lives of Valentino, Garbo, John Gilbert, Jean Harlow, Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, Helen Hayes, and others, and about the complicated structure of the huge company, whose big boss, Louis B. Mayer, had to ask Nicholas Schenck, of Loew's, Inc., for a raise when he wanted one. The book has its pedestrian stretches but, all in all, it is a good one. Many photographs.

THE LIFE OF HILAIRE BELLOC, by Robert Speaight (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). The fullest biography of Belloc we have had so far. Max Beerbohm, who was long his friend, wrote of Belloc at the time of his death, in 1953, "He wasn't merely a man of genius; he was a man of many geniuses." He was also a man of many crotchets and contradictions—a passionate democrat who had autocratic, and even regal, notions; an avowed Rabelaisian who was a devout Catholic; a roistering companion who was, *au fond*, a gloomy man. The book takes him from his youth in France and his service in the French Army through his triumphs at Balliol, his uncertain years as a Member of Parliament, and his great career as a poet and polemicist. There emerges a breathing, speaking likeness of an unforgettable man whose most serious



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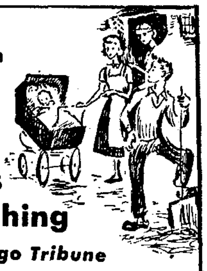

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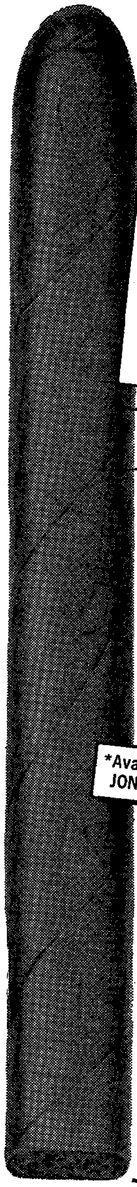

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THE ADMIRAL HORTHY MEMOIRS (Robert Speller). Nicholas Horthy, onetime aide-de-camp to the Emperor Franz Josef, Admiral of the Imperial Austro-Hungarian Navy, and, from 1920 to 1944, Regent of Hungary, completed this book last year at the age of eighty-eight; he died this year in exile in Portugal. It is an astonishing document—a relic from history's dustbin—providing a picture of the lost, and basically silly, world of the royalty of Mitteleuropa, with its boar and stag hunts, its balls, and its solemn corteges of carriages in the solemn and meaningless exchanges of visits by reigning monarchs, and touching, in a gingerly fashion, on the slum politics of the Balkans. Above all, the author offers up some of the most disingenuous writing in the annals of special pleading. To hear him tell it, there was no such thing as Fascism in Hungary when he was in power. Did he persecute the Jews? Yes, he says, but only a little, and then just to please Herr Hitler, who might have become cross otherwise. Nicholas Roosevelt, who was our Minister to Hungary in the early thirties, says in a foreword, "If any of Admiral Horthy's critics continue to question his clarity of thinking and his abundant common sense, let them read this book." Amen.

MAKING, KNOWING, AND JUDGING, by W. H. Auden (Oxford). A more knowledgeable, good-tempered, and searching discourse has perhaps never been delivered by the Oxford Professor of Poetry as his public lecture in English. (A speech in Latin is also demanded of the incumbent.) Auden follows the labyrinthine poetic process, from the apprentice stage on, with the authority of a masterly practitioner, and he casts much light on the nature and working of criticism. He reinforces his argument with examples drawn from his own writing experience, and varies it with insights based on his wide learning in general. One of the most important comments on the imaginative and critical faculties written in our time.

THE NATURE OF LITERATURE, by Herbert Read (Horizon). The welcome appearance in America, eighteen years after the English edition, of Sir Herbert's "Collected Essays in Literary Criticism," with a different title, an index, and a few additions. The book begins with nine important general essays aimed

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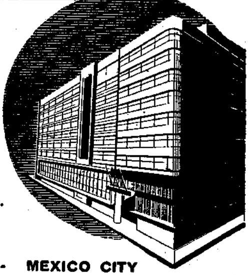

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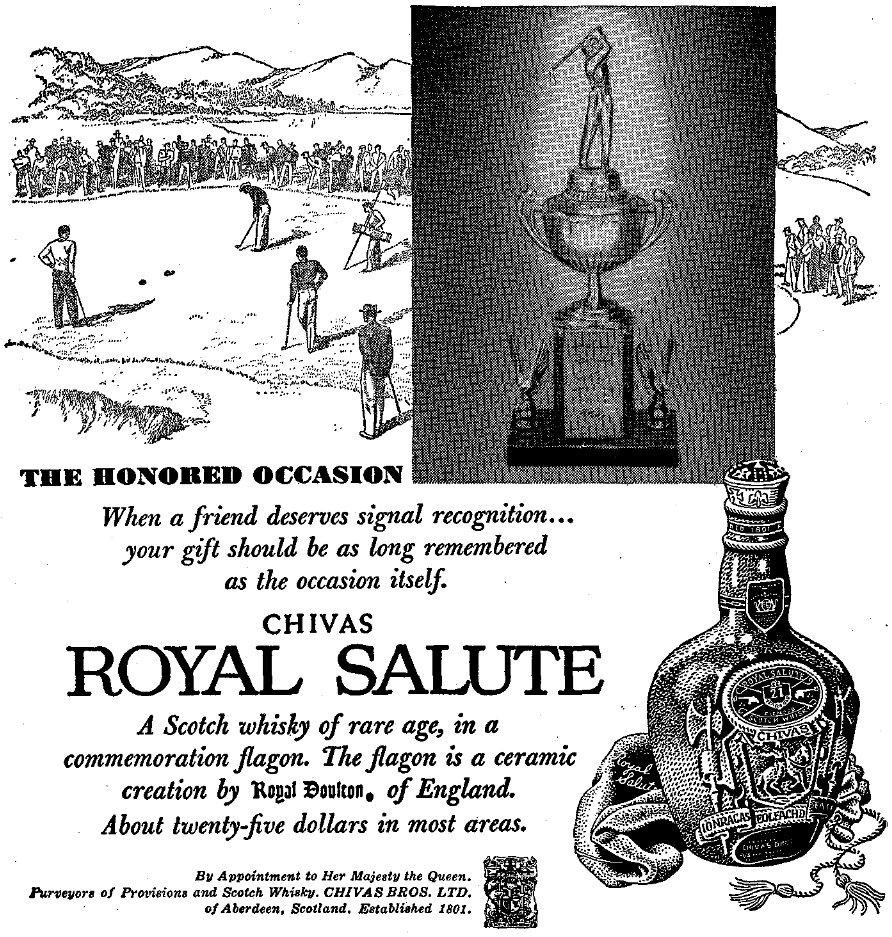
at nothing less than "the rehabilitation of romanticism" on a new, scientific basis—"the findings of psychoanalysis." The thirteen "particular studies" of writers that follow are slighter, being mainly appreciations, except for one dazzling psychological study of the Brontës, which performs a surprising amount of what Sir Herbert's theory promises.

BYZANTIUM: ITS TRIUMPHS AND TRAGEDY, by René Guerdan, translated from the French by D. L. B. Hartley (Putnam). An exceptionally fine re-creation of the Byzantine Empire, which combined jewelled splendor and barbaric cruelty to an extent not matched even by the Incas. M. Guerdan provides one superb dramatic reconstruction after another: the Grand Guignol horror of the imperial succession, normally occurring when the new emperor hacked his predecessor to pieces or roasted him alive; the high-spirited farce of feeding race horses on pistachio nuts soaked in wine and scented with saffron while saving rancid fish for the ambassadors from that insignificant peninsula, Western Christendom; and the final, ironic tragedy of the fall of Constantinople to the Turks. Gracefully written, stylishly translated, and profusely illustrated.

THE SURPRISE OF CREMONA, by Edith Templeton (Harper). Mrs. Templeton is the sort of English traveller in Italy who makes Italians blanch. She is fussy about food and avoids *pasta* in any form; she nurses her lire; she speaks Italian and is informed about art and architecture; and she is opinionated—ferociously opinionated—about everything. This book is an appraisal of six cities in northern Italy, its title comes from an indelicate episode in Cremona's military history, and it is delightful and infuriating in about equal proportions. Photographs.

MODERN ART USA: MEN, REBELLION, CONQUEST, 1900-1956, by Rudi Blesh (Knopf). The author, who is known primarily as a jazz historian, was recently commissioned by the Museum of Modern Art to prepare a study of modern American art as the basis for a series of television broadcasts, and this book is the result. The treatment, as the title suggests, is highly dramatic—indeed, at times almost frantic—and the ending of each chapter is designed to leave the reader in suspense: Will Steiglitz succeed in popularizing the mod-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erns? Will the great depression wipe out American art? Yet Mr. Blesh attacks his subject with a certain brisk candor, and if he concentrates on the gossipy side of things, he does so without a trace of malice. Incidentally, he appears to be the first art historian to deal at length with the three-cornered war that has been fought, silently but tenaciously, for the last decade or so by the three big Manhattan museums—the Whitney, the Modern, and the Metropolitan. About fifty photographs—some of museums, some of paintings, but mostly of the artists themselves.

ANTONELLO DA MESSINA, by Stefano Bottari, translated by Giustina Scaglia (New York Graphic Society). One of the first Italians to paint in oils, Antonello was an important link stylistically between the Flemish and Italian Renaissance, and he is known principally for the way in which he combined both these influences in his own work to produce a unique effect of sober realism. But his output apparently was not large, and he has always been overshadowed by his more productive (and also possibly more gifted) contemporaries of the Italian mid-fifteenth century. In his own right, though, he was an artist of considerable talent, and the mixture of influences lends his work a piquancy peculiar in his time. The present volume, with its brief but knowledgeable introductory critique and fifty-one illustrations (thirty-eight of them full page and in full color), gives about as complete a survey of his work as could be made, and should be of value to anyone interested in the Renaissance.

•

AVERY CLAFLIN (Norton-Harjes) author of the recently recorded symphony called *Portrait of Ike.* The 12-minute symphony shows "Ike at present;" the pastoral introduction depicts him "calmly steering the destinies of a great nation;" the second, very loud, depicts him as "the general making important decisions, defending his country;" and the pastoral end shows the President at his farm "after having succeeded in bringing lasting peace to the world."—*American Field Service Newsletter.*

That scratchy noise, right in the middle, was Dulles at the High Aswan Dam.

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Not much money is at stake here; the most a contestant can win, if the four panelists score zero, is $333,333.—*Baltimore Sun.*

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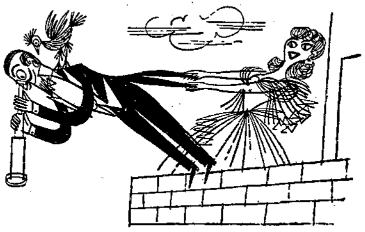

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Beekman Tower HOTEL

49TH ST. AT EAST RIVER, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

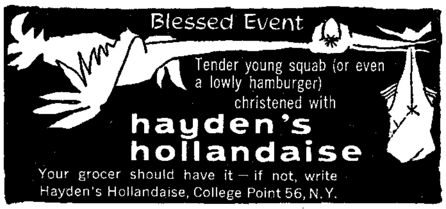
Established 1864

Keeler's

STATE STREET

The Restaurant Landmark of

ALBANY, NEW YORK

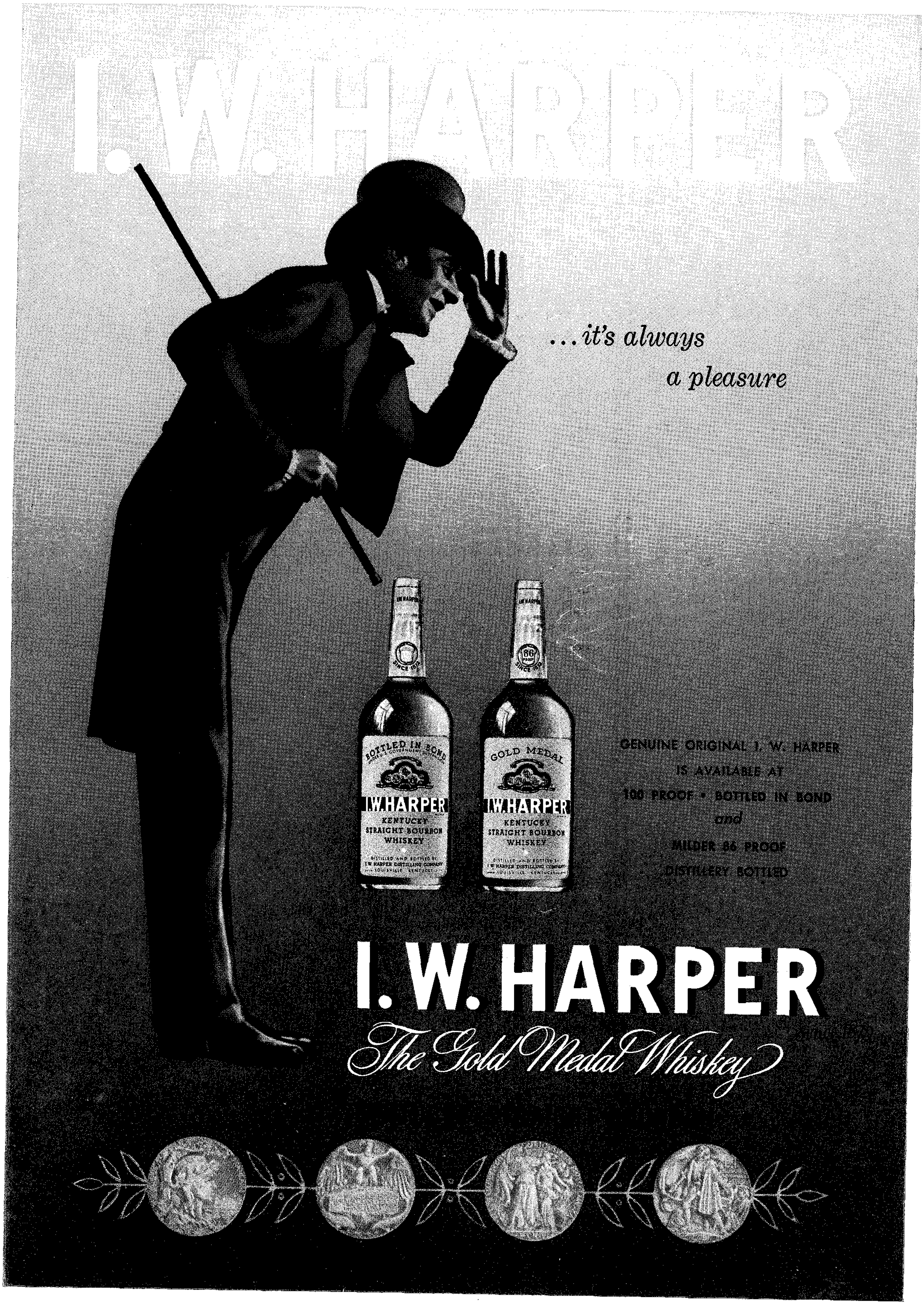


Blessed Event

Tender young squab (or even a lowly hamburger) christened with

hayden's hollandaise

Your grocer should have it — if not, write Hayden's Hollandaise, College Point 56, N.Y.


I. W. HARPER
...it's always
a pleasure
GENUINE ORIGINAL I. W. HARPER
IS AVAILABLE AT
100 PROOF • BOTTLED IN BOND
and
MILDER 86 PROOF
DISTILLERY BOTTLED
BOTTLED IN BOND
I.W.HARPER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
GOLD MEDAL
I.W.HARPER
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
I. W. HARPER
The Gold Medal Whiskey
Since 1872

Strike up a friendship with new PARLIAMENT

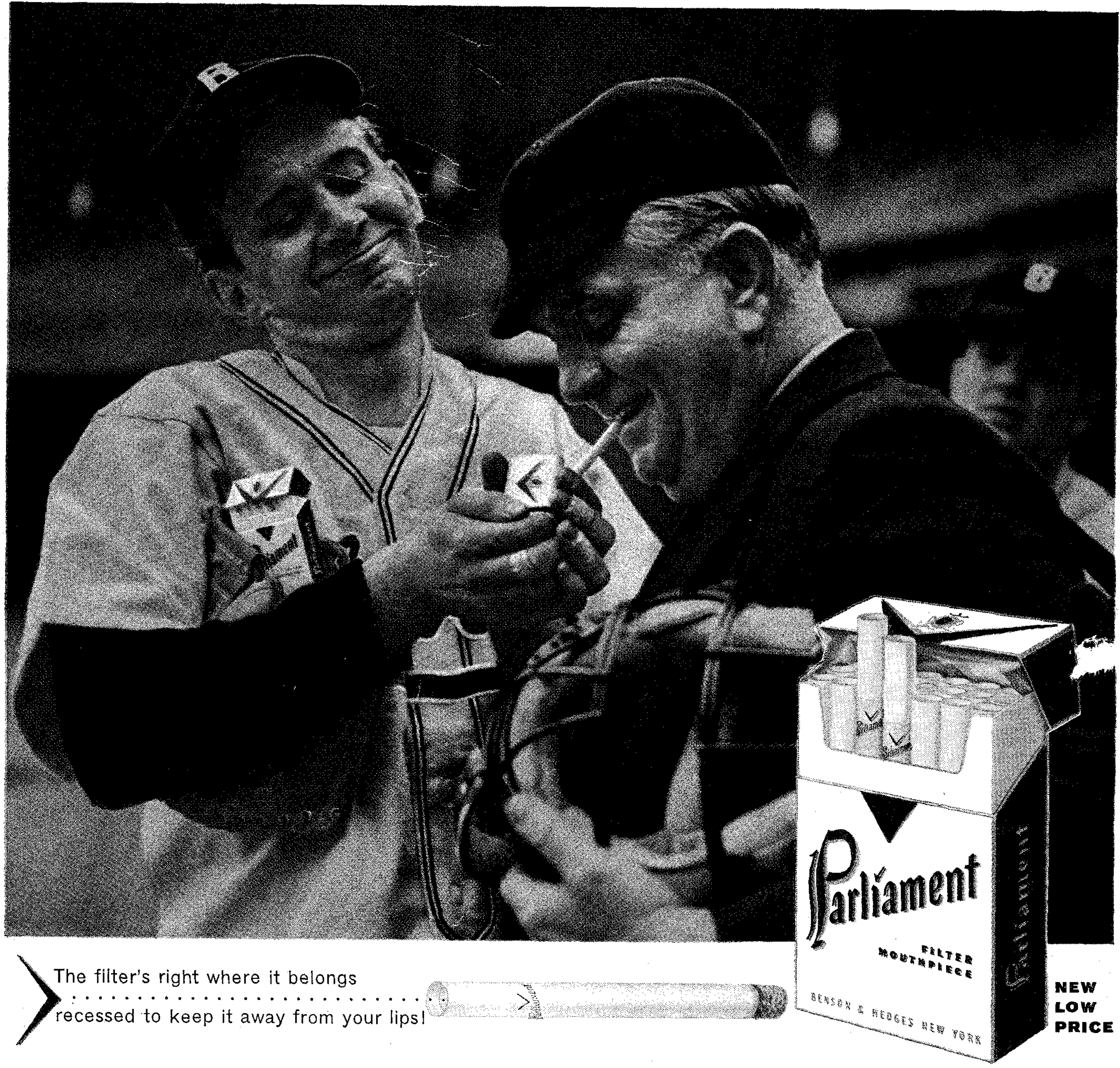
ROOKIE: *Mr. Hall, here's something I think you'll like. New Parliament.*

UMPIRE: *Filter cigarette, huh, kid?*

ROOKIE: *Yes, sir. New filter cigarette. Recessed filter. It has a flip-top box, too, see. And the best . . .*

UMPIRE: *Say, good smoke. Darn good taste. But . . . uh, son . . . don't you know cigarettes aren't allowed on the playing field? Shag those Parliaments—and put 'em in my locker!*

More expensive tobaccos . . . you can tell by the flavor!


Parliament
FILTER MOUTHPIECE
BENSON & HEDGES NEW YORK
Parliament

The filter's right where it belongs recessed to keep it away from your lips!

NEW LOW PRICE